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"He Is Risen"

HEED WHAT the Flowers SAY !

Perfumed Phrase May Not Mean What You Think

By ALISON PARISH

All through the ages the language of flowers has been the language of love. It still is.

Modern men and maids are still "Saying it with flowers," but these days they know not what they say.

WHEN a young man sends a pretty girl a bunch of violets he pays a tribute to her modesty, but if he adds mignonette that's not so good.

Mignonette means "your qualities surpass your charm." Rather a back-handed compliment for a bright young thing.

The repentant husband sending his wife a peace offering of gladioli might choose something else if he knew they mean "ready armed." But wifey doesn't know it either, so it doesn't matter.

Back in grandma's day, when every nosegay was carefully scanned for the message it brought, choosing flowers was a much more complicated matter than it is now. Even the young bucks of the day had to select their buttonholes with care.

Marigolds meaning grief or pain, the rejected Victorian lover disconsolately tucked a marigold into his lapel to symbolise the pain in his heart.

You won't catch the modern man displaying his feelings like that.

In fact, it wouldn't be surprising if the new vogue for sporting a red carnation buttonhole died a sudden death when the young men now sponsoring it discover they are publicly declaring "Alas, my poor heart."

Women Buy Most

TWO-THIRDS of the flowers bought in Australia are sent by women to women.

Women like to get as much as possible for their money, but a man will cheerfully pay 25/- for a single orchid.

If he is to carry it away himself, however, he is quite likely to ask for

THE message of the flowers goes round the world. Top, left: An Austrian girl ponders the meaning of the mountain daisy. At right: an Eastern dancer holds a single La France rose. It means: "Meet me by moonlight."

a box without a label. Most men love to give flowers, but do not like to be seen carrying them.

It's the men who ask for panicles and forget-me-nots, "because they mean something, don't they?" and sometimes suggest including a sprig of rosemary "for remembrance."

However, it is just luck that the

orchids, besides being costly, stand for gaiety, and identify their wearer as "a belle."

Strangely enough, though, single men have a habit of bombarding a sweetheart with daily boxes of blooms for a while, husbands are the most regular, year-after-year customers.

One Melbourne man has been celebrating his wedding anniversary by sending his charming wife a replica of her bridal bouquet these 20 years and more.

SPEAKING of wedding bouquets, brides might be interested in the meanings of their favorite flowers: Orange blossoms . . . for chastity. Lily-of-the-valley . . . the return of happiness.

Tuberose . . . dangerous pleasures. Lilac . . . love's first emotions. Magnolias . . . magnificence. Jasmine . . . amiability. Snowdrop . . . hope. Apple blossom . . . preference. Tulip . . . declaration of love. Camellia . . . supreme loveliness. Lily . . . majesty. White rose . . . modesty.

Rose Meanings

ROSES of one kind or another convey many meanings.

Apart from the red rose of love, you may send the white rose for modesty, pink for bashfulness or yellow for jealousy.

Then the La France rose means "Meet me by moonlight," but if it is a full-blown rose accompanied by two buds the message carries a postscript "but keep it secret."

A white and a red rose together signify unity, and a single rose leaf "you may hope." But a garland of roses is a reward of virtue.

Though there are numerous ways of "popping the question" with flowers, the only direct floral answer permissible to a girl seems to be "no," said emphatically with the aid of an anapdragon.

A man may declare his "pure love" with a posy of pinks; say "thee only do I love" with arbutus; ask for a kiss with a sprig of mistletoe; declare, "I desire a return of affection," with jonquils, or "I am your captive," with peach blossom, or even say, "Be mine" by handing you a four-leaf clover.

IN CIRCLE: A rose for Mother, a beautiful expression of the language of flowers. Smaller circle: Flowers in Hollywood may mean love—or fame. Right: Buttonholes were sold in London last year on King's Birthday as a gesture of loyalty to the Sovereign.

Maybe it wasn't considered quite nice for a girl to say "Yes" in the days when the language of flowers flourished. She could return the poor fellow the striped carnation

How About Saying It With Vegetables?

AND how about saying it with vegetables? Why not go to the kitchen garden for inspiration?

There is the humble potato of benevolence, the sage of domestic virtue, the turnip of charity, the rhubarb of advice, the mint of virtue, the parsley of festivity, the quince of temptation, and the lettuce of cold-heartedness.

No, the answer can't be a lemon. That means rest.

of refusal, but the only really definitely favorable reply he could expect to the "be mine" query was the clover flower of "I promise."

But how often would a four-leaf clover be found these days?

IF you want to pay your beloved a pretty compliment send jasmine, and pay a tribute to her amiability; crocuses to her cheerfulness; magnolias to her magnificence; hyacinths to her prowess at games; fuchsias to her good taste; primroses to her youth; camellias to her supreme loveliness; lilies to her majesty, and stocks to her lasting beauty.

However, flowers can be brickbats as well as bouquets.

Foxgloves mean insincerity; geraniums, deceit; clematis, artifice; narcissus, self love; sunflower, false riches; hydrangea, a boaster; tansy, fickleness, levity or haughtiness according to their color; lavender, distrust; and lobelia, malevolence.

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



Won Notable Scholarship

NANCY WEIR, brilliant 22-year-old Melbourne pianist, recently won the Carol Rowe Scholarship in London, the chief scholarship of the Tobias Matthay School of Piano-forte, and one of the highest musical awards ever gained by an Australian musician.

She accepted a position at the University of Wales, Bangor, and only returned to London a few months ago to give a successful recital at Wigmore Hall and to play at Glyndebourne festival.



Anthropological Research

MR. N. B. TINDALE, ethnologist of the Adelaide Museum, has been appointed by the Board for Anthropological Research to work in conjunction with Dr. J. B. Birdsell, of Harvard University, in an examination of Australia's half-caste problem. Dr. Birdsell will arrive in Australia early in May and, with Mr. Tindale, will begin a year's field work, visiting the principal areas inhabited by half-castes. Mr. Tindale has had wide experience in similar expeditionary work.



Well-known Philanthropist

MRS. HEDLEY NICHOLLS, now in her third year as president of the South Australian Housewives Association, has been connected with that organisation ever since its inception. She was appointed as one of the delegates to attend the Federal Conference of Housewives in Sydney at the beginning of April. Mrs. Nicholls is well known in South Australia for her welfare work.

Chance discovery brings JOY

THERE GOES JOAN—OFF TO THE SURF AGAIN.

WHAT A MARVELLOUS HOLIDAY SHE'S HAVING! SHE'S SO TREMENDOUSLY POPULAR.

I KNOW WHAT IT IS ABOUT JOAN... IT'S HER GLORIOUS COMPLEXION.

YES, BUT HOW DOES SHE KEEP IT SO LOVELY... OUT IN THE BLAZING SUN, NEARLY ALL DAY?

OH, ERASMIC PLEASE THE NEW LOVELY SUN-TAN SHADE.

DARLING, I DISCOVERED JOAN'S COMPLEXION SECRET. LOOK! ERASMIC FACE POWDER.

MM! WHAT A HEAVENLY PERFUME! OH, LET'S USE IT STRAIGHT AWAY!

There's joy for you in Erasmic Face Powder. And glamour, bewitchment, all loveliness.

ERASMIC FACE POWDER

1/- PER BOX

ERASMIC VANISHING CREAM—2/- Jar, 1/- Tube. A delicate, fragrant cream for make-up foundation.

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND LEADING STORES

SHE STEPS Up With THE STARS



THE MAGUIRES are Hollywood's happiest family. Mary (in fur coat) is seen here with her three sisters, Carmel, Joan, and Lupe.

LEFT: A lovely Hollywood study of Mary Maguire, Australia's glamor girl, who has just signed a starring contract with 20th Century-Fox.

Mary Maguire's New Life — at £100 to £600 a Week GIVING UP NIGHT CLUBS

By Beam Wireless from Our Hollywood Representative

A rosy new life in Hollywood now opens up for Australian glamor girl Mary Maguire.

Her recently signed film contract with Twentieth Century-Fox gives her an immediate salary of £125 a week, rising to £625 by yearly increases.

What kind of a life will she lead now that her feet are firmly set on the road to film stardom?

MARY says she will:

- Work harder.
- Study French.
- Concentrate on singing.
- Visit fewer night clubs.
- Save money.
- Keep her sense of humor.

Her new contract assures Mary's future in Hollywood.

Though her present salary is £125 a week, the same figure as Warner's paid her, special clauses make her new contract more attractive.

She will probably be given better pictures, and the studio agrees to pay a chaperon's expenses on all trips, if desired, but she is not allowed to make any trips by air.

Mary may go to England with her mother in six weeks' time to make a picture there, which indicates that the studio has every confidence in her.

Many Friends

MARY is working more seriously and is leading a quieter life.

The night clubs see her less frequently and she is studying French and singing and attends the studio dramatic school.

Warner Bros. announced recently that Mary had cut off her shoulder-length bobbed hair because she was to play youthful vamps instead of ingenue roles.

One of her assignments was stated to be the role of a heartless lass in "The Dude Rancher," a Western musical comedy in which Dick Powell was also to star.

Her latest picture is "The Mysterious Mr. Moto," in which she appears with Peter Lorre and Henry Wilcoxon.

While working, she rises at 5 a.m., is home after 7 o'clock, so has no time to play.

Mary's exceptionally good looks and

vivid personality have made her many friends—among them Randolph Hearst, the famous publisher, Joseph Schenck, Alfred Vanderbilt, and Marion Davies.

In Hollywood this popularity spells "success" in capital letters. Her social success equals the success of her career.

Until the new contract came, with its added responsibilities, hectic Hollywood was still novel enough for her to get a thrill out of going to the

Exclusive —

JAMES FITZPATRICK, whose color Travelogue films are world famous, writes for us about his life... his visit to Australia... his impressions of our girls... See Page 16.

Trocadero night after night, and the variety of her escorts testified to her popularity.

Almost every eligible bachelor in the film colony has become interested in her, yet she retains her gay spirit, sense of humor, and her head remains unturned.

She says she has not yet fallen in love, but she is said to have received a record number of proposals in 1937.

Mary's most recent conquest was Eddie Bergen, the ventriloquist, who formerly worked for £50 a week for thirty weeks a year, and now gets £500 a week from radio alone.

The gossips have not mentioned her name in any new romances, and her friendship with millionaire Howard Hughes is not believed to be serious.

Neither is her friendship with Alfred

Vanderbilt, who still sends her orchids daily.

Her old friend, Joseph Schenck, head of Twentieth Century-Fox, is her chief escort, but is not regarded as a suitor.

MARY'S charm and ability have made some of the most important people in Hollywood her friends.

But she makes no attempt to be the traditional glamor girl. In spite of her success she is still one of the four very pretty, very spirited daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Mick Maguire, of Brisbane, Australia.

Now that she has her entire family, mother, father and three sisters, with her in Hollywood, she is content and happy, even though frequently homesick.

Before the entire family arrived she spent a good part of her income on long distance telephone calls to her mother and sisters.

Now that is no longer necessary she is saving money. "At least," she says smilingly, "I'm about to start to."

Reminders of Home

MARY MAGUIRE'S life is somewhat in contrast to the average conception of what a film star does.

She reads for hours at a time, her favorite books being Priestley's "Angel Pavement," and Maurice Walsh's "The Small Dark Man."

She still takes a toy koles to bed with her and keeps a collection of dolls.

She rides a great deal on her two ponies, Jet and Jetter, never diets and loves dancing.

She says she would like to be a professional dancer if she ever deserts the movies, and claims the smallest feet in Hollywood, size 1A.

When Mary Maguire says she must save it shows her realization of the fact that the business of being a film star is a very expensive one.

Dressmakers and beauty specialists are a big item.

Most stars, unless they have a flair for speculation or finance investments, consider themselves lucky if they can save ten to twenty per cent. of their salaries.

Carole Lombard, highest paid feminine star of 1937, received \$100,000 for the four pictures she made during the year. She managed to save only \$5000.

Warner Bros. Cosmopolitan picture, "Alcatraz Island," was Mary's first important success in American pictures.

"Sergeant Murphy," in which she played a leading role, has been screened in Australia, and she has finished work on another picture, "The Defence Rests."



SOMETHING of the calm of the Australian countryside is in this picture. Mary retires to this spot in her Hollywood garden when she gets homesick, which, despite her success, is fairly often.

Foundation of Happiness!

FEET KEPT HEALTHY WITH Zam-Buk

If you want to look happy and feel happy, it's tremendously worth while to care for your feet, says a beauty specialist. Nothing brings lines and wrinkles to the face more quickly than persistent foot trouble. It puts a strain on your nerves and makes you irritable all day.

To have healthy feet which will enable you to get through your daily work with ease, follow this nightly treatment. First bathe the feet in warm water. Then, after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk into the ankles, insteps, soles, and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed into the skin. Thus

Pain, Swelling and Inflammation are quickly relieved by Zam-Buk. Corns, bunions, and hard growths are softened; blisters are healed; joints, ankles, toes, and feet are strengthened and made comfortable and walking is again a pleasure. Start with Zam-Buk to-night!

1/6 or 3/6 a box Of all chemists & stores



"After walking my feet became chafed and painful. Standing, too, caused suffering. But rubbing in Zam-Buk brought great relief and now enables me to get about in comfort."—Miss D.M.S.

"I was practically a cripple for a year with corns and hard skin on the tread of my feet. Thanks to bathing and regular use of Zam-Buk I can now do a long walk comfortably."—Mr. R.W.

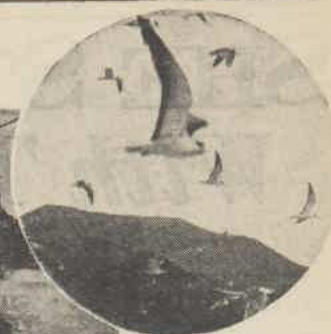
Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night

TOPSY-TURVY ISLAND



ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Addison Williamson, from Ascension Island. Mrs. Williamson tells of the "Alice in Wonderland" life she lives there.

CENTRE: The jetty at Ascension Island. Ships anchor off the island, and passengers are landed in a basket.



ASCENSION ISLAND teems with bird life. The sooty tern swarms on the cliffs and seashores.

Its Brides Are Imported—Nobody Needs Money and Tourists Are Not Permitted to Land

At present spending three months' furlough here, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Addison Williamson say that the island of Ascension, where they live, can claim to be a topsy-turvy land.

Now an Atlantic cable station, for many years it was shown on the charts as an island, but officially it was regarded as a warship—H.M.S. Ascension.

THERE are no shops on the island. Money is not needed. A chit on the stores is sufficient. Tourists cannot land because of the rugged nature of the coastline and the huge seas. People keep cats rather than dogs, and the islanders cannot swim in the sea because of the sharks.

If a male islander wishes to marry he must import his bride.

Tourists must have a permit to land.

"You can imagine that passengers on the ships that call are furious when they find they cannot go ashore," says Mrs. Williamson. "They do not even get onto the jetty."

"We go out to the ship in boats, but sometimes the sea is too rough for that. Then if there happens to be a passenger with the necessary permit he must be landed in the huge basket we keep for landing cattle."

In 1922, this thirty-four square miles of volcanic rock was taken over by the Eastern Telegraph Company, and the entire white population of 30 English people is connected with the cable station.

The rest of the inhabitants are 20 natives imported from St. Helena, eight hundred miles away.

Mrs. Addison Williamson, who was well known in theatrical circles in Australia as Kerry Kelly, went to England nine years ago.

There she met her husband, and they have been living on Ascension for six years.

Small, dark, and vivacious, with a great capacity for enjoying life, Mrs. Addison Williamson simply loves her island home.

"I went there to be married," she said. "The doctor, who is also the registrar, married us, and we went off to Green Mountain in the funny old chaise that has been there since Napoleon's day (he was in exile on the neighboring island of St. Helena), and is always brought out on ceremonial occasions."

"Later, when the Bishop of St. Helena came across, we went through another ceremony."

Started a Fashion

OURS was the first marriage on the island for 14 years, but we must have started a fashion. There have been two since, though, of course, all the brides have to be imported.

"There are 12 women on the island, and only one, the matron of the hospital, is unmarried."

"There used to be 35 bachelors, I believe, but now they have dwindled to eight."

"The island is actually a very important part of the cable network, but we are so isolated that we almost forget what the outside world is like."

"Mailboats call twice a month, and we get our mail then. Our newspapers are usually a month old, but if there is any really exciting news we get it on the cables almost as soon as it happens."

"We all live happily in a little community in the lowlands, where it is dry and hot, but the south-easterly winds keep it from being too hot."

"We never wear hats, and nobody has ever been sunstruck."

"There are four rest-houses on Green Mountain which we can take for a couple of weeks when we want a change of air."

"We have motor cars, of course, but only baby cars."

"The roads up the mountain are so narrow we call them ramps, and only baby cars will go round the turns without backing."

"There are no shops and no dress-makers, so we make our own clothes and set our own hair."

"We have a nice church, a club-house, tennis and badminton courts, a nine-hole golf course, a well-equipped hospital that is nearly always empty, and a doctor who is always complaining that he hasn't got enough to do. But there is no dentist."

"Paper" Money

OUR nearest approach to a shop is the canteen, but we never use money. We sign chits for everything, and have got so used to it that the first thing my husband did when he reached Melbourne was to go shopping in the city without any money at all.

"There are cattle, sheep and chickens, so we have fresh meat, milk and eggs, and vegetables are grown on the farms on the mountain."

"Supply ships call once a month and we get fresh fruit from the steamers."

"Yes, it is an upside down land, all right."

"We are all good contract bridge players, and have plenty of parties, but they are topsy-turvy too."

"For instance, we always have morning tea-parties, as afternoon is siesta time. Instead of cocktail parties we have 7 to 9 o'clock bitters parties, but there are heaps of dances."

"Cruisers and sloops call in about six or eight times a year, and usually we are invited on board. And now we have a moving picture projector and get films from Capetown once a month."

"There is no harbor, and our coastline is remarkable for the size of its rollers. We cannot swim in the sea because of sharks, so have built a bathing pool."

"Ascension could be a tourists' paradise, but nobody can land there without a special permit."

"There is marvellous big game fishing, heaps of land crabs, and the mountain abounds with rabbits, wild goats and wild donkeys. The donkeys became such a nuisance that a good many had to be shot."

"Every year the turtles arrive in thousands to lay their eggs on the sandy beaches."

"Fortunately for us the baby turtles make for the sea as soon as they are hatched. Otherwise we would be pushed off the island. The turtles are huge. When one is killed there is turtle soup for the whole community."

"We usually go on board every ship that calls, and must always be prepared for a barrage of questions, and plenty of curious stares."

"One day we were amused to hear an old lady say, 'Fancy, they speak quite good English, don't they?' She probably thought we were natives."

Mrs. Addison Williamson has come to Australia to see her father, and her husband is getting his first glimpse of this country.

CULTURE TESTS PROVE Old Dutch GIVES Healthful Cleanliness



SAFETY FIRST IN THE HOME...
Scientists examined wash-basin and household water-bowl cleansers. They found millions of tiny surface scratches. These harmful bacteria, which breed in the presence of water, are possible carriers of infection to every member of the household. Tests with Seismolite (Old Dutch) showed smooth, gleaming surfaces which gave negative tests for bacteria. "First line of defence" for your family's health!

BESIDES protecting the family's health, Old Dutch is a willing helper with your housework. Its fast, thorough action cuts cleaning time. Old Dutch is made with the finest, scratchless cleansing and polishing material known to modern science—Seismolite! This Seismolite cleanser has flat, flaky particles which cover more surface per sprinkle, and so Old Dutch does more cleaning per penny of cost.

Sprinkle a little Old Dutch on the back of a plate and rub with a cloth. You'll hear the harsh grinding sound because Old Dutch is made with Seismolite and contains no grit. Test any other cleanser, rustproof or paste and note the difference.

Date the tin when you start to use it. Look at the calendar when it's empty. You'll have proof positive that Old Dutch is the most economical cleanser you can buy. That is one reason why Old Dutch is the largest selling all-purpose cleanser in the world.

Here's a helpful hint. Buy TWO tins of Old Dutch. Keep one in the bathroom and one in the kitchen.

The Good Housekeeping Institute of Australia has tested and approved Old Dutch



FRUIT SALAD or CAKE FORK for only 1/-

For a 1/- P.N. and 1 Windmill panel from Old Dutch label, you can get this beautiful A-1 Silver Cake or Fruit Salad Fork. Made by Viner & Hall Ltd., Imperial Works, Sheffield—the world's premier cutlery and silversmiths. Full list of 10 silverware and cutlery units shown below. OFFER CLOSING JUNE 30, 1938. Send now!

HOW TO GET THIS SILVERWARE

Send 2 windmill panels from Old Dutch labels and 3/- Postal Note for EACH unit listed. You may order any unit or as many as you wish. They are all guaranteed A-1 Silverplate or Stainless Steel.

1. 4 TEASPOONS (value 15/- per dozen).
2. 2 DESSERT SPOONS (value 33/- per dozen).
3. 2 DESSERT KNIFE and FORK (value 5/- per pair).
4. 2 SOUP SPOONS (value 33/- per dozen).
5. TABLE KNIFE and FORK (value 4/- per pair).
6. 2 TABLE SPOONS (value 28/- per dozen).
7. 1 pair FISH EATERS (value 5/- per pair).
8. 3 FRUIT SPOONS, Gold-lined bowls (value 22/- per dozen).
9. 3 FRUIT FORKS to match Fruit Spoons (value 22/- per dozen).
10. 1 SERVING SPOON, Gold-lined bowl (value 1/-).

Offer does not apply in N.Z. or Queensland. Offer closes June 30, 1938.

ORDER FORM

CUDAHY & CO. LTD., Elger St., Glebe, N.S.W.
I enclose _____ windmill panels from Old Dutch labels and Postal Note for _____ for which please send me (post paid) Units number _____

Name _____

Address _____

D-44-30

STAR DUST

Complete
Short Story

A delightful romance of a young wife who staked her fortune and her happiness on her irresponsible husband!



THE palm trees squeaked in the gale and rain rattled on the roof. Amanda drew the filmy blanket around her head. She shivered, then peered at the clock. Jake must have gone for hours. There was a note in the mirror. It read: "Well, woozy, meet you 12 sharp Bayview; big special in sixth, tab horse, can't miss."

Her eyes swept the bureau. Not even a quarter. They must be good and broke. Dreadful for the man whom you'd left everything for not to leave you a quarter.

Then Amanda laughed and looked around the furnished room. Pretty awful! She laughed again and buried her head in the pillow. She was so happy—so frightfully happy.

There was a yellow-oak bureau. On it a picture of Flying Flag, Jake's horse of the year, and a torn clipping, Turf Immortals. She could recite it by heart. She could even give the Derby winners of the last ten years.

"Fine, cottontail!" Jake had said. "You'll be a gambler yet. How'd you like to lead the Futurity winner past the stands in a new dress and hear the people cheer?"

There was a rocking chair that creaked. Over it hung towels that never seemed to dry. A table where Jake studied the charts. Amanda loved the room. In the closet she could see three hats, red, green, and white, and a bottle of whisky, and a pecan roll.

Jake's clothes hung immaculately. Strange, how a romantic newspaper reporter could be so neat. And Jake was romantic. He could say things that made her feel new.

Amanda shut her eyes and remembered again the day she had run away to marry Jake.

She'd had to do it that way; for her father had other plans that would never include a vagrant newspaperman, and John Forrester's plans rarely failed, nor did his fortune.

She'd met Jake on a street corner waiting in his shabby car, and they were married.

Amanda had wanted an -ory satin wedding dress, and a church with a canopy, and a wedding march, and crowds waiting on the avenue. But standing there in her old tweed suit, her face wet from the rain, she forgot all the things she had ever wanted before. Such a tremendous feeling of living and excitement filled her that she didn't hear the minister's voice or see the stuffy room.

That night they started driving south. "There's a boom we've got to see, sweetheart. I'll get something. Why, I've got a book that's nearly done. Mrs. Carson—you didn't know?—and stories the magazines will fight for. And I'll pick you a fifty-to-one shot every other day. We'll get by. Wait and see!"

That night Jake said: "You're never going back. We won't let them get you, Mandy. I want to drive fast. You're going to be so happy; you know you've been miserable all



Illustrated
by
WYNNE W.
DAVIES

your life. Wait and see!" She watched the light in his eyes.

She remembered Jake telling about Flying Flag and his eyes then. "They said he couldn't do it, baby. Ten more pounds than Top Form. The man beside me yells he's licked and I nearly knock him down. 'Come on, you Flying Flag!' I yell, and he comes. I was shaking, darling, and I didn't have a nickel up. I can see him coming now."

If she stayed in bed a little longer she'd only have coffee and then lunch. She had two dollars saved by taking change from Jake's pockets, not even buying a soda. She'd get stockings and go to a movie that afternoon. The room would be too cold.

It had rained for a week. "I'd like to see a cement road," said Jake. He paced the floor restlessly. "I'm sick of mud and bad food and small-town papers and being broke. We've got to get a winner."

"You said that if I married you nothing else would ever matter," said Amanda. "How is the book, darling? Where is the book?" (Oh, what were the right words for a husband you knew nothing about at all except that you adored him?)

By
BARBARA ALDRICH

"Be a woman of the world, daisy," Jake had said. "Never ask questions. We're going lots of places if you're anything behind that foolish face of yours. Wait till you see Bowie in the spring. Have you written that letter yet?"

Amanda knew it was fatal to stay in bed if there was something not to think about. At this moment it was her father alone in the New York house with all the rooms. She could see the note he had sent her on heavy white paper with "Forrester & Sons" in thick black letters at the top, signed by his secretary. She

had put it under a newspaper in the bureau drawer, but it wouldn't stay hidden.

"Your father asks that you return without your husband, and everything will be the same. If he does not hear from you by March the first he will be compelled to change his will. He begs that you will come."

Oh, her father couldn't do that! Why, she and he were friends. And then she suddenly knew that he could. So she jumped quickly into the cold damp room.

She pulled on Jake's bathrobe and went down the dingy hall. Probably there was no hot water. The tub was dirty and there was no hot water. Amanda scrubbed the tub, and then herself, with cold. She felt radiant. She was out of bed, nearly dressed, and would see Jake in an hour. She was silly, all right.

She could hear him: "I tell you, you've never lived before. To blouse with a white-and-silver bed room! But I'd love you more

The door of the room was open. Jake sat at his table where he studied the charts.

camellia blossoms. Now she'd found one in her own front yard.

She'd get a paper, coffee in a cafeteria. She couldn't wait to read the dog charts and see if Undeniable had won. She loved that greyhound just the way Jake loved Flying Flag. "Undeniable, 2-1." Pretty good! But they couldn't go last night. No money. And she had missed seeing him come in.

NOW for the horses. Good card. But they couldn't go to-day either. No money; till Monday now, from a chance story Jake had stumbled on. No one left to borrow from. The boom was dying on its feet, people creeping back north in the night.

She was dying—simply dying—to go that afternoon. She loved the races in the rain. The ground smelled nice. Well, it couldn't be done!

She wandered along to the Western Union. There might be a wire for Jake from his old paper: "We can't get along without you." She liked to watch the men sending wires. The place had been jammed a month ago. Men gambling on the land. Like herself. She was gambling on the future, wasn't she?

But there were no wires for Jake. She turned idly from a pile of yellow empty blanks. Suddenly she started and read the crumpled message before her. Someone had dropped it. Plunge everything on Star Dust in Fifth. Can't lose.

It was real, it wasn't fake—from

New York, addressed to J. Weldon, Tampa Downs.

Star Dust in the fifth. A tip, a wonderful tip, straight from heaven. Pretty name, Star Dust. Someone was looking after her. Someone sent her that tip!

They must do it. But how? They must! Amanda believed in that yellow piece of paper more than she had ever believed in anything before, even Jake.

She grabbed the racing chart. Who'd ever heard of Star Dust? No one picked him. She tore back to his record: Eighth, ninth, wrong spot, trailed the field. But he'd be the long shot of the day; he'd be— She bought a scratch sheet with probable odds. Star Dust, 50-1.

They must bet on him! They must get a two-dollar ticket. And she had just two dollars. Amanda counted the change feverishly. Jake didn't know she had it. Yes, it was all there.

She rushed into the Bayview lobby. Jake was reading the entries. She stopped and watched him. He looked the way he should, the way she wanted a man to look.

"Good card," said Jake. "How's my baby, loling in bed while I fight my way. You look perfect. What's the trouble?"

She pushed the yellow paper into his hand. Jake whistled. "And where did you get this—steal it?"

"Just picked it up." "What'll we do? I've got just enough money for lunch. Can't borrow any more."

Please turn to Page 53

MAZURKA

Lavinia, young dancing mistress, finds an unexpected partner.



O baby had ever greeted the promise of her own toes with more delighted approval than Lavinia. From the moment her infant fingers could reach them they engaged her attention, and as soon as she could balance

upon them she attempted to dance. Feet had surely not been given one merely to walk upon.

Lavinia invented her own steps and intricate measures long before those of conventional society were taught her, and she danced right through her childhood with undiminished ardor. Apart from it being such a pleasant exercise in itself, dancing was the best of all remedies for loneliness: Lavinia devoted life upon her toes.

When sympathetic Uncle William, who had long been the only relative she possessed, went off to New South Wales with his regiment, he paid for her to continue her lessons at Miss Phin's Academy of Dancing and Deportment for Young Ladies in London. "And when you are a proper young lady," he told her then, "you are coming out to the colony to keep house for me, so you can give that answer to any young spark who wants to marry you in the meantime."

The prospect was rather an exciting one, and Lavinia, only a little apprehensive, went on dancing towards its realisation till it grew very close. And then Uncle William died in New South Wales, leaving her his dress uniform and sword, with a piece of property on the shores of Sydney Cove, once described in a letter to her as "mostly rocks," and one hundred and twenty-three pounds eight shillings in cash.

The money was not a very impressive sum, neither did it appear to be immediately forthcoming; so Lavinia, with mixed feelings, accepted Miss Phin's offer to keep her on at the Academy as a dancing teacher for the younger pupils. Miss Phin herself was ageing, in body and mind, and the fashionable education of the modern miss was getting to be more than she could cope with.

HISTORIANS, while always conceding some importance to the Battle of Waterloo, have never taken the slightest notice of the trouble caused by that event in Miss Phin's Academy of Dancing and Deportment for Young Ladies. For a while it actually looked as if Miss Phin might fall with Bonaparte, and for much the same reason, that she would not look facts in the face or recognise a crucial time when it arrived. Miss Phin, however, unlike the great Napoleon, had Lavinia to advise her. "Now that the war is over," said Lavinia, "all society is flocking to Paris for the new modes. There will be new ideas in fashionable manners."

Miss Phin, at first horrified at the thought of new ideas in fashionable manners, was presently compelled, by the subtle demands of her pupils, to believe what Lavinia had told her. The Academy, it seemed, must take notice of English society's flutterings about the late enemy-capital, and Miss Phin or her representative must visit Paris if only for the sake of appearance. It was unthinkable for Miss Phin to go personally. With many charges and injunctions she sent Lavinia, escorted by the Academy sempstress, Lavinia was to be in Paris no more than one week; she stayed two.

Let it not be imagined for a moment that Lavinia was without legitimate excuse for the extra days: her excuse was a new dance called the mazarin. "It is the rage of Paris," she told Miss Phin upon her frigidly-greeted return. "All the English over there are quite mad about it." But the rage of Paris promised to be the rage of Miss Phin also, in quite a different way.

By ...

Winifred BIRKETT

"Miss Mary Berry was one of the first to take lessons," went on Lavinia, trying to be mollifying. "It was introduced into the very best society by the officers of the Russian regiments stationed near Paris since the Treaty. I took pains to become thoroughly proficient in it."

"A square dance?" inquired Miss Phin, unwon.

"No; round. And a most ravishing slide in it, like this." Lavinia demonstrated. "One, two, three, four. One, two, three, four."

After all, it turned out, Miss Phin was in no way Bonaparte's mental superior. In parting with Lavinia she sealed the fate of her establishment. Soon a more up-to-date academy was to be set up in St. James, and she herself was already doomed to retirement in the Isle of Wight, there to live out the remainder of her days far from the echoes of a Russian dance in English ballrooms.

THE parting left Lavinia with few resources beyond her uncle's legacy and her own charming proficiency in the mazarin. To get the full benefit of both it seemed most hopeful to combine them: the legacy was in New South Wales, so thither must she also take the mazarin. The dance could not possibly have been introduced to the colony yet, where polite society must be thirsting for fresh interest; and in spite of her late experience with Miss Phin, Lavinia believed that fortune favored the person first on the spot with something agreeably new.

She took passage on the ship Royal Regent, and she prayed that there would be somewhere space on board for her to dance during the voyage. Not only was practice desirable in itself, but now she needed more than ever to dance to keep her fears at bay, for it was a very brave venture that she was making all alone. She looked upon the mazarin as her strength and her standby, and as being peculiarly her own, as if she had some patent in it and the right of introducing it into the Australian colony was invested solely in herself.

She found the other passengers on board not very companionable: there were women going out with their families to join their husbands, a small clique of officers and their wives, none of them showing any desire to take her into their circle. The only other solitary figure on board was a red-haired young man. This young man had a countenance which must have been pleasant had it been induced to smile; even the aftermath of a smile would have made it attractive, Lavinia thought. But he was a brooding, silent creature.

At first the other passengers merely seemed to leave him to his own devices as they left Lavinia; but after a couple of days she discovered that his solitariness had a startling distinction. He was not merely left alone; he was deliberately ostracised. One morning, his moroseness evidently thawing a little, he paused before one of the other men walking on the deck and made some polite remark. Lavinia, standing near, saw his advance met with an icy stare and heard the answer he got. "Upon my word, Sir, I do not know you!"

The young man showed no sign of particular surprise or chagrin at the rebuff, and Lavinia thought this



Illustrated

by

WYNNE

W.

DAVIES

the strangest part of the episode. If he had taken it otherwise she might have let him see, by a friendly glance, that she had been a little amused at the officer's air of pompous affront and the absurd hauteur of his snub, for it had been funny; but he passed her by, brooding again, without a look. He was a straight young man, walking easily on the rolling deck, and she saw him pass rather wistfully. At least, she thought, the captain might have introduced them, as it was only his social duty. But the captain took no opportunity of doing so and paid scant attention even to himself, so she could not drop a hint. They might be six months on this ship together; if ennui did not overcome her before the end, curiosity would. The days were dull enough already, and she had not yet found a place where she might beguile herself with dancing.

Next morning she deliberately confronted the red-haired young man as he stood by the mizen mast brooding upon the wake of the ship. She said, "I do not know you, Sir, but it is a fine morning." Perhaps he would recollect yesterday's episode and be amused at it after all, and smile.

But he did not. He only said, stiffly and ironically, "It will be because you do not know me that you tell me it is a fine morning."

The force of the wind against which they had to stand seemed to be driving them to an urgency of speech.

"You are Irish!" she exclaimed at this.

"You see what little time you lose already in indicting me," he said.

She protested. "But that is not what I meant at all. I am not blaming you for being Irish."

IS it only for behaving like an Irishman, then?

"If I blamed you for anything at this moment," Lavinia returned with spirit, "it would be for not behaving like an Irishman! I have never met an Irishman before who could not smile when a lady spoke to him."

"Forgive me."

"Why?" she demanded, as literally as if she had been Irish herself. "Perhaps—because I am to be forgiven."

"You have been unfortunate?" she inquired, more gently.

"You might not think so, madam. You might think I am most uncommonly fortunate to be on this ship—in such agreeable company"—(here he bowed towards her stiffly)—"when I might have been making the voyage on a convict vessel, in irons."

Lavinia was shocked but still quick to comprehend. "I see," she said, "you are a rebel."

"My name is Matthew O'Riordan," he told her this as if it must convey to her his whole story: implication in the political "transactions" of Dublin; dismissal from the army just after Waterloo; seizure of his estates; banishment only mitigated by the fact that he had distinguished himself favorably in the great engagement near Brussels; sedition and exile.

"I'm sorry," Lavinia said. "Not at all, madam." His face was as wooden as when he had received yesterday's snub. He saluted her briefly and turned about.

Again she was quick to comprehend. She had to run after him along the cumbered deck, and when she caught him she was obliged to do so literally because of the lurching of the ship. Still steadying herself upon his arm, she said: "I did not mean I was sorry to have spoken to you; I meant I was sorry for your unhappiness."

Please turn to Page 20

HALF-WAY HOUSE

Begin now this thrilling new serial, by one of the world's greatest detective story writers. It will hold you from the first chapter.

By...

Ellery
QUEEN

Characters in the Story

ELLERY QUEEN, famous private detective, and author of the story.
BILL ANGELL, young attorney, who discovers the body of his brother-in-law.
JOSEPH WILSON, traveller in cheap jewellery, murdered in a lonely spot in Trenton.
CHIEF DE JONG, in charge of the case, assisted by SERGEANT MURPHY, of the Trenton force.
ELLA AMITY, newspaper woman.
LUCY WILSON, beautiful wife of the murdered man.
JESSICA GIMBALL, society woman, and her lovely daughter.
ANDREA GIMBALL, who identify the body of the murdered man as
JOSEPH KENT GIMBALL, broker, of New York.
GROSVENOR FINCH, Executive Vice-President of the National Insurance Company, lifelong friend of Jessica Gimball.
NOW READ ON.



"Why, Bill Angell," said Ellery, with delight in his voice. "I trust these falling eyes of mine aren't playing tricks. Bill! Sit down, sit down. Where the deuce have you sprung from? Walter, another stein! How on earth—"

"One at a time," laughed the young man, dropping into a chair. "Still as quick on the trigger as ever, I see. I poked my head in here to spot someone I knew, and it took me a full minute to recognise you, you ugly Hibernian. How've you been?"

"This way and that. I thought you lived in Philadelphia."

"So I do. I'm down here on a private matter. Still sleuthing?"

"The fox changes his skin," quoth Ellery, "but not his habits. Or would you prefer it in Latin? My classics used to irritate you."

"The same old Ellery. What are you doing in Trenton?"

"Passing through. I've been down Baltimore way on a case. Well, well, Bill Angell. It's been a long time."

"Near eleven years. At that, the fox hasn't changed much." Angell's black eyes were steady and controlled; but Ellery fancied that the pleasure on their surface covered a certain lurking worry. "How about me?"

"Wrinkles at the corners of the eyes," said Ellery critically. "But you're essentially the same. Still the



"Where is..." began the sabled woman, hesitating near the doorway. Her eyes went from one face to another uncertainly.

he's always provided for her very handsomely. The trouble with me is that lean and hungry look Caesar mentioned."

"You have a case."

"Lord love you! I've a guilty conscience, that's all. My apartment's in the heart of town and I don't get out to see Lucy very often. I've been beastly about it; Joe's on the road most of the time, and she must get jonesome as the devil."

He looked at his watch. "Look here, Ellery, I've got to be going. I've an appointment with my brother-in-law not far from here for nine, and it's ten to now. When are you pushing on to New York?"

"As soon as I can breathe life into old Duesey again."

"The Duesenberg! Lord, have you still got that ancient chariot? I thought you'd donated it to the Smithsonian long ago. How would you like a companion on your trip back to the city?"

"Bill! That's handsome of you."

"Can you wait an hour or so?"

"All night, if you say so."

Bill rose and said slowly: "Joe shouldn't take long." He paused. When he continued it was in a casual tone. "I was intending to run down to New York to-night anyway; to-morrow's Sunday, and I've a New York client who can't be seen at any other time. I'll leave my car in Trenton. Where will you be?"

"In the lobby yonder. You'll stay over with dad and me to-night?"

"Love to. See you in an hour."

Mr. Ellery Queen relaxed, watching the wedge-like back of his friend vanish past the coatroom girl. Poor Bill! He had always shifted to his

Illustrated
by
FISCHER

own broad shoulders the burdens of others.

Bill Angell's aged coupe puffed along the deserted Lambert Road, which paralleled the eastern shore of the Delaware River. It was a narrow road, and his dimmers shimmered on the puddles in the black and rubby macadam. A warm rain had fallen in the afternoon, and, although it had stopped just before seven o'clock, the road and the bleak stretches of dump and field on his left were still muddy. A few lights blinked pallidly on the river to the west, where Moon Island lay; to the east the uneven terrain was grey and flat, like paint.

Bill slowed down as he passed a long bulky mass of buildings on the riverside, the Marine Terminal. It was not far from here, he thought. According to Joe's instructions...

THE directions had been specific: a few hundred yards past the Marine Terminal, reckoning from Trenton...

He trod on his brake. To the right, towards the river, on the narrow shore between Lambert Road and the water polished to sullen steel by the quarter-light of deep dusk, stood a building with dimly glowing windows.

The car snuffed and stopped. Bill examined the scene with fixity. The structure, black against the river, was little more than a shack—a random, dilapidated affair of weather-beaten clapboard, with a sagging roof half-denuded of its shingles, and a crumbling chimney.

An empty roadster of huge dimensions stood directly before the closed door of the shack, almost on its stone step. The snout of the silent monster faced him.

Bill twisted about like a suspicious animal, searching the thick dark blue murk for other details. That car... Lucy ran a small car; she'd always had a runabout for herself—Joe was considerate enough, and he seemed to realise how much alone she was; and Joe himself ran an ancient but serviceable car of a good make. But this was overpowering, a magnificent sixteen-cylinder Cadillac with, he thought, a special body. Oddly, for all its bulk, there was something feminine in its appearance; it seemed in the murk to be the color of cream, and he could just make out its multiplicity of chromium gadgets. A rich woman's sporting car...

Then Bill spied his brother-in-law's car drawn up to face the side of the shack nearer him; and for the first time he noticed a second driveway, this one an unkempt dirt lane, branching off Lambert Road a few feet in front of his car.

Please turn to Page 14

A Dramatic Tale of the African Veldt

VICTORY

By...

JOHN CARLISLE



THE waggon, drawn by its team of heavy, wide-horned oxen, crept across country over which Death seemed to hover.

For a week, now, every village the travellers had come to had been deserted. They found occasionally one or two weak, emaciated natives obviously about to die, and many dead. The vultures were gorged. Heavy with their obscene food, they took possession of the kraals, lethargically flapping away a few yards when disturbed, and arousing only to dispute with the jackals the feast left in and about the huts.

There was no need, really, for these scavengers to fall out; small-pox, when it swept over the country, left in its trail more than sufficient for vulture, jackal, and hyena.

Clavering thought that they must soon be out of this territory of the dead. Seven days! He had kept away from the empty kraals as much as possible, but even the very air of the veldt seemed to be contaminated. His boys were panic-stricken; he knew that only fear of worse fate, should they desert him, kept them at his side. And Katje...

At the thought of Katje, a frown creased Clavering's brow as it always did when he allowed himself to consider her. Riding behind the waggon, allowing his horse to walk with drooping head in the fierce heat of noonday, Clavering could see the girl sitting at the back of the waggon, just under the huge white hood, doing nothing, apparently thinking of nothing, just sitting as was her custom until they outspanned for the night and it became necessary for her to attend to the usual small tasks of meal-getting stirring out over the hot veldt, blankly, uninterestedly.

She seemed to be dead inside; Clavering was beginning to despair of ever bringing her to life again.

In spite of himself, his mind went back over the strange and yet very simple events which had led to her being with him, to their marriage, and to this lonely trekking into strange and hostile country...

JOHN CLAVERING

had arrived from England at a time when tension in the Cape was high. The Boers regarded the British as interlopers and robbers; the British detested the Boers. Both despised and loathed the Kaffirs.

Right from the start, Clavering had made himself unpopular with his compatriots. As a Clavering of Holmsbrook, Sussex, he had, of course, been welcomed. His typically English appearance, too, made it impossible for the Cape British to consider him in any other light than as one who would understand their viewpoint, sympathise, and join them in their detestation of the stolid Dutch.

Unfortunately, in addition to his good looks, his six feet odd of bone, muscle, and sinew, his skill as a horseman and rifle shot, John Clavering possessed—inherited from some forbear—a judicial mind.

He was incapable of taking a one-sided, party point of view. He had only been a few months in the colony when those who had welcomed him so warmly were already showing signs of coldness. The whisper, "Pro-Boer," began to follow him around. The climax came when, following on a taunt of "renegade," flung at him savagely by a drunken young farmer (an expatriate younger son whose family connections made him of some consequence), Clavering waited until the fellow was sober, thrashed him soundly, and departed north, to see what life was like among the Boers, whom he was accused of loving above the men of his own race.

Here again disappointment awaited him. The Great Treks north to the Orange River and the Transvaal had begun. Driven by the urge to preserve their own mode of life, their freedom as a people and as individuals, against the flood tide of English infiltration, the Boers were trekking, leaving homes and



A Zulu impi, sweeping south on a raid.

farms, getting out to seek a new Promised Land.

They were not cordial to Clavering. He was an Englishman. The fact that his own people called him pro-Boer meant nothing to them. They did not drive him away, but he found himself again a stranger, and an outsider. He was just thinking of leaving, of striking out for himself as a hunter, when that occurred which made his departure imperative.

He met Katje.

Katje lived with Hendrik Van Eyck's family. Clavering was looking for horses, salted animals, impervious to the tsetse fly, and had been told that Van Eyck might be willing to sell two that he had on his farm.

Clavering rode over to see him. He arrived at the Van Eyck farm a little before noon. The white house was shimmering in the sun when he rode up. There was no sign of life except for a couple of curs that lay, tongues lolling, in the shadow of the western wall. Dismounting, Clavering mounted the two steps to the wide stoep, crossed it, and knocked with his riding whip on the open door.

Silence came down again, and then suddenly the girl was there—a creature whose shapeless dress, bare feet, and work-coarsened hands would not detract from the beauty of her slim, budding body and perfect features.

Even the strange, incurious blankness of her eyes would not spoil her. It gave her, not a vacant expression, but rather the appearance of one still asleep or of a person who, after some species of shock, is still haunted by a fear which will not allow her to face reality.

In response to Clavering's question, she told him, in a low, attractively husky voice, that Hendrik was down in the cornfield with the Kaffirs, getting in the harvest. That was all she said to him, then; all he saw of her that day. Van Eyck sold his horses, exulting at the unbusinesslike abstraction that made the Englishman such a fool as to pay his price without even attempting to bargain, and Clavering rode away, the roan and the bay he had purchased jogging behind him, pulling on the long leading-halters.

During the days that followed, he found the image of the girl Katje

a Zulu impi, sweeping south on a raid, had poured over this isolated Boer household, wiping out everybody except the child Katje and the Kaffir woman who had caught her up and hidden her in the shallow loft above the room in which her father had made his last stand.

Through the wide cracks between the ill-fitting boards Katje, prevented from screaming by the pressure of the Kaffir woman's hand across her mouth, saw the final slaughter...

Clavering, listening to the story, could imagine the scene, and understand at last the reason for that coldly shocked expression which, even after this lapse of years, robbed the girl's face of that animation and vivacity which would make of her beauty a living thing.

NOT the escape, at the last minute, from a house set afire by the departing warriors, not the perilous journey to the nearest Boer settlement, but the memory of the killing of her mother and father had put on Katje a mark which she carried about with her always.

So much Clavering heard from Keshwan his Kaffir boy. Far from banishing Katje from his mind, this satisfaction of his curiosity had the effect of still further increasing his interest in her. In fact, he now found himself obsessed by the thought of her: her beauty and her tragic background were irresistible. Less than two weeks after his first sight of her he was forced to acknowledge to himself that he was in love with her.

Even then, it was not until, again through Keshwan, he heard of Van Eyck's cruelty, of his way with any woman, white or colored, who happened to be of his household, and, above all, of the stories whispered apropos of his intentions in regard to Katje, that Clavering acted.

He rode over again to the Van Eyck farm. Hendrik was absent on a hunting trip. When Clavering left, Katje left with him. She professed no feeling for him, but admitted to a great fear and hatred of Van Eyck. They were married the same day by a travelling predikant who happened to be in the district.

After that there was no question of Clavering staying among the Boers. He, a foreigner, had violated Hendrik Van Eyck's rights as head of a household. He and Katje left the Boer settlement immediately after the marriage, leaving Keshwan and another boy to bring on Clavering's spare horses and gear.

Clavering sighed as he went back over it all. That had been six months ago. Katje had not changed. He had thought that, away from all

up and gave him the colorless, vacant smile which even now after six months had power to stab him. He raised his hand, but did not draw rein until he came level with the front of the waggon where Keshwan, proudly installed as voorlooper, was swinging his long whip and encouraging the laboring oxen with his cries of: "Trek! Trek! Trek! Trek! Trek! Trek!"

He fell silent as Clavering drew alongside, dismounted, and, having hitched his horse, joined him on the box.

"Outspan soon, Keshwan, and make camp!" Clavering said.

The Kaffir nodded: "Ja, baas. Soon, I think."

He seemed about to say something else when one of the boys who had been ranging along a couple of hundred yards from the waggon on the look-out for a small antelope or other game, for the pot, suddenly called. There was an excited note in his voice that drew Clavering and Keshwan immediately. The boy who had been plodding at the head of the team halted at once. The oxen stopped. The other three Kaffir boys, walking on the shady side of the waggon, ran around to see what was toward.

Acting on impulse, Clavering, rifle in hand, jumped to the ground and ran to the rear of the waggon to be near Katje. The girl was the only one of the company who, if she had heard that call, had not caught the frightened quality in it. She was smiling, smiling in that empty fashion she appeared constrained to adopt whenever her husband came near her.

SHE continued to smile even when the boy who had shouted came loping back to the group of men watching him. She did not notice apparently the fear that was plain in his grey face, nor did she hear the muttered words which he uttered as soon as he reached the waggon.

"Zulus, baas."

She was still smiling as Clavering, his Kaffirs grouped about him, stared over the veldt for some sign of immediate danger.

He saw none. Turning to Keshwan, he bade him question the boy who had just come in, and who stood, still trembling slightly, at the back of the others. A few sentences passed, and Keshwan lifted troubled eyes to his master.

"He says Zulus, baas, a small party—maybe twenty. They have killed three men yonder. Men who were fleeing from the sickness. Killed and stripped them."

"How does he know they were Zulus?" Clavering asked.

Keshwan made a stabbing motion with his arm.

"All the world, baas," he said, "know how the Zulus kill. Have you never seen the mark of their short stabbing spears? They were Zulus."

"But," Clavering objected, "what would such a small party be doing here? This is not Zulu country, and when the Zulus raid they raid in regiments, not in small parties of twenty."

The Kaffir shook his head.

"Baas, maybe they are broken men, survivors of a regiment which has been defeated, and who therefore dare not return to their kraal to face the wrath of Chaka, the King. Maybe they were wounded left behind by the impi, and now recovered to prey on those weaker than themselves. Who can say? But Zulus they are."

Clavering thought for a moment. It was possible that, even if his boys were right that there were Zulus in the vicinity, they might have already travelled sufficiently far from the scene of their killing to be unaware of the presence of the

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haunting him. Strangely enough, it was not her beauty that troubled him, but that withdrawn, fearful expression that lurked at the back of her grey eyes.

He made inquiries about her, learning very little from the Boers he questioned—aloof men, suspicious of any Outlanders. He did gather, however, that she was an orphan, that she was a distant relation of Hendrik Van Eyck's wife, and that for some years she had been a member of his household—actually an unpaid servant.

It was through his Kaffir boy, Keshwan, though, that Clavering picked up the item of information which appeared to him most significant. Katje's parents, it seemed, had been among the earliest settlers in that northern country on the fringe of the Zulu territory. They had paid the penalty of their daring:

other contacts, with his tenderness to warm her, she would gradually emerge from the shadowy, fear-haunted world in which she lived. He had been disappointed; indeed, the further he penetrated into this unknown tract, the further they removed themselves from the Boer settlements, the more remote she became; it seemed that her fear increased, and with it, her unawareness of him.

And he, heaven help him, was more in love with her than ever.

Saddle leather creaked as Clavering moved impatiently. He had gone over all this so often before; useless to brood on it again. Incalculably, he allowed his hand to brush his gun barrel. The hot meal burned, and, with a curse, he put heels to his horse's ribs and urged it forward.

Katje, as he thudded past, looked



She was still smiling as Clavering, his Kaffirs grouped about him, stared over the veldt.

waggon and its occupants. On the other hand, even now unseen eyes might be watching every move, a score of black figures might be hiding in the scrub that fringed the nearby river, only waiting for a favorable opportunity to attack.

He could, of course, continue north as he was going, and take the risk. But a mile further on, the river they had been following all day took a sudden turn eastward. Another six hours' travelling would find them in the middle of the flat veldt, open

to attack, if attack should come, from all sides. Here, at least, he could take up a position with the river at his back. Besides, he recalled, he had intended outspanning early to-day, had suggested it to Keshwan just before the alarm had been raised. He decided not to go on.

This resolution taken, he turned his attention to the river banks, some five or six hundred yards away. The river itself was running high, he knew, sufficiently strongly

to discourage any attempt on the part of Zulu warriors to swim it in an attempt to surprise him in the rear should he take up a position on its edge.

The thing was: was there any one spot more advantageous than another? There the luck held. There was.

Just opposite to the waggon he saw a bare, stony tongue of land jutting peninsula fashion into the stream. Some geological freakishness of nature must have been responsible for depositing there a

patch of rock more impervious to the current than the adjoining land, with the result that the flowing water had cut away large bays on either side of it, leaving it to stick out like a derisive tongue. Once outspanned there with the waggon drawn broadside on, Clavering saw that, with the river on three sides of him, he would only have one front to defend, and the waggon would act as a barricade to that.

He could not hope to find a more suitable position.

In a few words, he outlined his ideas to Keshwan, who granted his approval. Then, with a mighty cracking of the whip, shouts from the Kaffirs and a volley of "treks!" from Keshwan, the oxen got under way again, wheeling round to the right and dragging the creaking waggon after them. Clavering remounted and galloped ahead to view at closer quarters the place he had chosen.

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Continuing

VICTORY

from Page 9

IN less than a quarter of an hour the waggon had reached its objective and been swung around into position. There was still no sign of the Zulus, of whom the boys were so frightened. Clavering now began to feel that he might have made a fool of himself, but when he hinted as much to Keshwan the Kaffir shook his head.

"No, baas," he said. "They are still about. The men they killed are but to two hours dead. Letchia, who discovered them, has said so, and he has looked on death often enough to be sure. They will attack at dawn, in the manner of Zulus."

He left at that to help with the outspanning of the oxen, and the gathering of boulders to build a breastwork on either side of the waggon. With his going, Clavering remembered Katje; under the necessity of making a decision, of getting into a state to defend themselves against attack, he had forgotten her. Now, with a pang of self-reproach, he thought that she must be wondering what all this was about, asking herself why this sudden change of direction, this halt.

His heavily-booted feet clattering over the stones, Clavering moved to the back of the waggon. Katje was not sitting in the position in which he had last seen her. A quick fear seized him, but, mastering it, he swung himself up and peered into the gloom of the interior. He found her then.

She was crouched down on the floor. Her arms rested on the low bed of stretched hides, and her head was buried in them. Clavering stumbled towards her calling "Katje," but she appeared not to hear the sound of his voice. When he reached her he found that she was trembling violently; her face, when at last he managed to force her head gently from the shielding arms, frightened him, so haggard and white was it, so full of horror the eyes.

He could see that she was in a state of unreasoning, awful panic, and so for a long time he did not

attempt to speak; just held her close, sitting on the bed, comforting and soothing her as one would a child. From the Boers, from his Kaffirs, and from Katje herself he had learned enough Cape Dutch to be able to speak to her in her own tongue, so that when the violence of her shudders had abated somewhat he was able to speak to her, to endeavor to find out the cause of her condition.

At first she did not reply to his questions, did not even seem to comprehend what he was saying. Gradually, however, the meaning of his words penetrated. She looked up at him with tragic eyes.

"Zulus," she whispered. "I heard Letchia tell about the dead ones he came upon."

"But it is nothing," he said. "Nothing. There were but twenty, and besides, they have probably travelled on, knowing nothing of our presence."

She refused to accept his heartily-uttered reassurance. Her face, as she looked up to reply to him, was as white as ever, the eyes still terrible with the terror which filled her.

"No," she said, dully, "they have not gone. They never go—the Zulus. Never. Not until everyone is dead! Everyone except me."

Her voice rose to a scream. Clavering pressed her close and quietened her.

"They will not kill us," he said quietly. "It is we who will kill them should they attack us. I promise you that."

It was useless. Under his gentle yet firm hands she became calmer, but he could not exorcise the terror under which she labored.

After some little time she became silent, but Clavering saw that there was no hope of ridding her of the cold fear which possessed her. All he could do was to coax her into lying down on the bed, covered with a blanket. He left her there then and climbed out to see that all was

being done that could be done in the event of an assault being attempted.

Keshwan, when Clavering came up to him at the stone breastwork, was grave.

"THEY are here," he said; "when they knew we suspected their presence they no longer bothered to hide. Behold!"

Clavering followed the direction of the outflung black arm. Keshwan had spoken truly. Some eight hundred yards distant Clavering saw a knot of karossed figures, plumes on head and sunlight glinting on spear-blades. There were, as Letchia had read from the signs they had left, about twenty of them, grouped under the trees to the left, along the river bank. Clavering grunted.

"Fine warriors! Don't they know what a gun can do at that range?"

His gun was in his hand. Crouching behind the barricade, he rested it on the stones, sighted carefully, and pressed the trigger. One of the foremost of the Zulus fell; those about the waggon saw him thrashing about in the long grass, and heard the yells of astonishment and rage that greeted the success of the shot. There was no chance of a second; before Clavering could reload the Zulus had disappeared into cover, taking the wounded man with them.

"That should keep them quiet for a bit," Clavering said grimly.

"They will attack at dawn, baas," Keshwan replied.

The afternoon passed quietly; Keshwan prepared a meal. All ate except Katje; she would touch nothing. Clavering sat with her for a while, and then, despairing of doing anything to lift her from the state of stricken obsession into which she had fallen, and driven by the need for action, he left her and went outside to consider once again the position they were in.

Desperately, he racked his brains

for a plan. The sun was low in the west before one came to him. Even then, it was a desperate one, a forlorn hope, but still a plan.

Hurriedly he called Keshwan to him. For five minutes he spoke, illustrating his ideas with gestures, Keshwan nodding gravely at intervals. Then, while Clavering hurried to the waggon, returning with a small keg, a pouch and a shovel, Keshwan summoned Letchia, the boy who had first discovered the grim evidence of the Zulus' presence.

More explanations ensued now, Keshwan translating to an obviously reluctant Letchia. Clavering made handsome promises; Keshwan threatened. The upshot of the discussion was that some ten minutes later Letchia, keg and shovel on shoulder, pouch in hand, climbed over the barricade, and escorted by Keshwan, armed with one of Clavering's guns, moved away from the waggon in the direction of the hidden Zulus. Nerves on edge, Clavering covered them from the barricade.

At about a hundred yards distance they stopped. Looking fearfully about him, Letchia began to dig. Keshwan stood over him, rifle at the ready, peering at the scrub and trees in which the Zulus lay hidden.

ONCE, Clavering thought he saw a movement among the bushes, the glint of sun on spear-blade, and sent a shot whipping through the branches. Nothing stirred after that.

Ten minutes saw Letchia finished with his digging. Then, without the keg, he started to come back slowly towards the waggon, moving in a bent posture, as if planting something, and, for about twenty yards, stopping to arrange small stones carefully over whatever it was he was putting down. He and Keshwan at last got back to the waggon without need for any more firing. Right to the last Letchia continued in his stooping gait, even maintaining it until he was within the barricade. Clavering examined the last few yards of his handiwork and found it good. He signified as much by a nod to Keshwan. Then, setting guards to prevent any possibility of surprise, he began preparing a meal for himself and Katje, leaving the Kaffirs to their own cooking.

Katje's condition was unchanged. Again she refused food, but drank thirstily of the water Clavering brought her. She seemed now to have worked herself into a fever; her eyes were bright, her cheeks flushed, in a wild fashion she spoke to him of Zulus, harking back to that old tragedy of her childhood. She quietened about midnight and dropped off into an uneasy slumber; Clavering, taut with the strain of trying to soothe her, went out to relieve Keshwan. He found the Kaffir on the alert. As Clavering approached and took up his position, the boy said:

"Now I shall sleep, baas. They will come at dawn, but I shall awaken before then, and be ready."

"Be sure the fire is going," Clavering said.

"It shall be alight, baas."

Left alone, Clavering peered over the veldt. A late, full moon shone down, giving a light almost that of day. Nothing could have stirred out there without being seen, and for this, at least, he thanked God. Moreover, the moon would still be abroad when morning came, so that at no time would the Zulus be able to advance in such light as to make shooting too chancy a business.

HIS mind at rest on this score, Clavering inevitably began to think of Katje. He understood, now, fully what it was that had made her so strange. Ever since he had heard her story, he had realised that her early terrible experience had been responsible for the shadow that lay over her, but he had not known, till now, what a live and active thing was the fear which, apparently, was always with her. Even at the Van Eyck home, the dread of a Zulu attack must have been with her, and, when she married Clavering, only to be carried off into wilder and more savage country, that dread must have grown in intensity each day. It was the kind of deep-rooted terror which, Clavering thought, a person never loses.

IN his brooding, he did not notice the passing of time. It was not until Keshwan glided up to him that he realised that the moon had not far to go before being swallowed up by the veldt, that already the first grey signs of dawn were showing in the east. As Clavering turned to Keshwan, he saw that the other boys were stirring, too. They stood in a somewhat forlorn group, spears in hand, waiting for instructions. The fire was glowing dimly.

With a soft word to Keshwan to take up his position with Clavering's second gun on the right flank of the waggon, Clavering posted the other boys at intervals along the barricade. For himself he chose the spot at which Letchia had re-entered after his expedition of the previous afternoon. The small party had hardly settled down to wait when Keshwan called clearly:

"Baas, they come."

Even as he spoke, Clavering saw them. The east was pale now, the light a strange blend of moon and daylight, but the Zulus were plainly discernible.

Either recking little of yesterday's experience, or scorning to show fear now that the time to attack had come, they advanced into the open, and then stood, according to their usual fashion, rattling spears on long ox-hide shields, stamping their feet, shouting insults and boasts; the plumes on their heads nodded as they pranced about.

Their taunts were growing wilder now. Keshwan called to ask whether he should shoot, but Clavering told him to hold his fire. Once they began their rush there would be little chance of reloading, and the light was not good enough for long shots.

He wondered whether his plan would work. It was just a chance, but it might. From the way these Zulus had exposed themselves to fire yesterday it was plain that they had had little or no contact with white men. A miracle might happen, Clavering thought; they did sometimes.

He had just reached this conclusion when the Zulus began to advance. They came steadily, bunched close together, clashing spears on shields, chanting of their prowess as warriors. Calling to Keshwan on no account to fire until he gave the word, Clavering dashed to the fire, picked up a dry twig, held it to the glowing embers, and then, as it caught, whirled it in the air for a couple of seconds until it burst into flames.

Then, dashing back to his place at the barricade, he stooped, and held the burning twig to the ground. Something spluttered; a small flame went hissing and spitting out over the veldt.

"For heaven's sake, hold your fire," he called to Keshwan.

The Zulus had not changed their pace. Not yet close enough to launch their heavy throwing spears, they advanced with measured tread. They were elephants, they were lions, they chanted. The earth shook when they walked. Nothing could withstand their spears; to-day the hyenas and vultures would be gorged.

Peering out over the barricade, Clavering waited, sweating with anxiety. That small spitting flame had disappeared; he had no means of telling whether it was out or still advancing jerkily to meet the oncoming Zulus.

Proudly these men of war came to the attack. The light was nearly full now; the eastern sky was rosy. And still no sign, no shot came from those defending the waggon. Exultantly the Zulus chanted, bounding forward in eagerness to flash their spears. Clavering saw that they were now within a few yards of the spot where Letchia had done his digging. Unknown to himself, he was praying. And his prayer was answered.

As the warriors came to the aide of Letchia's excavations they halted. Made contemptuous by the lack of all signs of hostility on the part of Clavering and his men, they checked their advance to gaze curiously at what Letchia had left behind him. Fingernails cutting into his palms, sweat standing out on his forehead, Clavering watched. It should have happened before this if his calculations had been correct. With this heaven-sent halt, it couldn't fail now. It didn't.

One moment, quiet hung over the veldt; even the Zulus, intent on this object in their path, scorning the men they were advancing against, had ceased their chanted boasting. The next a roar shattered the morning.

Please turn to Page 14

WOMEN

Relieve
PAIN
Regularly with

Genuine

VINCENT'S
A.P.C.

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, SAY—"VINCENT'S"

Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when were seventeen.
When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."



PLUMBER: Well, here I am at last. Sorry I've been so long.
HOUSEHOLDER: Oh, that's all right. While we've been waiting for you I've taught my wife to swim."



GLADYS PARKER

"But didn't you yell for help?"
"Yes! But you're not the man I yelled for. Get out!"



POP: Don't speak so loudly, my dear. Our new maid has very sharp ears.
DOT: Yes, I noticed the scratches round the keyholes.



MANAGER: Henry, that's a very old-fashioned coat you wear in the office.
HENRY: Yes, sir, I bought it the last time I got a rise.

IS ITCHING SKIN DISEASE DRIVING YOU MAD?

You clench your teeth in desperation and could scratch the place to shreds. Day and night you suffer this terrible itching, when a touch of Cuticura Ointment would stop it instantly and one tin might even rid you of the affliction for good.

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THERE'S HEALING IN EVERY TOUCH

★ Until healing is complete, sufferers are advised to use only Cuticura Soap which is made especially mild and soothing for sensitive skins.

Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"SO your wife is a linguist?"
"Yes. She can back-seat drive in five languages!"

"HELLO, old man, you look as if you've been courting trouble!"
"Courting trouble! It's worse than that—I've married it."

"AREN'T you driving rather fast, Dad?"
"You don't want to be late for school, son, do you?"
"No-o-o, but I'd rather be late than absent."

PARENT: Young man, do you really think you should be taking my daughter to night clubs all the time?
SUITOR: Indeed not. Let's try to reason with her.

"WHAT did you divorce your husband for?"
"Five thousand a year."

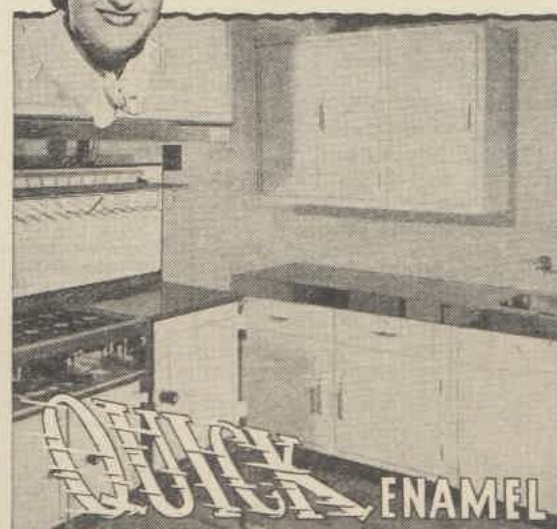
"BEATS me why they call theatre attendants 'ushers,' Lill."
"Don't be silly, Bert. Don't they have to keep people quiet?"

"PAPA, what is inertia?"
"Well, if I have it, it is pure laziness; but if your mother has it, it is nervous prostration."

CUTY VISITOR: What a beautiful view you have here.
Farmer: Maybe. But if you had to plough that view, harrow it, cultivate it, hoe it, mow it, fence it, and pay taxes on it, it wouldn't look so pretty.

"BUT is it really true that your fiancé is a gambler?"
"Yes, but he has such winning ways."

"—and I don't seem to be so kitchen-tired either, since the woodwork was finished with "QUICK" Enamel!"



Needs only a whisk with a damp cloth to be kept immaculate. Its sparkling colours reflect joy and happiness—and it is so easy to use!

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"QUICK ENAMEL is a 10-66 PRODUCT."

An Editorial

APRIL 16, 1938

WE NEED THE EASTER SPIRIT



IN this machine age we are inclined to look on our own life as a mechanical process.

Eating, sleeping, working, playing—it all seems so standardised, so unchanging.

But life isn't really like that at all, when you consider it.

Our physical life is a fascinating mystery: the body enjoys and suffers, as no machine can ever do.

But our spiritual life is a greater mystery still, and can only be understood by that profound intuition which is in all of us, if we don't crush it by mechanical thinking.

We know that we are part of the great drama of being, the adventure of the soul.

We need more than the mere mechanical satisfaction of physical life.

We need to feel at one with our fellows, to share in the exaltation and wonder that make life something more than existence.

The festival of Easter is just such a communal experience.

The story of Resurrection is an inspiration, a source of hope and happiness. In the world of to-day we need such inspiration.

The new pagans of Germany—and many other shallow philosophers—would have us believe that Easter is not really a Christian festival at all, but a survival from the old pagan worship.

It signifies, they say, not the resurrection of the soul, but merely the renewal of life when the earth puts forth green shoots after the bitterness of winter. For, of course, in Europe Easter falls in spring.

But the renewal of the earth's life is no mere mechanical process. Like our own life, it is a mystery transcending material philosophies.

Whether we make of Easter a formal religious observance or not, we owe it to ourselves to join in the joy of the spirit that it brings to mankind.

If such festivals are allowed to die, we might as well die, too, for the life of the machine is no life for men and women.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

Home Truths?

THE recent discussions of our national characteristics have brought forth some bright ideas about us.

We have an inferiority complex.

We are too self-assured.

We worry about our ancestry.

We have forgotten all about it.

We copy everything we see.

We originate most things ourselves.

We are crude Colonialists.

We are nature's gentlemen.

Well, there you are! And this is all comment by Australians.

Yet if some poor innocent overseas visitor doesn't like Sydney, thinks Melbourne is dull, or Perth too far away from the sea, we all rise up and denounce him as a pin-headed tripper who knows nothing about our glorious country or people.

In Diet Divided

BERNARD SHAW says a wife should not eat the same meals as her husband if she prefers a different diet.

In fact, the basis of a happy marriage, he says, is for both partners to follow their own ideas in the matter of food.

It's just like Mr. Shaw to find in food facts another reason for marital unhappiness, but his viewpoint is supported by the classic instance of the old lady who on being told her husband had left her forever said, "Are you sure of that? Then I shall now be able to have soft-boiled eggs for breakfast."

Another Peril

THE latest beauty gadget is a powder-puff which is run off the house electricity supply. A concealed motor works a diaphragm which taps the powder on to the face.

It is a step forward, perhaps, but it may easily be another terror to flat dwellers.

Wife (to husband): John, will you step next door and tell the woman I can't get a wink of sleep for her powder-puff? She's left it running all night.

Costly Ounces

EMULATING little Johnny, who is fined a penny every time he says a naughty word, London women who are reducing pay a fine every time they put on a few ounces through being tempted by luscious cream cakes and buttered toast at afternoon tea.

This business of reducing is a serious one, but men treat it even more seriously than women.

Benny Lynch, champion boxer, has been fined £100 by the British Boxing Board for being seven ounces overweight in a fight in which he had contracted to go to scale at a certain weight. The fine worked out at £14 an ounce.

This points a Spartan way for reduction to the penny-an-ounces.

Typists' Uniforms

THE general impression is that every girl likes a uniform—if an interesting man is wearing it. But now they have ideas about uniforms for themselves.

The girls in the Prime Minister's office at Canberra have decided that they will wear serviceable green uniforms at work. Their job, they say, is death to dainty fabrics.

It would be a pity if dainty dresses disappeared from offices and business houses. They add a note of color and charm to workaday surroundings which would be missing if the drab severity of uniforms became the vogue.

Nothing New

THE Americans are making a great song about a new invention called the lie-detector, which enables the operator to tell if a person is telling the truth.

Well, science still has a long way to go to catch up to us in the simple everyday things of living.

Every wife is an infallible lie-detector.

Try to come home late from the office after an hour or two with the boys and see this machine working.

Science and its new inventions are all right, but they only go to prove that "there's nothing new under the sun."



LAWRENCE TIBBETT, famous American baritone, who will give a concert tour in Australia. He arrives at the end of this week. See story column 4.

Mother-Love

A CYNIC has said that women's life nowadays is devoted to the pursuit of beauty. But there is one woman who can give the lie to that statement on behalf of her sex.

She is Mrs. Ward, an American mother who gave her left ear so that plastic surgery could build up the features of her four-year-old son who was born without an ear.

Surely, despite her disfigurement, that mother must forever walk in beauty to the son who has been made whole by the miracle of mother-love.

Base Uses

THE scientists sometimes provide unconscious humor when they go about their investigations.

According to a European research worker there is no such thing as an entirely useless man.

He has discovered among other things that the average ten-stone man contains enough fat for seven cakes of soap, carbon for 9000 pencils, phosphorus to make 2200 match heads, sufficient lime to whitewash a chicken coop, and enough sulphur to rid one dog of fleas.

Shakespeare lamented that Caesar dead and turned to clay might be used to stop a hole in a wall, but ordinary mortals can only hope to provide enough lime to paint the fowl-house—a job which they probably avoided all their lives.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP



Women Love Wild Men, Says Tibbett

Six feet one, Lawrence Tibbett, the famous American baritone and film star, arrives with his wife on the Mariposa this week to tour Australia.

FOR his Australian tour Tibbett has prepared—apart from opera arias—a repertoire of nearly 600 songs by varied composers—from Handel to Gershwin.

Tibbett, son of a range rider in California, sang for some years in churches and small town concerts. His first appearance in grand opera was in "Faust," before he was thirty, but it was as Ford in "Falstaff" that he joined the ranks of the big stars in opera.

He has sung at the Metropolitan, in New York, and at Covent Garden, London, in "La Bohème," "Tosca," "Rigoletto," and "Otello."

He made his talkie debut in "The Rogue Song," followed by "Cuban Love Song," "Metropolitan," "Peter Tibbett," and "Emperor Jones."

Tibbett, a quiet, diffident man, became a changed person after his success in "The Glory Road."

"Fame and publicity are the very blood in the veins of life. I love it," he says, and admits he feels a tremendous sense of elation when people recognise him.

Women's Emotions

WOMEN do not love successful business men. Competent, machine-minded men," he said, in a special interview in New York before he sailed for Australia. "They say they do. They lie."

"Women always lie about the emotions, because they have been brought up to lie about them, disguise them, and deny them."

"Women love wild men, dangerous men, destructive men. They love fanatically the man who promises heartbreak and bitterness, the man who promises them nothing at all."

With his zest for natural singing Tibbett lives his opera roles so realistically that at least two prima donnas had reason to wish he was not such a good actor.

During his third opera season he flung Mme. Alda full length on the floor twice in one evening, and on another occasion he had a real-life wrestling match with Maria Jeritza because she tried to alter their grouping in "Tosca." It speaks well for his charm that both prima donnas forgave him.

Walks on Hands

TIBBETT'S overwhelming vitality is his chief characteristic. He walks—sometimes on his hands—to keep his chest muscles at ease and his "throat warm," swims and uses a rowing machine.

The American singer's other outstanding characteristic is his absence of "artiness."

"The greatest music is that which thrills you most," he said. "I believe 'The Glory Road' is as fine a musical composition as the Prelude to 'Pagliacci.' Bill Robinson, the negro dancer, has as fine a sense of rhythm as Toscanini, the great conductor."

Tibbett made his debut at a Sunday school concert at the age of six, when stage-fright made him forget the words of "Jesus Wants Me For a Sunbeam" and, with inspired resourcefulness, he burst into "The Star-Spangled Banner."

According to himself, he has had "a magnificent time."

"My career was a sporting adventure, and I think I am the most fortunate man I ever heard of, because I am making a living singing, and I would rather sing than do anything else in the world," he said.

Very early in his career Tibbett married and became the father of twin sons. Later the marriage was dissolved, and he married his present wife, whom he met during a concert season in San Francisco.

Prominent society woman, she was Mrs. Adams Burgard when he met her. Her maiden name is Jeannie Marston. She is dark, good-looking, and extremely elegant. They have one young son.

L. W. LOWER Is Going A'RACING

He's Invented a New Rust-Proof Betting System, Whereby You Can't Lose

I'm in the country—gone bush as it were. But we're coming to town for the races. I've had my suit pressed and the wife has bought a pair of stockings.

She says that everybody wears stockings these days, but I think it's just flashness. Trying to impress the city people.

She'll have me wearing silk singlets next.

LAST time we were in the city they had all the streets decorated with flags and poles and colored streamers.

But we're keeping it dark this time because I hate a fuss.

This is the second time I've been in town this year. If this gadding about keeps up I'll have to get a season ticket.

We ought to get through this race meeting cheaper than last time. I have all the tickets saved up from last year. One of them is for thirty-five shillings, but I can't read the name of the horse; still, it's hardly soiled.

My wife doesn't really know much about horses. She goes in for the social side of the thing. She was elected Queen of the Stables at last year's Strappers' Ball.

Anybody down at the School of Arts, especially the members of the Darts Club, will tell you that I'm uncanny when it comes to picking winners. It is

easy if you can put your mind to it.

You want to know a horse's pedigree, its form over the past twelve months, whether it's quiet at the barrier, if his trainer has had a row with the owner, and if the jockey has been seen drinking with the bookmakers.

Then, on the day of the race, you should have a good look at the horse to see if he's in perfect condition, find out what position he's drawn at the barrier, and then, with as little show as possible, go and put your five shillings on.

It sounds a lot to invest on one horse, for it means that if it doesn't win you have to go home. But I hate fooling about.

Smack it on and don't let the bookmaker out of your sight for a minute.

Tie your winnings up in a handkerchief and don't let any smooth-tongued stranger lure you over to a frankfurt stand.



"Nobbling the favorite" under L. W. Lower's new rust-proof unupsettable betting system.

By
L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost
Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

racecourse because most times I have to borrow my fare home, and towards the close of the day I'm friendly almost to the point of slobbering.

Coming away from the races is much worse than going. For instance, those sarcastic brutes outside the gates who look at you and say, "Taxi, sir?" Something ought to be done about them.

I used to have bitter thoughts walking home after a race day. Now I just say to myself, "Well, I'm in no danger of being robbed," and think

of all those millionaires who have armed guards lurking all over them and bloodhounds tied up to the bed so they won't get kidnapped.

I have now got a new system which is quite infallible, rust-proof and unupsettable.

You go to the races with no money. When the day is over you have just as much money as you would have had if you'd had it, if you get what I mean.

Anyway, try it. You can't lose.

WHEN THE SPIRIT IS WILLING BUT THE FEET ARE WEAK



You can't be on the go when you're paying the penalty of wearing "economy" shoes. In Selby ARCH PRESERVERS you'll never know what it is to have tired, aching feet. They're designed to fit with fashion and comfort into the busy, active lives of modern women.



IMAGE—49/6.
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Kid Tie Shoe with Cuban Heel.

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Too Much Temptation

THERE'S a lot of temptation to be had on racecourses. That's why women should stay away.

I've often thought when I've been at Randwick or Flemington with the wife that she'd be better at home making quince jam or whatever she does when she's at home.

Time after time I've said to her, "You wait here. I'll be back in a minute." When I've come back in about an hour's time she's wandered off to sit down somewhere!

A man looks such a fool asking the Course Detective if he's seen a fat, blonde woman with a green dress on. Especially about the fourth time, when he advises you to leg-ropo her and tie her up to the grandstand.

Of course, a man's mad to take a woman to the races in the first place. They want to put a shilling on an odds-on favorite and they give you eightpence to do it with.

The horse wins, you've spent the eightpence and when she wants her money you've got to explain that the bookmaker has been struck by lightning or something.

New Philosophy

SAME with hurdle races. The only safe thing to back in hurdle races is the ambulance. Still, she will splash around on hurdle races, and when the horse falls down and breaks its neck I get the blame.

I say, "I told you not to back that thing. It couldn't win a raffle. There goes another two shillings. Do you think I'm made of money? Anyhow, that comes off the housekeeping allowance next week. I don't want to hear another word from you for the rest of the day. Sit down and read your paper. Understand me!"

"Yes, Lennie."

And that's that. You've got to be firm with them.

I've rehearsed that kind of speech in the bathroom for years, and one of these days I'll get deliberately maddened with drugs and say it to her.

I'm usually very friendly on the

How can you keep SLIM and Fit

YOU can be healthy, happy and attractively slim; you can keep gloriously fit and get full enjoyment out of life, if you follow the golden rule of taking Bile Beans each night at bedtime.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They tone up the digestion, purify the blood and daily remove all fat-forming residue; thus improving your health, clearing your complexion and keeping you slim and youthful.

So, remember to take your Bile Beans nightly, if you want to look and feel your best at all times.



"Bile Beans are fine for removing surplus fat and keeping the weight normal. I am exceptionally pleased with Bile Beans for taking them regularly has given me a new zest in life, and I never felt better than I do today."—Mrs. W. P.

"I take Bile Beans nightly and find them splendid for keeping me healthy and full of vitality. I never feel tired or listless now. Bile Beans also keep the figure slim and to all who wish for a youthful appearance I say take Bile Beans."—Miss H. H.

BILE BEANS

KEEP YOU HAPPY, HEALTHY AND SLIM

She is always bright and active; thanks to Bourn-vita



She wanted to look her best, and so she does, for she knew the secret of success—that most of life's battles are lost or won *the night before they happen*. Nerve, energy, personality, all depend on sound sleep—not long sleep but invigorating sleep. That's the sleep that a bed-time cup of Bourn-vita gives you—soothing nerves, mind and body, and building up resistance to ills.

WHAT 'PROTECTIVE' FOODS DO FOR YOU

There is always infection around you. Be able to resist it. Bourn-vita gives you the safeguard of its four protective foods—helps you keep clear of illness and infection.

BOURN-VITA IS SOLD
BY CHEMISTS & GROCERS
in air-tight $\frac{1}{2}$ lb., $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. and 1 lb.
tins. Weight guaranteed.

CADBURY'S 1/6 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.; 2/9 $\frac{1}{4}$ lb.; 4/9 1 lb.
FULL WEIGHT

BOURN-VITA

THE 'PROTECTIVE' FOOD THAT ENSURES
SOUND, INVIGORATING SLEEP

V2.228.

Can YOU do this?

Wake with the lark?



To be Miss Wide-awake, alive with energy, to have a beautiful slim figure and the complexion of youth your system must be as regular as the clock—every day. So remember your Beecham's Pills—for 90 years the Golden Rule of Health!

Yes! — if you keep regular with BEECHAM'S PILLS

HALF-WAY HOUSE

Continued from Page 7

How long he sat there he did not know; but suddenly the evening quiet exploded, touched off by a horrible sound. Bill's heart convulsed in warning before his senses became conscious of the nature of the cry.

It had been a scream, and it had been torn from a woman's throat: a single protest of outraged vocal cords released from the paralysis of fear all at once, like a plucked string let go. It was short and sharp, and it died away as unexpectedly as it had been born.

It came to Bill Angell, sitting in the car, frozen to the wheel, that it was the first time he had ever heard a woman scream. Something inside him responded with a quiver, and he felt it with a sensation of pure astonishment. At the same moment, and for no conscious reason, his eyes went to the watch on his wrist and he read the time in the light of his dashboard. It was eight minutes after nine.

But he glanced up quickly; the light before him had subtly changed. The front door had flown open; he heard the bang as it struck against the inner wall of the shack. A prism of light bathed the side of the roadster before the stone step. Then it was partially blotted out by a figure.

Bill half-rose behind his wheel, straining to see.

The figure was a woman's, and her hands were before her face as if to shut out the sight of something obscene.

Then she saw Bill's car, and sprang toward the big roadster, clawing at the door. She was in the car in a flash. The Cadillac roared forward toward him. It swept along the curve of the semi-circular drive. It was only when it was almost upon him that his muscles came to life. He jerked his coupe into first speed and twisted the wheel to the right. The car plunged into the muddy lane leading to the side of the house.

Their hubs rasped against each other. The Cadillac swung out, careening on two wheels. For the sheer instant that the two drivers were side by side Bill saw that the woman's gloved right hand was clutching a handkerchief, and that the handkerchief covered her face. Her eyes were wild and wide above the fabric. Then she and the roadster were gone, roaring down Lambert Road towards Trenton and in

a twinkling swallowed by the darkness.

It would be futile, Bill knew, to follow her.

Dazed, he drove along the muddy side lane and brought his car to rest beside his brother-in-law's sedan, conscious that his hands were clammy with sweat. He shut off his motor and stepped from the running board to a small wooden-floored porch at the side of the shack. The door was slightly ajar. He braced himself and pushed it open.

Blinking in the light he made out only the general features of the interior. He stood in a low-ceilinged room with discolored walls from which the plaster had in many places dropped off. He became aware of an old-fashioned telescopic clothes-rack on the opposite wall, draped with men's suits, of a dingy iron sink in a corner, of a naked and cryptic-like old fireplace, of a round central table with an electric lamp on it from which the only light in the room emanated. There was no bed, no bunk, no stove, no closet. A few decrepit chairs and one overstuffed armchair which sagged badly.

Bill stiffened. A man was lying on the floor behind the table. He could see two trousered legs, crooked at the knees. There was something about those two legs that suggested death.

BILL ANGELL

stood still where he was, just inside the side door, slowly thinking things out. His mouth was hard. It was very quiet in the shack. He felt the overwhelming loneliness of his position.

People who breathed were far away, and laughter was a remote and inconceivable luxury. The curtains at the windows rustled a little in the breeze from the Delaware. One of the legs moved.

Bill watched it move with a dull and impersonal surprise. He found himself moving, too, across the carpeted floor of the shack to the table and beyond.

The man was lying on his back, glassy eyes staring up at the ceiling. His hands, peculiarly grey, scratched at the carpet like talons in a slow and patient digital exercise. His tan sac coat was open, and the white shirt above his heart was almost gaily splashed with blood.

Please turn to Page 38

VICTORY

Continued from Page 10

A HUNDRED yards from the wagon a great orange flash made pale the light of early day. Rocks and earth shot into the air; Clavering, his ears seemingly shattered by the noise, had an impression of black bodies being hurled in all directions, then a silence broken by the sound of falling fragments.

Letchia and the other boys were cowering, panic-stricken, under the barricade. Clavering could not see Keshwan, the wagon was between them. Out on the veldt he saw two naked figures staggering blindly away. He let them go; in fact, in that moment of triumph, all he could do was to mutter inanely to himself: "And it was such a little keg of gunpowder."

How long it was before he regained control of himself, Clavering never knew. What brought him back to earth at last was the thought of Katje. He must go to her; tell her that all danger was over. Swaying as if drunken, he went to the rear of the wagon and climbed in.

She was there, awake, and in the same state as she had been the night before. Even the explosion had not shocked her out of it. He went to her and, putting both hands on her shoulders, shook her gently.

"Katje," he said, "there is no need to fear now, the Zulus are gone."

The old terror did not leave her eyes. It was plain that even if the words had been understood she did not believe. Clavering watched her closely, and then, on an impulse, picked her up in his arms and, still holding her so, climbed awkwardly from the wagon with her, and went to the barricade. Here he set her on her feet and forced her to look out over a veldt now being touched by the first rays of the sun. He pointed.

"You see. It was the truth. They have gone."

Out there, black bodies lay

hideously. Two figures staggering and reeling were still visible; they went as men who knew nothing of where they were going. Katje, forced to see, drew a breath that was like a sob. Clavering bent over her. "Well?"

The face that she turned up to him was painfully bewildered with fear still lurking in the background; it was the expression of a small child who, having expected some terrible punishment, yet begins to hope that it may escape.

"But Zulus . . ." she said.

"Yes." "Zulus are never defeated. They are terrible. They stab . . . Oh!" Shuddering, she looked away again. Clavering was firm.

"But you see I have defeated them. You can see that, Katje. Look again. Look at those two men flying from us . . . at those I have killed who would have harmed you."

AGAIN he forced her to look at him, bending his eyes on her compellingly.

"There is nothing to fear now," he said.

Something new was coming into that lovely face so long a stranger to all emotion save terror. Clavering, his heart beating, could see it being born. Suddenly:

"Yes, Jan, I have nothing to fear now," the girl said.

It was the first time she had ever called him by his given name. He felt his pulses hammering. His arm fell around her shoulders.

"You know that you will always be safe with me."

Hesitantly still, but with a note in the voice that made his blood race, she replied:

"Yes, Jan, I know it."

He crushed her to him. Yes, he told himself fiercely, you'll be safe now. He felt a small, work-coarsened hand fall limply on his arm.

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YOUR DOG

When in good health his coat should be dense and gleaming. If it is dull, ragged or loose, it shows that his blood is out of order. Give him BARCO Condition Powders regularly every week and keep him healthy. All Chemists, 1/6 box.



CASH PRIZES AWARDED

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here. Pen names are not used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.



LETTERS WELCOME!

Grouch, praise, novel viewpoint, topical comment, any interesting thought is welcome to this page. But, KEEP LETTERS SHORT. Our address is at top of page 3 of this issue.

MODERN FATHERS

I WOULD like to say how much I admire modern fathers! Compared with the fathers of a quarter of a century ago, they are wonderful in their treatment of their wives and families.

Years ago, father was an ogre in the home. Everyone ran to do his bidding.

Now he is a pal, a confidant, a man who is not ashamed to wheel the baby, or help with the dishes.

El for this letter to Miss V. M. Greedy, Wal Wal, Vic.

HIGH PRESSURE

I HAVE often heard it said that the girl and boy of to-day have an "easier time" than we of thirty years ago had. I cannot agree.

Those who find good positions on leaving school have to continue with their studies to keep them, otherwise they know there are others ready to step into their places.

Being strong up to concert pitch like this is far more trying than we older persons realise.

Mrs. Pacey, 231 Railway Rd., Subiaco, Perth.

DOMESTIC WORKERS

THERE is a movement on foot to bring domestic workers out to Australia. But sooner or later they will drift into industry.

Although they may be better off financially doing housework, they have not the same chance of meeting people as have industrial workers.

Every normal girl hopes to marry, and who can blame her for preferring industrial work?

C. L. Downton, 8 Roslyn St., Brighton Beach 85, Vic.

BACKYARD DOCTORS

I HEAR, a doctor aptly describe as "backyard physicians" those women who are always ready to diagnose and prescribe for ailments in others. It is surprising the number of seemingly intelligent women who will act upon their advice instead of consulting a doctor, or who will ignore a doctor's advice for theirs.

And yet I know of a number of cases where definite harm has resulted through such advice being taken.

Anne Elisabeth Christie, Orange Grove, Lower Portland, N.S.W.

SMALL FAMILIES BEST

IF women have fewer children, do they live longer?

In the Victorian era, especially, women had large families. Furthermore, they became personally careless and had no time to devote to outside interests.

To-day the position is reversed. The average woman considers her task is done if she has two children.

After she has reared her small family she is free from domestic harassment and can devote her life to relaxation and social obligations which often mean so much to a husband's commercial success and comfortable retirement.

Because of her release from exacting motherhood she takes the years gracefully and lives a longer and often more useful life than if she had had a large family.

M. N. Skinner, Room 5, Stock Exchange Bldg., Hobart.

VALUE OF ART

WE in Australia, which is a young nation and has not greatly developed its art because of the need of more practical undertakings, are apt to neglect the artistic side of life.

Art forms and stimulates lofty thoughts, ideals, and, consequently, deeds. It encourages grace in action, word, and deed, and consequently promotes culture and refinement.

As these factors are eminently desirable in a people, it is to be hoped that more attention will be paid to art in Australia.

Miss G. E. Patrick, Clarendon, B.V. Line, Qld.

Cheaper Fares For Populating the Suburbs

CERTAINLY, O. Kelly (26/3/38), there is need for cheaper transport. Those crowded inner suburbs of our capital cities would thin out and many families whose economic life and housing conditions are dependent on the cost of travel to and from work would benefit by the more healthy atmosphere of the outer suburbs.

Our transport services would not face a "dead loss" by introducing cheaper fares, for this would be offset by better patronage. There are less worthy utilities on the debit side of the ledger, and not returning a tithe of the potential benefit of cheap travel.

In Glasgow, Scotland, by the way, one can travel 34 miles by tram for 3d.

Miss V. Galloway, 186 Gipps St., East Melbourne.

Great Open Spaces

YES, now that train and tram travelling has speeded up, it would be a good idea if the cost were reduced, too, so that the public might gain the fullest advantage from their transport.

Most people, when settling in their own home and raising a family, prefer the great open spaces, plenty of fresh air and parks for growing children, but fares to such places are too heavy at present for daily travelling.

Miss Price, East Terrace, Henley Beach, S.A.

Prefer Nearer Town

UNDOUBTEDLY cheaper transport would help in some measure to populate the outer districts, but not to any great extent.

Being close to the city is always an advantage, and there are some with cars and others with limited time for travelling who, even with the incentive of cheap, long-distance travelling, would prefer to live nearer town.

Mrs. Commins, Hay St., Perth.

Expensive Transport

C. KELLY is undoubtedly right—we should get more concessions from transport. This is particularly necessary on the railways.

I live only nine miles from the city, but if my family and I wish to go into town on business or pleasure it costs us 4/6 for train fares alone. Consequently, we only go to the city when it is absolutely necessary.

Wouldn't it be a good idea if special trains were run, say, twice a day, for the benefit of shoppers, and at concession fares? The Government would soon be repaid.

Mrs. R. Fletcher, 26 Cobden St., Belmont, N.S.W.

Hate Travelling

C. KELLY'S argument is weak in one point. How many people, even given a cheaper transport rate, would live in the outer suburbs in preference to being near the city?

I have heard people say that the



Long-distance travelling irksome.

nerve-racking business of travelling in crowded trains and trams, with the perpetual slamming of doors and jarring of brakes, and the tiring walk to their homes, takes more out of them than a whole day's labor.

Mrs. M. Wallis, Flat 1, 44 Park Place, South Yarra SE1, Vic.

More Taxation

NO, Mrs. Kelly, we are taxed enough to pay for the railways as it is. If fares are lowered, it will mean that the general public will be called upon to meet the burden, whether they travel by train or not.

Joan Merry, Augusta Street, New Town, Tas.

Parents to Blame for Youth's Lack of Thrift?

THRIFT, as Miss Wallace says (26/3/38), should be encouraged in young people, but the girl who feels wronged because she must wait while her fiancé saves up for marriage is a little unreasonable.

Girls, as a rule, demand a good time from the boys who take them out, and good times cost money. Unless a young man is expected to live the life of a recluse until he meets the girl, his opportunities for saving are strictly limited. Saving, inspired by no particular purpose, is opposed to the natural instincts of youth.

Why not regard nest-building as a joint affair?

Muriel MacPherson, 8 Russell St., Oatley, N.S.W.

Begin Young

I AGREE with Miss M. Wallace that it is every parent's duty to teach his or her children to provide for the future.

I find the easiest way to encourage them when young is to make them save for something they want. They can see the result of their thrift, and then it is an easy matter to get them to bank.

Mrs. M. Richards, 72 Ross St., Richmond, Melbourne.

Saving Is Inborn

AS a mother I resent Miss M. Wallace's remarks. The saving instinct is born in us. There are always some who love to save, and others who prefer to spend.

But young girls who dislike waiting to get married must remember that

Social Life, Then and Now

HOW different is the ball of to-day from that of twenty-five years ago! How delighted were we to meet everybody in the ballroom and to retire to the supper-room for supper.

Now we dance in our own party and partake of supper at a table littered with bottles and cigarette butts, and set as best the waitress can in the limited space at her disposal.

Do we enjoy it now as we did then?

Mrs. E. M. Dransfield, 1 Universal St., Mascot, Sydney.

those young men of marriageable age are only just beginning to earn steady money. Many of them have been out of employment for years.

Mrs. Rawlinson, Penshurst, N.S.W.

Must Spend Freely

GIRLS to-day bring a lot of this waiting on themselves.

Parents may teach their children to save money, but a young man who doesn't spend his money freely is considered mean, and is shunned by girls. And amusements are expensive.

Parents would better help their children by teaching girls not to expect so much.

L. Harris, Andwilt, Nambour, Qld.

Enjoying Themselves

ADMITTEDLY there are many young couples who have prolonged engagements, sometimes lasting four or five years.

But it is not always because they have not enough to get married on. Rather it is because they are having a good time, and are reluctant to give it up and tackle the responsibilities of family life.

J. L. Parkes, Abbott St., Launceston, Tas.

Short Engagements

ARE there many young couples "waiting for years" to acquire steady bank accounts?

From observation, I find that marriages to-day take place after very short engagements, while the young wives keep on their old positions or do some remunerative work that makes up for the slender bank balances.

Daisy Malone, Winthrop Rd., Hollywood, W.A.

No Need to Rush Into Matrimony

MISS RENNIE (26/3/38) is quite right. It is unwise to rush into matrimony merely for the sake of being married. Marriage built on such an unsound basis must definitely fail.

Nowadays there is no stigma attached to a spinster; in fact, these happy people who can please them-



What the spinster misses.

selves and make their own interests, are often envied by married women.

Admittedly, marriage to the right man is one of the best things in life, but it must be the right man.

Mrs. W. A. Stanley, 41 Strathalbyn Street, East Kew 25, Vic.

Marry While You Can

ANY marriage is better than no marriage at all.

Many women spend their lives waiting for their ideal to come along, living unhappy, unfulfilled lives.

But if they were only to marry some decent man, for whom they feel affection and respect, they would enjoy happy, complete lives, with children and grandchildren about them to brighten their older days.

Women are meant to be wives and mothers, and as such can best attain happiness.

Mrs. Drew, Heytesbury Street, Subiaco, W.A.

Look Around

YOUNG people should give themselves plenty of time to look around before marrying.

I believe in marriage for everybody, but not until they have several love affairs, and are old enough to know their own minds.

Miss Prince, Lewis St., Brighton, S.A.

PATIENCE NEEDED

THAT old saw, "Children should be seen and not heard," is becoming rather worn, and now serves merely to protect parents and give them an excuse to avoid awkward answers.

An argument will crop up in which, after a few minutes, the parent will discover that he is in the wrong; whereupon, just as the child is about to prove his point, he is told: "That will be quite enough from you," and conversation is finished.

Be fair to your child. Do you want him to grow up subdued and quiescent through being unjustly suppressed during childhood?

Dorothy McLean, Box 4, P.O., Hamilton, Newcastle, N.S.W.

FOR GOOD SERVICE

IN employing domestic servants a good method used by American labor bureaus might well be adopted here in Australia.

The agency provides a printed folder for prospective employer and employee.

On one side of the folder is a fairly comprehensive list of suggestions to the employer concerning programme of work and consideration of servants, while on the other side are helpful hints to the employee as to services expected.

Thus the way is paved to a better understanding between both parties.

Miss I. Smith, c/o G.P.O., Sydney.

ARE WE LOWBROW?

WHY is it that the majority of married women allow their personalities and intellects to become buried in domesticity? Why is it that their intellectual horizons inevitably become bounded by the price of potatoes, the wash-tub, and the daily menu?

Listen to the conversation of a group of married women. Do they ever discuss books, music, and the affairs of the great world outside our doors?

We betide the hapless one who, in sheer desperation, says something intelligent. The frank will say: "Don't start getting highbrow," and the not-so-frank will give her a blank, uncomprehending stare and reply with a detailed account of her latest illness.

Mrs. C. Bingham, 89a Ormond Rd., Elwood, Vic.

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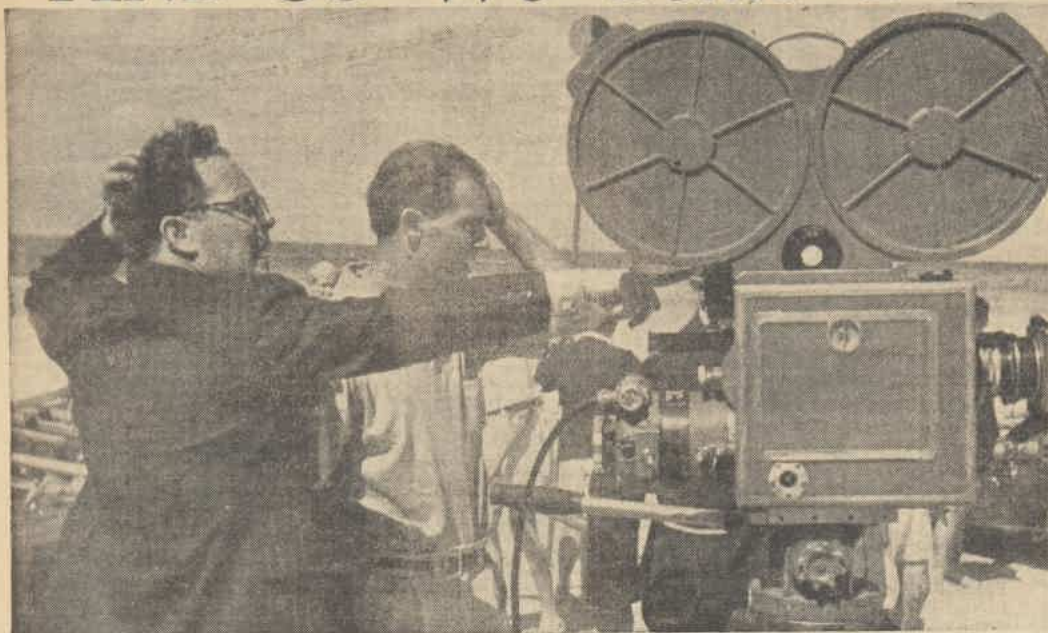
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"The colossal forces of Mother Nature seem to have left untouched this virgin land . . .

"Grey and twisted eucalyptus trees creep to the sea's edge and silently spread their gnarled branches to the wide winds . . .

"Cities hang on the edge of this old world like shimmering drops of water on a greying rock. Cities of laughter and sunshine . . . and beautiful girls . . ."

Famous Travel Films Put Our Beauties on Movies

Drop a pin on any place in a map of the world and you can bet James A. Fitzpatrick, "the Voice of the Globe," has been there or is going there. His technicolor travel pictures are known all over the world.

Last week he visited Australia on the luxury liner, *Empress of Britain*, and saw our girls, our beaches and koalas.

His impressions of Australia are given in a signed article below.

By JAMES A. FITZPATRICK

THE whole world is my studio—the sun is my projector, and humanity is my cast. My home is really on the high seas, although my address is New York City.

Why do I travel? From the time I was a boy I wanted to see the curious corners of the world.

I was thirty before I could realise this ambition. I determined then to bring the world to those who longed to see the far places, but could not.

My hobby is music—if music can be called a hobby. I enjoy composing, and often write the words to suit my music.

I can truthfully say I enjoy broadcasting, too. I like to talk to people. And here is a tip to all public speakers. Eat an apple before you talk. It will clear your throat and put your voice in first-class condition for broadcasting or any form of public speaking.

Time is our greatest enemy in making our films. We have to make every moment count when we are taking pictures.

The transportation of our cameras and equipment from location to location takes hours—the actual filming, once we are set up, takes but a few moments.

What delays us more than anything is the crowd of people who seem to literally spring out of the ground as soon as we set up the camera.

In Egypt they tore our clothing off. It is impossible to get a natural picture with the big camera because of the staring, pushing throng who surround it. For this reason we use a small camera for intimate shots along down-town streets.

Episode in Egypt

THE crowds were not the only trouble we met in Egypt. Going through the desert from Cairo to Suez—a distance of some 120 miles—our Arab driver hit a large oil-truck and the car in which we were riding was completely demolished. So was the truck. None of us was seriously injured.

In the distance we could see our ship, the *Empress of Britain*, and knew that we had only a limited time to catch her.

Another oil-truck came along, and although bruised and shaken, we scrambled on and rode to Suez. We just reached the ship in the nick of time.

It was also in Cairo that thousands of students made a demonstration while we were shooting some scenes of their very beautiful modern University. As a contrast we used a camel train which was passing at the moment.

Continued on Page 22



EXCLUSIVE PICTURES of James A. Fitzpatrick on location. Top left: A temporary distraction has puzzled both the travel film man and his camera operator. Above: On location in Sydney and on the Blue Mountains—shots taken by Mr. M. F. Nichols, who assisted in the organisation of the famous travel men's tour.

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Here in rich variety are Australia's most popular biscuits, each an established favourite, whether crisp or cake-like, creamy or plain. They supply a rare range of choice for afternoon teas, lunches or suppers, and they are without rival at picnics or outings. Economical, convenient, and of the very best quality.



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BISCUITS

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Real Life Stories

Prizes for Stories

EVERY week cash prizes are awarded for the best Real Life Stories. Letters should be sent to The Australian Women's Weekly, endorsed "Real Life Stories."

READERS TELL Their Own GHOST STORIES Uncanny Experiences That Live in the Memory

The Lord Halifax ghost stories recently featured in The Australian Women's Weekly have brought many letters from readers, telling of real life experiences of their own of a supernatural or uncanny nature which live in their memories.

This week we are publishing the more interesting of these stories, all of which are personal experiences, or incidents which have been authenticated by one or more persons.

The prize of £1/1/- goes to Mrs. W. Stemm, of Summer Hill, N.S.W. She writes:

THE story I am about to relate is a curious one.

Years ago a visitor arrived at the South Sea Island plantation where my sister and I lived with our father and mother, with one nearby neighbor, an Englishman, for company.

Our visitor, an anthropologist, was anxious to travel into the interior of our island in order to procure skulls for research work.

He accomplished his purpose, returning from his trip inland with a basket of skulls.

He laughingly told us that the night before he returned to civilization a ghostly little, old, grey-bearded man had awakened him from sleep to demand that the skulls be returned to their old resting-place. They belonged to his ancestors, he said, and no good could result from disturbing them.

But the anthropologist refused to part with his treasure.

We children had the sense not to discuss the matter even with each other lest the natives working for our father get wind of it and show annoyance or alarm.

On the evening of the anthropologist's return, my sister and I, with our parents, were all on the verandah of

He accomplished his purpose, returning from his trip inland with a basket of skulls.

our house. There arose a commotion among the four young girls my mother employed to help her in the house.

Three of the girls were half-carrying, half-dragging the fourth, Tarafina, towards us.

We carried Tarafina into the living-room. She appeared to be unconscious, was breathing stertorously, and moaning continuously. While everyone was suggesting his or her pet remedy, I, quite involuntarily, and to my own astonishment, said loudly:

"She's not ill. She's frightened. She's seen a ghost."

They all gazed at me, but no response was made to my remark. As the prescribed remedies made no

impression upon Tarafina, our neighbor, who was considered clever at treating native ailments, was sent for. As he entered the house (her groans ceasing the moment he did so), I, quite without volition on my part, slipped out into the great gloomy compound and walked steadily to the bush-house, around which the girls had been playing when Tarafina was taken ill.

The door of the bush-house was closed, but I opened it and gazed into the darkness beyond.

The very next second, as it seemed to me, I found myself seated on a chair in our living-room, a glass of brandy-and-water being held to my lips.

By dint of many questions, I discovered that I had only been away from the living-room for a few moments. When I returned obviously in a fainting condition, it appeared as if I were being carefully assisted to a chair by an invisible supporter.

As soon as I was seated in the chair, I fell to the floor, and had to be lifted as I was unconscious.

Not having seen anything, I could tell the anxious inquirers nothing. Tarafina was by this time lying silent and inert on the couch, her brown face startlingly pale.

We questioned her the next day, but all she could tell us was that, as she played, a ghostly little, old, grey-bearded native, whom she had never before seen, hovered around her. When she found him behind the door of the bush-house, whither she had gone to hide from the other girls, it was too much for her, and she had shrieked aloud and collapsed.

She declared that the little old, grey-bearded man had followed her into our living-room when we carried her in, and had stood beside the couch while we were all trying to help her, but when our neighbor entered the room her tormentor slipped out.

Now, did the little grey-bearded man call me to the bush-house? And did he, at lightning speed, restore me to my family when I collapsed there?

The next day our anthropologist departed with his gruesome trophies, to our intense relief, and nothing more was seen or heard of our mysterious visitor.

£1/1/- to Mrs. W. Stemm, 18 Junction Rd., Summer Hill, N.S.W.

Apparition's Warning

THIS strange drama happened to myself, my husband, four children and a friend when travelling by car from Dalby (Qld.) across to the Upper Burnett district.

On the second night of our journey the car lights failed. The driver and owner of the car suggested completing the journey that night.

After talking it over the men decided to leave me and the children in the car, while they tried to get their bearings.

You can imagine my feelings, left there on a lonely bush track, with kiddies fast asleep, all the weird noises of the bush for company.

Suddenly something made me turn round and look out of the car.

I saw the form of a woman (wife of the driver of the car, who happened to be over two hundred miles away at this time), standing beside me.

She did not speak, just stood there for several seconds.

When the men returned I told them of my experience and implored them to camp where we were until morning, which they did.

Daylight revealed a few yards away a steep decline, the track covered with big trees which had been blown down, hiding a deep and dangerous gully from our view at night.

I shudder to think what might have happened had we continued the journey that night, which we would in all probability have done had it not been for this apparition.

5/- to Mrs. Doris Lowe, Main St., Pinalba, Qld.

With You in Spirit

TOWARDS the close of the Great War, a home in Christchurch, New Zealand, was the scene of an extraordinary incident.

Dick, the elder son, was away on active service in France, and having received a commission was shortly returning to N.Z. on leave.

The family prepared a "welcome home" dinner.

Leave, however, was deferred, but Dick wrote suggesting the party should be held just the same. "I shall be with you in spirit," was his promise.

Alas! A week before the appointed time came the dreaded wire—"Killed in action." But the mother, though grief-stricken, still insisted upon a few intimate friends assembling there as arranged.

Hardly had the meal commenced, when the members of the family simultaneously rose to their feet.

The guests had heard nothing, but we distinctly felt a rush of icy, clammy air, which pervaded the whole house.

The family alone had heard the urgent pealing of electric bells, but upon immediately reconnoitring they could discover no intruder. A few minutes later we all distinctly heard the closing of a door upstairs in the room which Dick had occupied for so many years.

We realised that the young soldier had kept his promise and had indeed been with us "in spirit."

5/- to Mrs. F. Whitcombe, 239 Bondi Rd., Bondi, N.S.W.

Spectre in Chains

A NEW house was being built for an aunt of mine. Neither she nor her daughter had seen the plans, the whole business being arranged by a friend.

One night, my cousin awakened, screaming with terror. She had a nightmare in which she visited the new house just as dusk was falling.

A door at the end of the passage had opened, and a spectre wearing chains appeared, dragging himself towards her.

At this point she had screamed and awakened.

When the family entered their new home for the first time, my cousin exclaimed, "Why, the place is exactly as I dreamt it! There"—pointing straight ahead—"is the door the ghost opened!"

Some time later, I spent the night

with the family, sharing my cousin's bedroom. Suddenly I was awakened by her saying, "Wake up! Wake up! My dream is coming true." Rather peevishly I sat up and then—I heard it, and my blood ran cold.

Something was dragging its way up the hall towards our room. "Clank, clank"—the cold, merciless noise of grating metal.

I arose and flung open the door. As I did so, another door banged. I screamed and the hall light flashed on.

At the end of the passage stood my aunt, and between us on the floor was "the Thing"—a small mouse, caught by its tail in a trap which it dragged painfully along in its anguished effort to escape.

5/- to I. L. Crawford, 6 Bowen Crescent, Melbourne SC2.

You call it
SLUGGISHNESS

but the
Doctor calls it
FAULTY ELIMINATION



Suspect Faulty Elimination when a child, no matter how strong he looks, seems to be suffering from lack of vitality. Faulty Elimination is insidious. Unlike Constipation, you cannot detect it by a simple check. Faulty Elimination means that those vital cleansing organs—Kidneys, Liver and Bowels—are all failing in their work of removing unsuspected poisons from the blood stream. These dangerous poisons cause Sluggishness, Temper, Nerves, "Crankiness," etc. The treatment that will thoroughly, yet safely, rectify the trouble is a course of genuine Laxettes. At the first warning give genuine Laxettes and thus promote complete bowel action, relieving the over-worked liver and kidneys. Children love the delicious taste, and Laxettes are just as good for men and women too. All Chemists and Storekeepers sell genuine Laxettes—1/6 the large tin or 6d. the trial size. WARNING: Unless you see the word Laxettes on the lid of the tin they are not genuine.



LAXETTES
Rectify Faulty
Elimination

Chic Coiffures for "Quins"—How It's Done



THIS PAGE shows the famous Dionne "Quins" in their beauty parlor. Cecile (above) finds her waves as unruly as every other girl's.



HER SHAMPOO OVER, Yvonne gazes pertly upward, her ornate towel head-dress making her look for all the world like a little Dutch girl.



EMILIE'S fascinating expression as the suds tickle her forehead.



ANNETTE, swathed in towels, waits for her hair to dry.



MARIE, the preliminaries over, adorns her head with a very fashionable kerchief.



YVONNE, MARIE AND ANNETTE undergoing other phases of the treatment necessary to preserve a "Quin's" coiffure beauty. And, of course, each must have an individual hair style, so the hairdresser has a busy time. —Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly.

The Sure Way To Beauty

You want a YOUNG skin, don't you?—a skin that is firm and fine of texture, clear in colour, glowing, glamorous, and radiant—free from any blemish or disfigurement?

THE FAMOUS 2-WAY
DIAMOND
BEAUTY TREATMENT



DIAMOND'S SKIN SOAP AND DIAMOND'S BLOOD TONIC

Now Available from all Leading Chemists and Stores.

If your skin is becoming prematurely old it is because of the failure of glands to produce youth-sustaining oils. Diamond's Special Skin Soap actually supplies those and stimulates the skin. Its smooth, healing emollient lather is a perfect and complete beauty treatment, as thousands upon thousands of women have discovered. Skin blemishes and pimples disappear... your complexion takes on a new glamour. Diamond's special soap contains secret ingredients evolved after years of dermatological research; and only because of enormous demand is it possible to offer it at 2/6 per cake.

Beauty from within

Beauty treatment must be internal as well as external. Skin disfigurements cannot be banished by superficial treatment only. It is essential that the system be freed from poisonous wastes and that the perfect functioning of every organ is assured. That is why Diamond's Special Tonic is of such importance to the modern woman and girl. Not only does Diamond's Blood Tonic aid beauty... it also creates new vitality, abounding health, a thrilling feeling of youth and happiness! Your chemist and store sell Diamond's Tonic... and the price is only 3/6 per bottle.

FREE DIAGNOSIS

Famous Chemist Will Help You Without Fee.

If you are affected by any form of skin trouble, write to Mr. Richard Diamond and describe your symptoms fully. The Diamond Treatment has brought prompt relief to thousands of women who regarded their skin troubles as hopeless. Mr. Diamond's address is Diamond's Pharmacy, 32 Rawson Place, Sydney, N.S.W.

Sydney Agents:
WORLD AGENCIES: 15 Hamilton Street.
Melbourne Agents:
LOUIS V. FIELD: 360 Post Office Place.



Mr. Richard Diamond



You'll say it's truly magic, when you see Tangee change from orange in the stick to a blush-rose on your lips. This is the magic of Tangee's famous Color-Change Principle. Tangee isn't paint and cannot give you a "painted look"! Instead it gives a glowing youthful color most natural to you. Because Tangee has a special cream base, it keeps lips soft and appealing.

Color-Change Principle in Rouge and Face Powder too!



Tangee Face Powder brings a warm under-glow natural to your skin tones. Ends that powdered look!

Your cheeks when rouged with Tangee Rouge, Compact or Cream, are radiant with delicate color.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

Ends that painted look

Sole Australian Agents, Turnleys, Melbourne and Sydney.

Beware of Substitutes! Be sure to ask for Tangee Natural. If you prefer more color use Tangee Theatrical.

MAZURKA

Continued
from Page 6

AT this he seemed to take actual notice of her for the first time: a light figure in the wind, with blowing cloak and hood, a small dark face with soft lips drilled into courageous firmness, and hazel eyes looking up at him in compassion.

"You will be going to New South Wales yourself?" he asked presently, the tragedy of his own affairs no longer possessing him.

"Yes."

"Could you be telling me why?"

"It seemed the best place for me to go, so I made up my mind," she told him simply.

They were still looking earnestly into each other's face.

The very force of the wind against which they had to stand seemed to be driving them to an urgency of speech with each other, as though their time for it might end at any moment.

"You will have someone to go to, out there?" he asked.

She shook her head. "Not now," she said.

"To be so brave you must be very lonely," he said then, and the wind drove against them and between them.

But she took fright at his reference to her bravery. This was something which must not be touched upon or acknowledged lest it crumble away, leaving only the loneliness upon which he had divined it to be built.

She escaped below, leaving him standing in the wind; but before she went she had seen him smile, and the smile was just as she had imagined it might be. After a while she began to wonder how he would get along in the colony if the people there were like the other passengers on the ship. But she had heard that Governor Macquarie was a peculiarly tolerant man. Suppose that nobody in New South Wales would speak to Matthew O'Riordan but Governor Macquarie and herself? Then she remembered that there were other Irish rebels living in exile there; of course he would have a fellowship with them: she felt almost jealous.

In a day or two the rough weather passed and Lavinia went on deck and surreptitiously practised dancing-steps. They led her presently to Matthew O'Riordan, who smiled now without any prompting.

"What are you going to do when you get to New South Wales?" he inquired, so lightly that the real, secret anxiety behind his question did not reach Lavinia.

"Dance," she told him just as lightly.

"You will always be dancing wherever you go; I can see that," he said.

"But what are you going to do?" she asked him in turn, quite plainly serious about this.

"I am going to do the same as you, but do it for my living. I am going to set up as a dancing-master."

"Oh—a dancing-master!" said Lavinia, with she knew not what dismay.

"Well," he said, inevitably misunderstanding her again, "until this I have been a farmer and a soldier, and they will no longer have me either. What more different could I choose to be than a dancing-master?"

"Do you know anything about it?" asked Lavinia.

"Everything," he said largely. "Even a new Russian dance called the mazurka."

"Oh," said Lavinia, and no more.

"What is wrong with that?"

"Nothing," oh, nothing," said Lavinia, and she stood upon her toes.

But one cannot remain upon one's toes indefinitely, and she began to wonder just what explanation she could make to Matthew O'Riordan, and how she could best tell him that she considered the mazurka her own.

It was very difficult to approach, so first she led him to talk about himself. "Have you any friends already in the colony?" she asked, not prompted now by the thought of their being professional rivals there, but by the return of that little feeling of jealousy which wanted to hear him say "No."

"There is Major McCarthy who was a friend of mine once," he said. And then he added unhappily, "If this business does not make any difference to him."

"I am sure it will not," said Lavinia with a little gasp.

"I had a letter from him some months ago," he went on, "and he said it was his intention to stay

on in the colony as he was hoping great things of it ultimately. So he was building a fine house on the South Head Road, and he was going to make his residence there with a niece that was coming out to keep house for him. He will have an establishment then, and perhaps some influence in society."

"His niece may yet need lessons in the mazurka," said Lavinia.

The way in which he passed over this suggestion was gallant in the extreme. He rose from his seat beside Lavinia, offered his hand in the most correct manner, and said, "May I have the honor of this dance?"

"With pleasure," answered Lavinia, taking the hand. And, observed only by a following sea-bird and a couple of gaping sailors, they danced the mazurka together on that little space of the deck, to the pleasant music of her partner's Irish voice and the soft wind in the rigging.

Thereafter they danced together

My Favorite Poem

Daffodils

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never ending line
Along the margin of a bay:

Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced;
but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:

A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company:
I gazed, and gazed, but little thought

What wealth the show to me
had brought,
For oft when on my couch I lie

In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye

Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills
And dances with the daffodils.

—Wordsworth.

Sent in by Mrs. Knox Read,
Oarfield St., Fivedock, N.S.W.

like this every day the weather permitted it, and Lavinia almost forgot that one defied life upon one's toes. When they had their first glimpse of the New South Wales coast she still had not made up her mind to tell him of her ambition to bring the mazurka to the colony; neither had she told him of Uncle William. They had been so long in the cut-off little world of the ship that sometimes it seemed as if it would endure forever and she need not think beyond it. But there, on a quiet afternoon, was the coast of New South Wales, and the new life was imminent. Suddenly Lavinia was afraid, and Matthew O'Riordan found her dancing alone, like a determined little shadow, in their corner.

First sight of the unknown hills that awaited them must have affected him in something the same way, for he stopped her dancing and took hold of her, and said, "Lavinia, you and I are coming to a strange place."

"The whole world is a strange place," said Lavinia, a little dizzily.

"And just you and I in the middle of it," said Matthew O'Riordan softly; and then they looked at each other and knew that, however strange the world was, they had a refuge in it.

Presently he said, "I somehow feel that all will be well for both of us if only I am received in McCarthy's house."

"Major McCarthy was my Uncle William," said Lavinia, "and he is dead. Would you feel it to be as well if I received you in his house?"

(Copyright.)

'DAMP-SET' your wave... WITH VELMOL



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IT works on hair of any texture... on any wave... and takes but four minutes! It's the marvellous new way to "damp-set" your own hair—and save time and expense.

And it's so easy! All you need is brush, comb and a little VELMOL.

A Velmol damp-set keeps the hair fastidiously fresh... keeps waves so firm and smart... yet never "stiff" or "greasy." Holds finger-wave for days. Makes "perm" last a lot longer.

3 STEPS: Just run wet comb through hair. Brush through a little Velmol. Then simply arrange hair, as you wish, with fingers and comb.

Ask for VELMOL 2/- All Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers.

WHY I USE NEW VEET



ON MY
ARMS
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- 1 New 'VEET' ends all unwanted hair in 3 minutes without trouble, mess or bother.
- 2 New 'VEET' leaves the skin soft, smooth and white, without trace of ugly stubble.
- 3 New 'VEET' is a dainty white cream—sweetly scented and pleasant to use.
- 4 New 'VEET' avoids coarse regrowth—unlike the razor which only makes the hair grow faster and thicker. 2/6 and 4/- (double size) at all Chemists & Stores.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harshness, gentleness, and making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse any other. 1/6

Sniffing, Snuffling

Get a 1/9 tube of NARAL BALM for Cold in the Head and Catarrh to clear your congested nostrils. NARAL BALM is a product of The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., P.O. 131. See you get the package with the six-piped star on it. At chemists and stores.

Intimate Jottings *by Caroline.*

DID YOU KNOW THAT—

Lady Huntingfield will entertain at a large luncheon party at the Governor-General's room at the A.J.C. on Saturday? She has often been a guest there, but this time she is reversing the past order and acting hostess.

Mrs. Harry Chisholm, mother of the famous beauty, Lady Milbanke, has just completed furnishing her new flat at Byron Hall?

Polo Players from N.Z.

WHAT a large party of polo players are coming from N.Z. to take part in the Australasian Gold Cup series at Kyeemagh. There are twelve in the party, which includes three married couples. The team consists of R. Nolan, G. Peake, R. McKenzie, and K. Peake. No fewer than thirty ponies will arrive with them on April 14, in time for the tournament, which begins on April 19.

Eighty-four hostesses will welcome the visiting polo teams at a tea dance at Hopewood House after the first day's play. Jessie McMaster and Susan Spencer, the honorary secretaries, are working busily to make the occasion a great success.

Three pretty Brisbane girls well known in this city are Nancy Forrest, Cecile Walsh, and Eve Douglas. They are on board the Orford bound for a Tasmanian holiday.

Travelling the World

AN outsize spray of lily-of-the-valley was worn with a black tulleur by May Purnayth as she said good-bye to a bevy of friends on board the Orana last week. May will be much missed by the Girls' Secondary Schools' Club, of which she is a staunch supporter, and by the P.L.C. Ex-Students' Committee.

Other world travellers who left in the same ship were Mrs. M. Hooper, of Wahroonga, who was seen off by Major and Mrs. Ellsworth, Geoff. Hooper, and Mollie Harrison, and Mrs. Jim McMaster, who chose an all-white ensemble for her travelling attire.

Vice-Regal Audience

A PARTY from Admiralty House attended the Alexander Kipnis concert on Thursday night. The Administrator, Lord Huntingfield, was accompanied by Lady Huntingfield and Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. Helme Pitt.

Others present at the Town Hall were the Laidley Dowling family, who attend almost every classical concert. Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Fairfax, Professor and Mrs. William Dalvin, who included in their party Mrs. Edgar Bainton, Gwenda Bainton, and Dr. Ian Hogbin.

Attractive Decorations

MELBOURNE friends tell me that Kurreh, the Norman Brookes' lovely home, has been refurbished and is looking particularly smart. Mrs. Brookes has a decided flair for interior decorating, and has given variety to the huge house by having a different color scheme in each room.

Sum-tan predominates in the sitting-room, mandarin-blue in the lounge, and lacquer-red velvet curtains give color to the ballroom. Hersey has chosen blue in the softest shades for her bedroom.

Melbourne Girls Return

PAM ARMSTRONG, Melbourne's young lovely who was such a success for the first session of Anniversary gaiter, is coming over again any minute now. Ann Turnbull, another attractive girl from the southern city, is also returning to us.

They have only been away for a very short while, but it is a safe bet that they will have some stunning new clothes with which to regale us.

Easter in the Mountains

THE A. O. Davidsons moved from Kingsclere to their new flat at the T. & O. building on Friday. They departed from the usual custom, and spent the week-end arranging their possessions instead of motoring to their home, Montgreenan, Leura. They will spend Easter holidays there instead.

At Randwick on Saturday

MR. GEORGE MAIN, chairman of the A.J.C., and Mrs. Main arrived in town on Thursday and settled into a flat at Hamstead, Double Bay, where they will stay for a month. They will be joined later by their elder daughter, Mollie.

I noticed Mrs. Main with her in-laws, the Hugh Mains, at Randwick on Saturday, and in their party were Mrs. Ulick Bourke, of Newcastle, Mrs. Fraser McDonald, and Fred Herron, a visitor who flew from West Australia in time for the meeting.



AN ATTRACTIVE STUDY of Miss Helen Muirhead, only child of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Muirhead, of Vaucluse, whose wedding with Clifton Alexander, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. Alexander, of West Australia, will take place at St. Stephen's Church on April 28.

—Women's Weekly photo

Reception at G.H. for Visitors

CAPTAIN BARRY and his merry officers from the Dorsetshire were much favored as escorts at the reception at G.H. on Tuesday. However, our own Services' representatives put up a good showing, too, and were by no means overlooked by the young lovelies.

Lady Wakehurst's frock of gold and silver brocade was very beautiful, and I noticed how pleased she looked to have daughter Henrietta with her to help with hostess duties.

Lady Huntingfield, who accompanied the Administrator, also favored brocade for her model gown, which was pastel-shaded material bedazzled in flame tonings.



Still Life Is Popular

STILL life paintings, with a bias in favor of flower pieces, are in the majority at the Australian Academy of Art opened officially by the Prime Minister at the Education Department Galleries on Friday. Elioth Gruner is the painter of a lovely arrangement of white jonquils in a Chinese vase, and W. B. McInnes and Violet McInnes, of Victoria, are also represented by flower arrangements.

Among those who viewed the pictures on Thursday were Lady Stephen, Sir Francis and Lady Anderson, Sir John Longstaff, Mrs. Tony Horden, Mrs. Howard Bullock, and Irene Mort.

Peter Willshafen is arriving in town for the Easter parties and, I understand, will stay with Wallace Anderson. Peter and Wallace have been friends since King's School and Cambridge days together.

Governor at R.A.S.

OUR Governor and daughter Henrietta paid their first visit to the Royal Agricultural Show on Saturday morning to inspect the Commemorative buildings that Lord Wakehurst officially opened in the afternoon. I'm glad that Lord and Lady Wakehurst have chosen an open landau with dashing outriders to make their official appearance in the ring this Wednesday. They will be met by Sir Samuel and Lady Horden and escorted to the dais where the Governor will declare the Show opened and present the prizes.

I believe that Lord Huntingfield is keenly interested in the Show, and as it is the first time he has had the opportunity of attending, he will make frequent visits to make up for lost time.

Dame Mary Cook is in Perth staying with old friends. Some of the time is being spent with her son and daughter-in-law, Major and Mrs. E. S. Cook, at South Perth.

For Winter Sports

MRS. JIM SPOWERS, of the Federated Malay States, who was Brisbane's Nancy Eales, is tripping off to Kosciuszko soon after Easter. She is hoping for early falls of snow so as to enjoy some of the winter sports before returning to the tropics. Later her husband will arrive to join her, and the couple will probably be here until November.

At present Mrs. Spowers is waiting for the school holidays, which she plans to spend with her children before setting off for her holiday on the snowfields.

Charming Hosts at Club

FULL marks to members of the Australasian Pioneers' Club as hosts. They looked after their guests in a charming fashion at the party they gave in honor of their president, Sir Kelso King, and Lady King, on Thursday. When I asked if the party had any special significance I was told it was "just because we think the world of Sir Kelso."

Those present included Olive King, who wore a charming floral chiffon with a black ground patterned in red, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph King, Mrs. Marcus Griffen, Mr. and Mrs. Sid Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bouvet, Helen Paton (of Orange), and Lesley Turner.

Children in Fancy Dress

TWO children's parties on one day, and fancy dress ones at that, kept Mrs. Max Hinder very busy during the week-end. April, her elder daughter, invited a number of her friends to join in a frolic in the afternoon at her mother's home at Edgely, and at night young sister Jennifer was hostess to a younger generation.

April wore an island costume arranged from tropical bits, and pieces her mother had acquired travelling, and her sister looked demure as Dolly Varden.

Mr. and Mrs. Hereward Florence have returned from their honeymoon in New Zealand. Mrs. Florence is choosing the furnishings for their town flat at Darling Point, and Hereward is on the family property at Robertson.

Finds New Garden

AFTER a round of farewell parties, the Rudolf Himmels left Tasmania last week to take up their abode here.

For weeks Mrs. Himmels was quite sad at the thought of leaving their beautiful home at Ferny Creek. She is a very keen gardener, and the garden at Woodside, with its terraced lawns, trees, and acres of lovely flowers, was one of the show places of the country. Luckily, after much hunting about she found a place at Killara, with just as many of her favorite gum trees in the garden.

Jean and Agnes Main, daughters of the chairman of the A.J.C., and Mrs. George Main, left in the Talping for a cruise, but will be back in Sydney in time for the last of the Easter parties.

One Ahead of Fashions

ITS as well that we city dwellers have looked to our wardrobes in time to bring something smart to light in which to greet our country friends. I always find that they are invariably one ahead of the fashions and look most scornfully on the top-liners of last month.

Mrs. John Hawthorne, who comes from the West and was formerly Lillias Cramale, is among the smartest of the young country matrons. I saw her purchasing last-minute race accessories in a snappy coat and skirt of black silk crepe with a pin-tucked blouse of maize buttoned with large pearl discs in pink, green, and yellow. Mrs. Hertford Weedon, from Wagga, another smart dresser, also chose black tailleur as first choice this autumn.

To Travel Again

NOW that they have returned from a delightful trip to Manila and Singapore, Herbert Lethbridge and his sister, Edna, have taken a flat at Meudon, Potts Point. They spent last week-end with their sister, Mrs. Frank Penfold Hyland, at her home at Moss Vale.

The Lethbridges hope to leave quite soon for a very pleasant trip to Europe.

I LIKE—

The deep brown jumper-suit chosen by Frances Angus for official opening of the Show this Wednesday. It is made distinctive by waistcoat-belt with purse attached by zipper fastener.

FASHION WISDOM . . . By Colette

If your nose is pug—



If your daughter is sophisticated—



TRAVEL FILMS Put Us On The MOVIES

THE students resented this, thinking we were making an unfavorable comparison.

Continued from Page 16

As a matter of fact, I always look for the interesting and beautiful, never the morbid or the ugly.

I like to think I am bringing the world to those who are not so situated as to see it for themselves.

It is sad to think that on a beautiful ship like the Empress of Britain there are so few young people. More should be aboard it, seeing the world.

I am always asked how I happened to make this my life work. When I was very young I wanted badly to travel, but I was not free to go.

The yearning to see the world never left me. Even after I grew up and married the longing to see the odd corners of this old globe was always there.

I worked hard and finally had a

breakdown. The doctor ordered me to travel.

It was then that I had the idea that there were many, many others like myself—who had the same love of strange places, but for one reason or another would never realise their dream. I determined I would bring the world to them as I saw it. This I have tried conscientiously to do.

Now let me introduce the boys who work with me. Paul Weil is my secretary, and takes care of my advertising and publicity as well. He spent four years in Paris and Central Europe for M-G-M. He was assigned to me in Paris when I went over to film the Paris Exposition—and afterwards, well, he just came along with me.

Dick Glendinning is from London. Prior to taking this trip with me he

filmed a picture in which an Australian, John Warwick, took the leading part. A splendid young actor, I predict a great future for him.

Hollywood is the home of Bob Carney, my chief cameraman. He recently filmed "A Star is Born," with Janet Gaynor, and "The Garden of Allah."

Bob is the boy who carries the 230-pound camera around on his shoulder—he won't let anyone else touch it. He says it's a trick in balance.

Norman Hull is the official photographer for Canadian Pacific Railways—the company who own the Empress of Britain.

He travels in our crowd, taking pictures for Associated Screen News. Norman is the Romeo of the group. He is completely charmed by the number of beautiful girls he saw in Australia. He would like to stay on here, but cameramen must march on.

My most interesting experience was while the boys were shooting scenes of Vesuvius. The earth started to move under their feet. They leaped



CLOSE-UP OF James A. Fitzpatrick.

from rock to rock, but before they got out their shoes were badly burned.

To show the world how hot it really was they dropped bits of paper on the ground and took pictures of the pieces as they burst into flames. It was not possible to put all our adventures into the picture.

At Pompeii the caretaker didn't understand our purpose there, and threw things at us when we tried to take a few pictures of the unearthed city. But it's all in the game.

As a contrast, this visit to Australia was so splendidly arranged for us by the Australian National Travel Association that I was able to get some beautiful pictures in a minimum of time.

Our Smart Girls

ANOTHER factor very much in our favor this time was the weather. Your marvellous sunshine was all the break we needed. When I was here in 1933 the weather was miserable. It was so dull and dreary—it rained so constantly that I could not present a real picture of Australia.

I used only portions of the film in a descriptive South Seas cruise travel talk.

I am most enthusiastic about this picture we are making now. We have everything—gorgeous color, beautiful Australian girls, and a variety of scenery.

In the five years that have

passed since I visited Australia last, your girls have improved greatly in their general appearance. I believe a real Australian type is evolving. And they are dressing so much smarter!

So many people ask me what country has the most beautiful women. That is impossible to answer. In the first place, it is seasonal. If I drop into a summer resort in summer I find lots of beautiful girls.

But if I reach there at the wrong time of the year I find the place looking terrible.

It is natural to say that Hollywood has the most beautiful girls because they corral them all there.

They have the pick of every nationality—English, French, German, Scandinavian—every country has its quota of beauty in Hollywood.

Climate, too, has a great deal to do with beauty. Australia is a great playground, and it is reflected in the healthy, happy faces one sees everywhere. Certainly the beaches are full of sun-bronzed beauties.

I am particularly keen on sports of all kinds, and the surfing we saw was magnificent.

Each country has some one thing that makes it unforgettable. You have your beaches which are unsurpassed.

And with this thought, we say farewell...

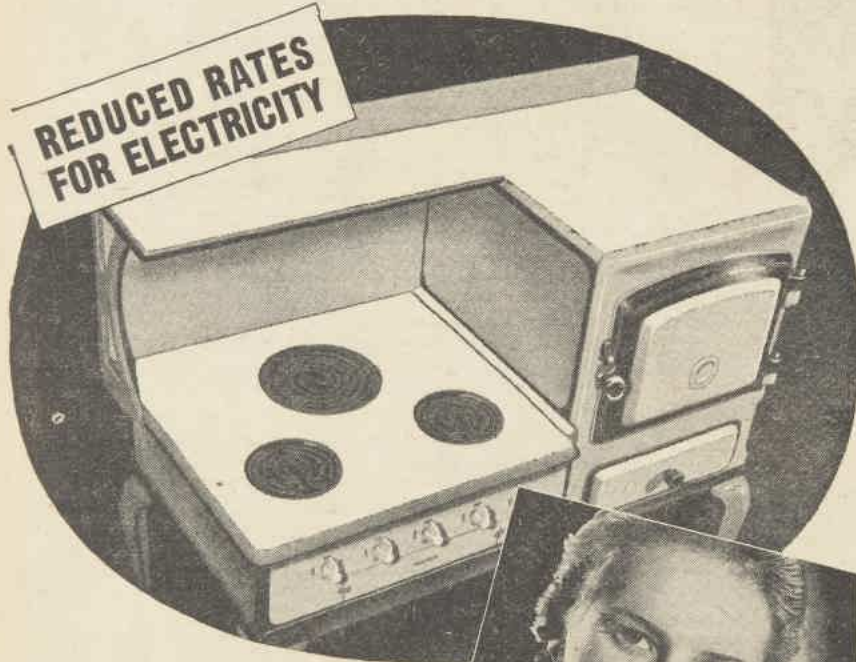
James A. Fitzpatrick

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FASHION PORTFOLIO

April 16, 1933.

The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

First Page

... Ways with TAILORED SUITS



● TOP LEFT: A suit by Ronald Morrel which he named "Niblick." It is in white-and-grey fine plaid with a close line of London-tan running through it.

● CENTRE: A caped winter costume in a colorful green rodier with red "candlewick" knobs. The caped jacket is fastened up the front with a zipper.

● ABOVE: Black-and-white striped suit from Ronald Morrel. It has the new tight, straight skirt, and masculine waisted jacket with small velvet collar.

● LOWER LEFT: Two attractive and youthful suits. One is in the new privet-green. The coat which is made to simulate a vest is trimmed with grey touches of embroidery in green, scarlet, and blue, and the bottoms are embroidered to match. The collar is of chalk-white crepe.

The other suit shows a contrast in coat lengths. It is of navy woollen faccloth, with patch pockets and collar of fur.

YOUNG AUSSIE

"WRIGLEY'S
JUICY FRUIT'S GOT A
CORKER SWEET TASTE.
STOPS YOU GETTING
THIRSTY, TOO!"



A.S. 20c

MARCH OF THE MODE by Rene

Festive Season!



● PATOU started the vogue for transparent tops exemplified in the black suede crepe and tulle model sketched at left.

● FOUR PAGES from a fashion addict's notebook. Prune suede jersey for a high-necked gown. Sapphire-blue jersey with tucked bands swathing bust and hips and cape of carnation lined with sapphire-blue. Black velvet draped gown and black net and velvet for corselet-swathed bouffant frock.

The Fashion Parade by Petrov

Colorful . . .



- 1—A MINUTE BONNET supports a huge bow of satin and grosgrain ribbon.
- 2—LEOPARD CAP AND SCARF, tipped with turquoise triangles.
- 3—ANOTHER CAP, with matching collar of sequins. For cocktail or dinner gowns.
- 4—SUEDE BELT, suggestive of ringed hands clasped.
- 5—EMERALD, DIAMOND, AND AMETHYST (maybe!) collar with bodice drapery radiating from it.

- 9—DAISIES scattered over a kid glove give a distinctive touch.
- 10—SUEDE with zigzagging of braid—an intriguing novelty.
- 11 and 12—SHADES OF 1900 and thereabouts—embroideries and sequin bows on very long gloves.



- 6—TWIN FEATHER "HAT" on a grosgrain band for evening.
- 7—DIMINUTIVE BOLERO of monkey fur, with bracelet sleeve.
- 8—HATPINS, jewelled on a draped turban.

Follow this advice
when choosing your
new stockings.

By ALISON SETTLE

Famous English Fashion Authority.
Exclusive to The Australian
Women's Weekly.

EVERY woman has known that legs matter. The legs of Mistinguette, the legs of the chorus girl, the twinkling ankles of Ginger Rogers, every one of them spoke of allure and of life.

And yet for years, decades even, women did nothing about their legs but clothe them in a sand-colored silk. Beige stockings—that was the uniform for legs year after year. Why?

Suppose that beige still holds its place, what then should the well-dressed woman know about the choice of her stockings?

Color Rules.—First as to color. Contrary to what many women suppose, a dark, suntan shade or copper tone looks much better with black than any of the greyed tones; above all, moily shades are to be avoided with blacks.

Stocking Rules

WITH your brown outfit the copper tone is less good than a simple warm beige. Greens and blues take variations between ashen-of-roses and pigeon breast shades. Dull blues to greys take sunburn tones.

Grey wants the more caroty or spicy shades to give contrast and color. Natural, string, and pale beige need a smoky or stony beige or by contrast apricot to brown. Evening stockings should be two shades deeper than your own skin.



● (1) A SEQUINED STOCKING. Paillettes are embroidered on heel and toe, and are visible through cut-out sandal.

● (2) SPORTS SOCKS—plain, heavily-ribbed, may be worn cuffed, rolled, or just pulled up and allowed to wrinkle.

● (3) A DARK sock with the usual color removed from the top and applied to toe and heel, again to be shown through the sandal.



● (4) EVENING SANDAL, tying around the ankle like a scarf in plain and printed lacquered satin.

● (5) MORE "1900" INFLUENCE—a buttoned (but only one button) walking shoe, unusually stitched.

● (6) BLAME THE TYROL for this green stocking ringed with red!

● (7) A SHEER EVENING STOCKING, with flowery clocks.

● (8) SUEDE AND KID combined in sensible shoes.



A wardrobe of color shades is needed in order to get the right, becoming, and contrasting tone for each outfit.

Not that that means that a woman is to go out and buy half-a-dozen assorted shades, even with her match-

ing patterns of dress fabrics in her hand to guide her; to suppose that would be to forget the one thing vital in the economy of stocking buying—always to buy at least two pairs of a shade and preferably three, so that while one pair is at the invisible menders (and are our stockings

not almost resident there?) the other pair is in use and stockings can be shifted from one to the other pair.

Three pairs matching then, rather than two, is the first rule.

The others are these: A color wardrobe (but not a large one, because you have connected up a color scheme, have you not, through your clothes for the season and have not just got a variety of unrelated colors?)

Handbags and gloves to be brought into the color schemes in relation to the stocking shades (to match legs and hands in shades is always very pleasing).

To buy a well-known brand from a well-known store and not trust to "seconds"; that is, sale numbers which look so good.

To choose a brand which does not wash lighter and lighter because you will want not only to rest your stockings by alternating their wear but rest them by washing them each night, relaxing the yarn.

Quality Pays

To wear stockings as sheer as you can afford and rather to wear the finest tisle than the cheaper poor silks.

To realise that stocking shades must be darker in the latter half of summer and into the autumn to tone with the sunburn your skin has acquired; that is, rosy beiges and coppery beiges as against the thinner shades of the first half of the year.

To disregard this and every other piece of advice if fashion changes and other ranges of colors and shades come in.

To choose a brand of stocking which takes account of width of foot, length of leg as well as regulation

foot length so that they will lie snug at the heel, never wrinkle at the back or round the ankle, will remain smooth at the knee, since all legs are not the same shape.

To look for elasticity in yarn and elasticity above all in the reinforcement round the knee and top.

To consider the shaping of the reinforcement at ankle and toe, as to whether they are beautiful in line and becoming to your individual foot and for the shoe with which you will wear them.

To make certain when choosing fine stockings to wear under toe-less sandals that they do not print or imprint their names on the foot so that you are a walking advertisement for some brand and not a smart woman.



Paris Snapshots

THE circus is having a tremendous influence on Parisian clothes. The shops in the Avenue de l'Opera and along the fashionable boulevards are showing little frocks printed with clowns, rearing ponies, gay riders and elephants ringing golden bells.

Belt-fastenings, buttons, and even necklaces are being made of ring-masters, acrobats, performing seals, and clowns beating big drums.

WHEN she walks in the Bois, goes to the races, or has a morning stroll in the Tuileries, the smart Parisienne carries a stick. Light-colored pear wood, beautifully polished, is being used for these canes which have elegant beaten silver or embossed gold handles with black cords knotted round them and large black tassels dangling.

COPPER-COLORED hair is the fashion of the moment. It is much lighter in tone than the old-fashioned henna shade, and, though it could be described as "red," it has golden lights that take many hours' care and much skill among the experts to produce. Eyebrows must never be black with this new hair shade. Dark brown and bronze are the colors.

THE Parisienne who wears spectacles is experimenting with all shapes and styles. Square and oblong lenses are fashionable just now with colored composition frames—blue, pink, mauve, green or scarlet to match one's ensemble.

Evening spectacles are being jewelled across the nose to match the diamonds, rubies or emeralds one is wearing on neck and arms.

150 Years of Fashion at the Royal Show



1788

1798

1808

1818

1828



1838

1848



1858



1878



1868



1888

1898

1908



1918

1928

1938

THESE exclusive photographs specially posed for The Australian Women's Weekly depict the changing fashion from 1788 to the present day. The frocks are an exhibit at the Royal Easter Show.

The girls who wore the costumes are Misses Gay Coulter, Pat Godson, Constance Rouse, Dorothy Nolan, and June Campbell Smith. See story overleaf.

THE BRIDE'S COLUMN

By Mary Sheraton

Marriage is the key by which our hearts and minds are kept in tune. Marriage comes to those who have found their affinity in somebody else . . . in YOU.

You have been chosen, above all others, because of your personality and charm. In all your pre-nuptial business, never forget your charm, your grandest asset: never overlook your self-control; indeed, now is the time to reveal that serene, quiet confidence that Man esteems in Woman. In order to relieve you of the worrying responsibilities of planning a complete trousseau and home, and all the attendant duties of a bride-to-be, I have written a very beautifully illustrated book. "The Bride's Book," which Beharfaid's Ltd. will give free and without obligation to engaged girls.



The "Bride's Book" tells you how to estimate your trousseau; the details of your wedding duties; how to plan the celebration, how to avoid mistakes when furnishing, and how to ensure your harmony in your home. This beautiful big book free — to engaged girls only. Present this coupon at Beharfaid's.

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D'ye ken the licht that's
licht on the purrse?"



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CAVALCADE of FASHIONS

AT the SHOW

Colorful Charm of Old-World Frocks

A cavalcade of fashion—trains and boned bodices, crinolines and bustles, cottons and brocades, frills and cordings, flowers and feathers, all the beauty, nonsense and common sense of women's clothes for 150 years—is one of the most colorful exhibits at the Royal Show.

The story is told in sixteen frocks—one for every ten years of fashion since 1788.

EACH one is a charming picture, and all of them grouped together tell a vivid story of women's changing ideas, changing lives; the influence on dress history and great personalities, and the emergence of the modern woman in her practical clothes of subtle simplicity.

Each picture is complete and authentic in every detail. To achieve this perfection sixteen teachers at East Sydney Technical School, headed by the principal of the Women's Handcraft School, Miss Eleanor Gough, were each responsible for one frock.

With a group of girl students they studied the particular period of their frock, and created it correctly in every respect.

Even such details as the type of lace or embroidery on petticoats, and the different kinds of fastenings according to periods, have been reproduced faithfully.

The outstandingly fashionable color for each year was chosen for the frocks, as well as the newest material of the time.

Considerable research provided the average measurements of fashionable women in each period.

In some cases these differed so considerably from the average measurements of the women of the present day that wax models had to be speci-

ally made to wear the frocks. All the hair styles on the wax models are true to each period.

As hats have always been as varied during every phase of fashion as they are now, Miss Gough and her committee chose from each period the hat of the times which suited each frock best.

Let's join the cavalcade marching down the years and see the fashion changes each decade has brought.

1788.—The procession is led by a frock of 1788, the prevailing mode when the first white woman landed in Sydney.

It is made of the most fashionable material of the time, cotton, showing a fitting bodice, normal waistline, slight train of green cotton over a full white skirt, and trimmed with fresh white frills with pinked edges.

The large hat has a soufflé-like crown with a shady brim.

Line Changes

1798.—The line changes with the Directoire influence—higher waist, richer materials, lace fichu. This model is made of heavy gold, green and grey brocade over an underskirt of green taffeta.

A muff of pleated and plain bands and little white mob cap under a coarse straw bonnet add a saucy touch.

1808.—Girlish freshness of the Empire mode. Charming simplicity in a frock of white, silver-threaded organdie, high-waisted and trimmed with ruching, worn with a demure bonnet.

1818.—The Empire mode made sophisticated with Middle Ages influence.

The white ruff, fur hemline, and ruffled sleeves and muff show Tudor inspiration in a frock of pale lilac with deep lilac velvet bodice and matching bonnet.

1828.—A touch of ostentatious richness in shot taffeta—green and gold—with a suggestion of a bustle. The fullness at the back is gathered by hand-quilting, a type of needlework practised by seamstresses 110 years ago.

1838.—The beginnings of the crinoline, a romantic vogue that began when the thrilling poems of young Lord Byron were fashionable reading. Eleven yards of "wineless" (deep wine color) shot taffeta lined with organdie make this model worn over a padded underskirt of tulle.

Lovers' Knots

THE 15 yards of hand-pleating and soft true lovers' knots of the taffeta were hand-done. A primrose-yellow bonnet of velvet and satin completes the ensemble.

1848.—The crinoline grows—into an oval-shaped skirt. Twenty-three yards of tricolored tartan taffeta—blue, dark green, and white, 14 yards of blue organdie for the underskirt, 56 yards of hand ruching on the seven frills of the skirt, make this enchanting picture frock.

1858.—The crinoline's full flowering. Miss 1858 waits into the ballroom in a complete circle of orchid-mauve brocade. Eighteen yards of tulle with two cane hoops keep the 16 yards of brocade in a perfect circle.

Twenty yards of hand-ruched lace trim the skirt, and two yards of



GAY COULTER as Miss 1788 talks to Miss 1818—Constance Rouse.

hand-made point lace cover her dimpled elbows.

A pink rose in her hair, another in her delicate hand, and she is ready for the portrait-painter to paint her picture and the romantic young poets to write verses about her.

1868.—The cane hoops disappear from the crinoline, but the full skirt remains.

Magenta makes its blushing appearance as a fashionable color. Eleven yards of taffeta, lined throughout, buttons and belt-buckle of emerald-green glass.

Twenty-two yards of black cord introduce the military influence of the Franco-Prussian war to replace the feminine frills of ten years earlier.

The flat bonnet is, however, ultra-feminine, with two magenta roses in front and long, wide satin ribbons tied under the chin.

1878.—The Chinese influence makes the prevailing line cling to the figure, but elaborate ruching provides movement in the skirt and the suggestion of a bustle.

Grey, in keeping with the sombre colors of the period, is the color chosen for this model in the most chic material—alpaca.

1888.—The bustle bustles in. Colors are sombre but contrast is fashionable.

Hour-glass Mode

BUSTLED skirt of maroon cloth, with tight-fitting military jacket of black stockinette, trimmed with cord embroidery.

1898.—The hour-glass mode of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. Bottle-green frock of cloth and matching velvet, with a dignified sweep to the skirt.

A fine veil covers the face to keep Madam's padded hair in place.

1908.—Edwardian vogue, cut on princess lines. Old-rose silk with heavy cream lace bodice and tight sleeves.

The frock clings to the figure to the knees, where the line is broken by a full skirt.

The large Gainsborough hat is trimmed with a sweeping cream ostrich feather.

1918.—The peg-topped skirt that followed the hobble skirt just after the war.

Of white coin-spotted brown silk the ensemble is topped by a heavy comic hat which, however, at the time was considered extremely becoming.

1928: Only ten years ago we wore our fashionable waistline about six or eight inches below the normal, with our hemline just below the knees.

This model of grey satin has a finely-pleated skirt, a jacket to match, and a deep-crowned hat shaped like a pudding basin.

1938: Shows where we have arrived now in the cavalcade.

A black cloth coat, of simple cut, except for its Russian sash of black satin with fox fur ends, and fox fur cuffs.

A high-fronted black felt beret and coat and hat clips of gold complete the ensemble.

(See pictures on previous page)

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"COMPARISON FAVOURS ASHLEYS"

Mandrake the Magician



THE STORY SO FAR

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, go to the rescue of **M. DUCHAMP:** Eminent Parisian chemist, who under the malign influence of **THE COBRA:** Wizard of hypnosis and telepathy, desirous of world power, has kidnapped **SUZETTE:** His own lovely daughter, and taken her to the Cobra's cavernlands in Tibet. Mandrake and Lothar,

following, enter the Cobra's domains, but fall through a trapdoor on to some poisoned thorns. Mandrake falls on top of Lothar, and is unharmed, but Lothar is mortally wounded. Mandrake agrees to place his powers at the Cobra's disposal in exchange for the antidote which alone can save Lothar's life. The Cobra applies the antidote, saves Lothar's life, and then proceeds to show Mandrake round the caverns. **NOW READ ON:**



DUCHAMP, YOU'RE LAGGING. YOU'VE GOT TO WORK FASTER!

I'M WORKING AS FAST AS POSSIBLE, BUT AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, I HOPE I NEVER GET A FORMULA!



DESPITE WHAT HE SAID, HIS WORK IS ALMOST COMPLETE. SOON, I SHALL HAVE THE METHOD FOR CHANGING BASE METALS LIKE LEAD, AND ZINC AND COPPER-- INTO GOLD!

AND THEN --WHAT?



THEN I WILL HAVE ONE OF MY TWO WEAPONS, YOU KNOW, MANDRAKE. SOME MEN CAN BE BOUGHT. OTHERS MUST BE FORCED! I WILL HAVE ENOUGH GOLD TO BUY ANY MAN, BUT FOR THOSE WHO ARE STUBBORN AND CANNOT BE BOUGHT--I HAVE ANOTHER MEANS. I WILL SHOW YOU.



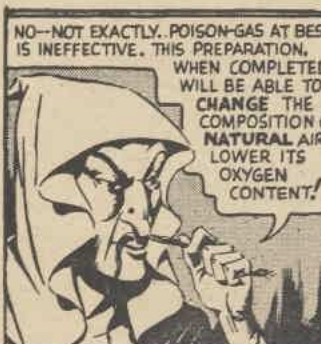
MELANKOFF, YOU'RE SLOW. SLOW! THAT GAS SHOULD BE READY BY NOW!

IF YOU'RE IN SUCH A HURRY, MAKE IT YOURSELF. I'M SICK OF THIS WHOLE BUSINESS!



MY CHARGES GET TEMPERAMENTAL NOW AND THEN, BUT THEY WORK! OH, YES, THEY WORK!

I SUPPOSE THAT IS A POISON-GAS HE'S DEVELOPING.



NO--NOT EXACTLY. POISON-GAS AT BEST IS INEFFECTIVE. THIS PREPARATION, WHEN COMPLETED, WILL BE ABLE TO CHANGE THE COMPOSITION OF NATURAL AIR-- LOWER ITS OXYGEN CONTENT!



IF I RELEASE IT IN ANY SPOT, MILLIONS WILL SUFFOCATE FOR LACK OF OXYGEN! THAT, MANDRAKE, IS MY OTHER WEAPON!



BUT WHAT DO YOU INTEND TO DO WITH YOUR "WEAPONS"-- THE UNLIMITED SUPPLY OF GOLD AND THE NEW GAS?



IN THIS CAVELAND, I'M FORGING TWO WEAPONS THAT NONE WILL BE ABLE TO RESIST-- GOLD AND GAS! TWO WEAPONS THAT WILL MAKE ME THE FIRST EMPEROR OF THE EARTH!



BUT WHAT IF YOUR "ASSISTANTS" HERE GO ON "STRIKE" AS THEY SEEM LIKELY TO DO?

WHAT IS IT, IGOR?



MELANKOFF JUST TRIED TO ESCAPE! HE WILL NOT WORK!

SO? I WILL ANSWER YOUR LAST QUESTION MANDRAKE. YOU WILL SEE FOR YOURSELF!



MELANKOFF, WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?

IT MEANS THAT I WON'T DO ANY MORE OF YOUR CROOKED WORK!



AND I'LL ESCAPE THE FIRST CHANCE I GET! YOU WON'T HARM ME--I KNOW-- BECAUSE IF I'M INJURED, I WON'T BE ABLE TO CARRY ON YOUR DEVILISH EXPERIMENTS!



IGOR, BRING ME SOME OF THE 45X SOLUTION IN A HYPODERMIC!

45X? YES, EXCELLENCY.



NOW, MANDRAKE, YOU SHALL SEE HOW I PREVENT MY VALUABLE CHARGES FROM ESCAPING. QUITE SIMPLE--AND QUITE EFFECTIVE!



WHAT IS THE EFFECT OF THE SOLUTION?

YOU SHALL SEE, MANDRAKE.



WHY--THE--THE FLOOR-- SEEMS TO BE ROCKING-- FROM SIDE-- TO SIDE--



I--I CAN'T STAND UP--! I CAN'T WALK STRAIGHT--!



WHAT--WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME--YOU DEVIL! WHEN-- WHEN I STAND UP--THE WHOLE ROOM SEEMS TO--SPIN!

45X NEVER FAILS, MY DEAR MELANKOFF.

TO BE CONTINUED

'DETTOL'
for pleasant
personal use

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MARIE CURIE — My MOTHER

Daughter's Dramatic Picture of Great Woman HUMAN SIDE OF A GENIUS

In writing the life story of her famous mother, Eve Curie has produced a simple and moving story of a great woman who was also a loving mother.

Directly and without over-emphasis she has created a dramatic picture of the world's greatest woman scientist as seen through the eyes of her daughter.

The story, which tells of the struggles and poverty of the woman who gave radium to the world as a result of her lifelong research, is a work that should be on every bookshelf. The richness and beauty of this book are told in excerpts below in the author's own words.

By EVE CURIE
From the book, 'MADAME CURIE'

IN the autumn of 1891 a young Polish emigre named Marie Sklodowska excitedly registered for the science course at the Sorbonne in Paris.

Often in the echoing galleries young men would encounter this shy and stubborn-faced girl who dressed with poverty-stricken austerity, and would ask: "Who is it?" But the answer was vague. "It's a foreigner with an impossible name."

But young men were what interested this girl least. She was entirely fascinated by her scientific studies and worked as if in a fever. By deliberate intention she suppressed diversions from her schedule, as well as friendly meetings, and made for herself a Spartan existence, strange and inhuman.

Marie did not admit that she could be cold or hungry. In order not to buy coal she often neglected to light her little stove, and she

wrote figures and equations without noticing that her fingers were numb and her shoulders shaking.

For weeks at a time she ate nothing but buttered bread and tea. When she wanted a feast, she bought two eggs, or a piece of chocolate or some fruit.

On this diet the fresh, solid girl, who had left Warsaw a few months before rapidly grew anaemic. Often, as she was getting up from her table, her head would go round. She had just time to get to her bed when she would lose consciousness.

Marie had ruled love and marriage out of her life's programme. Dominated by the passion for science, at 26 she still clung fiercely to her independence.

Then came Pierre Curie. A French scientist of genius, he was devoting body and soul to scientific research, and was unmarried at 35.

He was tall, possessed long sensitive hands, a rough beard, and an expression of rare intelligence and distinction.

Their first meeting occurred in 1894 in the laboratory, and immediate sympathy brought them together.

Pierre Curie found this taciturn, little, Sklodowska truly an astonishing person. How strange to talk to a young and charming woman, using technical terms, complicated formulae, . . . How sweet it was!

Pierre looked at Marie's ash-blond hair, at her high, curved forehead and her hands already stained by the acids of the laboratory. He was disconcerted by her grace, which the absence of all coquetry made more surprising.

The Proposal

IN a few months Pierre Curie asked Marie to be his wife. But to marry a Frenchman, leave her family forever, and to abandon her beloved Poland seemed to Marie Sklodowska like dreadful acts of betrayal.

Ten months had to pass before the obstinate Pole accepted the idea of marriage.

The little flat where the young couple settled was singularly lacking in comfort, and they refused the furniture offered them by Pierre's father.

The bare room was furnished only with books, two chairs, and a white wooden table.

On the table were treatises on physics, a petroleum lamp, a bunch of flowers; and that was all. Before these two chairs, neither of which was for him, the most daring visitor could only flee.

Little by little Marie improved in housekeeping wisdom. She invented dishes which needed little preparation, or could be left to "cook themselves."

Before going out, Marie would regulate the flame with a physicist's precision; then, casting one last worried glance at the stewpans she was entrusting to the fire, she flew down the stairs and caught up with her husband.

The second year of their marriage differed from the first only in Marie's state of health.

The young wife was forced, in great humiliation, to cut short a trip she had taken with her husband and go back to Paris, where she gave birth to a daughter: Irene, a beautiful baby and a future Nobel Prize winner.

The idea of choosing between family and the scientific career did not even cross Marie's mind.

She kept house, washed her baby daughter and put pans on the fire,



MADAME CURIE, discoverer of radium. Her daughter, Eve Curie, says "She was absorbed in science. She died for humanity."

Books

Below is a list of the best novels of the week.

"THE SWORD AND THE ROSE." A. W. Smith. British soldier in India, adventure romance.

"THE PRODIGAL PARENTS." Sinclair Lewis. A novel for puzzled parents. The revolt of parents against the revolt of youth.

"THE JUICE OF THE POMEGRANATE." Ethel M. Dell. Typical Ethel M. Dell romance.

"THE DEVIL TO PAY." Ellery Queen. Brilliant detective story in the best Ellery Queen manner.

but she also kept on working in a wretched laboratory—working towards the most important discovery of modern science.

At the end of 1897 the balance sheet of Marie's activity showed two university degrees, a fellowship and a monograph on the magnetisation of tempered steel.

The next goal was the doctor's degree. Casting about for a research project for this, Marie was attracted by a recent publication of the French scientist Henri Becquerel.

Becquerel had discovered that uranium salts spontaneously emitted, without exposure to light, some rays of unknown nature.

A compound of uranium, placed on a photographic plate surrounded by black paper, made an impression on the plate through the paper.

It was the first observation of the phenomenon, to which Marie later gave the name of radioactivity, but the nature of the radiation and its origin remained an enigma.

Becquerel's discovery fascinated the Curies. They asked themselves whence came the energy which uranium compounds constantly disengaged as radiation. Here was an engrossing subject of research—a leap into an unknown realm.

There remained the question of where to make her experiments—and here the difficulties began.

At last, thanks to the director of the School of Physics where Pierre taught, Marie was given the use of a little ground-floor storeroom, sweating with damp, where unused machines were put away.

The more Marie penetrated into intimacy with uranium rays, the more they seemed without precedent, essentially unknown.

Presently, by undertaking the laborious examination of all known chemical bodies, she discovered that compounds of another element, thorium, also emitted spontaneous rays like those of uranium.

Moreover, in each case the radioactivity was a great deal stronger than seemed warranted by the quantity of uranium or thorium contained in the products examined!

Where did this abnormal radiation come from?

Only one explanation was possible: the minerals must contain, in small quantity, a much more powerfully radioactive substance than uranium and thorium.

A new element! It was a fascinating hypothesis. But the incognito of the wonderful substance had to be broken. She must be able to announce with certainty: "It is there."

Pierre Curie, who had followed the rapid progress of his wife's experiments with passionate interest, now abandoned his own experiments in order to aid her.

Two brains, four hands, now sought the unknown element in the damp little workroom, and a collaboration began which was to last eight years, until it was destroyed by a fatal accident.

Continued on Page 32

Simple Remedy for Bad Stomach Gives Swift Relief

No Need of Strong Medicines or Diet. Safe and Simple Recipe Keeps Stomach in Fine Condition

If you are a victim of Stomach Trouble — Gas, Sourness, Pain or Bloating—you may have quick and certain relief by following this simple advice.

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A week's trial of Salix Magnesia, which any good chemist or store can supply, should quickly convince you that 90 per cent. of ordinary stomach distress is absolutely unnecessary. Be sure to get Salix Magnesia.

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Without Salves or Cutting.

Thousands who have piles have not learned that quick and permanent relief can only be accomplished with internal medicine. Neither cutting nor any amount of treatment with ointments and suppositories will remove the cause.

Bad circulation causes piles. There is a complete stagnation of blood in the lower bowel and a weakening of the parts. Dr. J. S. Leonard found the remedy and called his prescription Vaculoid. He tried it in 1,000 cases with the marvellous record of success in 96 per cent., and then decided it should be sold by chemists everywhere under a rigid money-back guarantee.

Don't waste any more time with outside applications. Get a package of Vaculoid to-day. It has given safe and lasting relief to thousands, and will do the same for you, or costs you nothing.

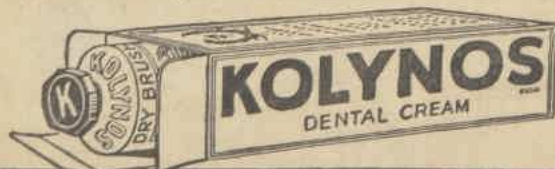
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cleans and beautifies teeth without harmful bleaching action or unnecessary abrasion. It is the most economical tooth paste, too. Use only half-an-inch, preferably on a dry brush, morning and night. It is your dentist's best ally in the preservation of your teeth. Get a tube today. Of all Chemists and Stores.



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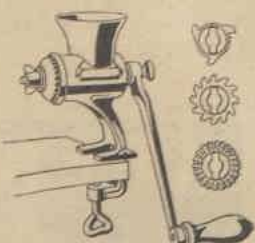
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MARIE CURIE — My MOTHER

Continued from Page 30

AS the field of investigation narrowed, their findings indicated the existence of two new elements instead of one. By July, 1898, they were able to announce the discovery of one of these substances.

Marie named it polonium, after her beloved Poland.

In December, 1898, the Curies announced the existence of a second new chemical element in pitchblende which they called radium—an element whose radioactivity they believed to be enormous.

Now, nobody had ever seen radium. Nobody knew its atomic weight. To prove the existence of polonium and radium, the Curies were now to labor for four years.

From the Austrian government they obtained a ton of the pitchblende, and began work on it in an abandoned shed close by the little room where Marie had done her first experiments.

The Faculty of Medicine had formerly used the place as a dissecting room, but now it was not even considered fit to house cadavers.

It had no floor and was furnished with some worn kitchen tables, a blackboard and an old cast-iron stove.

In such conditions M. and Mme. Curie worked from 1898 to 1902.

Marie, with terrible patience, continued to treat kilogram by kilo-

gram, the tons of pitchblende residue sent from St. Joachimsthal.

She was approaching the end; she was now at the stage of purification of strongly radioactive solutions.

But the poverty of her haphazard equipment hindered her more than ever.

In this shed, open to every wind, iron and coal dust was afloat which, to Marie's despair, mixed itself into the products purified with so much care.

In 1902, 45 months after the day on which the Curies announced the probable existence of radium, Marie, by superhuman obstinacy, finally achieved victory; she succeeded in preparing a decigram of pure radium and determined its atomic weight.

The chemists could only bow before the facts. Radium officially existed.

Unfortunately, the Curies had other struggles than that with nature in their poor laboratory. Pierre's salary at the School of Physics was 500 francs a month, and after Irene's birth the cost of a nurse made heavy inroads on the budget. New resources had to be found.

In 1898, a chair of physical chemistry fell vacant at the Sorbonne and Pierre decided to ask for it, but the post was refused.

Disappointment

PIERRE'S friends sought by all means to bring him a little nearer to that inaccessible place of Professor. Membership in the Academy of Sciences would greatly enhance his prestige, and in 1902 they insisted on making Pierre present himself as a candidate.

He was not appointed.

Shortly thereafter, Pierre refused to be named for the Legion of Honor because it seemed too comic that a scientist, refused the means of working, should by way of "encouragement" be offered an enamelled cross on a red silk ribbon.

Then came the miracle that radium could become the ally of human beings in the war against cancer. Radium was useful — magnificently useful, and its extraction no longer had merely experimental interest. A radium industry was about to be born.

Since the therapeutic effects of radium had become known, plans for exploitation of radioactive ores had been made in several countries, particularly in Belgium and in America.

But engineers could produce the "fabulous metal" only if they knew the secret of the delicate operations involved.

Pierre explained these things to his wife one Sunday morning. He had just finished reading a letter from some technicians in the United States who wanted to exploit radium in America, and asked for information.

"We have two choices," Pierre told her. "We can describe the results of our research without reserve, including the processes of purification."

Marie made a mechanical gesture of approval and murmured:

"Yes, naturally."

"Or else," Pierre went on, "we can consider ourselves to be the proprietors, the 'inventors' of radium, patent the technique of treating pitchblende, and assure ourselves of rights over the manufacture of radium throughout the world."

Marie reflected a few seconds. Then she said:

"It is impossible. It would be contrary to the scientific spirit."

Pierre's serious face lightened. To settle his conscience, he dwelt upon it, mentioning, with a little laugh,

OBLIVIOUS TO FAME

MADAME CURIE, the most famous woman scientist the world has seen, was completely oblivious to the fame that surrounded her name.

"From first to last she was a scientist lost in her experiments," says her daughter, Eve Curie, in telling the story of her mother's life.

"To see her working was to glimpse the real Marie. Her features had a sublime expression of absorption and ecstasy."

"If an experiment failed she seemed thunderstruck by disaster."

"Seated on a chair, her arms crossed, her back humped, her gaze empty, she suggested some old peasant woman mute and desolate in great grief."

the only thing which it was cruel for him to give up:

"We could have a fine laboratory, too."

Marie's gaze grew fixed. She steadily considered this idea of gain. Almost at once she rejected it.

"Physicists always publish their researches completely. If our discovery has a commercial future, that is an accident by which we must not profit."

"And radium is going to be of use in treating disease . . . It is impossible to take advantage of that."

NOW came the prelude to the symphony soon to approach its crescendo.

In June, 1903, the Royal Institution officially invited Pierre to London to lecture on radium.

Following this came a deluge of invitations to dinners and banquets, for all London wanted to see the parents of radium.

The Curies unhesitatingly endured this for a few days, then went back to their shed.

But the Anglo-Saxons are faithful to those they admire.

In November, 1903, the Royal Society of London bestowed on Pierre and Marie one of its highest awards: the Davy Medal.

Next recognition came from Sweden. On December 10, 1903, the Academy of Science of Stockholm announced that the Nobel Prize in Physics for the current year was awarded half to Henri Becquerel, half to M. and Mme. Curie for their discoveries in radioactivity.

This Nobel Prize meant 70,000 gold francs, and it was not "contrary to the scientific spirit" to accept it. A unique chance to release Pierre from his hours of teaching, to save his health!

When the blessed cheque was paid, there were presents and loans to Pierre's brother, to Marie's sisters, subscriptions to scientific societies,

gifts to Polish students, to a childhood friend of Marie's.

Marie also installed a "modern" bathroom in their little house and repapered a shabby room.

But it never entered her head to mark the occasion by buying a new hat. And she kept on with her teaching, although she insisted on Pierre's leaving the School of Physics.

But a permanent misunderstanding separated the Curies from the public, which now turned toward them.

They had reached a moment which was perhaps the most pathetic of their lives: for their mission was not finished; they wanted only to work.

As Marie wrote in the spring of 1904:

... Always a hubbub. People are keeping us from work as much as they can. Now I have decided to be brave and I receive no visitors—but they disturb me just the same. Our life has been altogether spoiled by honors and fame . . . Our peaceful and laborious existence is completely disorganised.

One anecdote out of a thousand sums up beautifully the response of the Curies to public acclaim.

The couple were dining at the Elysée Palace with President and Mme. Loubet. In the course of the evening Mme. Loubet asked Marie:

"Would you like me to present you to the King of Greece?"

Marie, innocently and politely, replied, all too sincerely:

"I don't see the utility of it." Then, perceiving the lady's stupefaction, she blushed and said precipitately:

"But—but—naturally, I shall do whatever you please. Just as you please."

A Second Baby

MARIE'S second baby, Eve, was born on December 6, 1904, a plump child, crowned with shaggy, black hair.

Marie soon resumed the routine of school and laboratory. The couple were never seen in society. But they could not always get out of official banquets in honor of foreign scientists. On such occasions Pierre would don his shiny tails and Marie would put on her one evening dress.

This dress, which she kept for years, to be transformed from time to time by a dressmaker, was made of black grenadine. A smart woman would have looked upon it with pity.

But the discretion and reserve which were the very mark of Marie's character created a sort of style in her dress.

When she wound her ash-blond hair into a crest and timidly hung a light necklace of gold filigree about her neck, she was exquisite.

Her slender body and inspired face suddenly unveiled their charm.

Continued on Page 34

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MANNEQUIN Whistles HER WAY To FAME

Charming Country Girl Brings New Note to Fashion Parades

A whistling mannequin is Australia's latest contribution to the world of fashion.

The whistler is Miss Beth McKay, who was Miss New South Wales in the 150th Anniversary Celebrations pageant and who is now engaged in mannequin work in Sydney.

AUSTRALIA has given the world lovely Margaret Vyner and Elizabeth Morris Edwards, of West Australia, but Miss McKay is the first charming mannequin to whistle her way to fame.

If desired she can display the latest Parisian fashion trends to the tune of a Viennese waltz or a hot New York rhythm. A broadcast mannequin parade with a whistling accompaniment was one of her recent achievements.

Six months ago Miss McKay was living quietly at Coff's Harbor, bored with the day to day routine.

She came to Sydney for a holiday, decided she preferred the city to the country, and reviewed her qualifications for a career.

Mannequin work appealed to her, so she enrolled at a Sydney mannequin school for a course of training. Already she has been engaged for several big parades.

Now she wakes up every morning not knowing quite what the day will bring.

She may be wearing beautiful imported gowns in a mannequin parade, posing for photographs, on the air in a radio programme, or taking part in a film.

At a recent fashion parade a radio official heard her whistling—a habit that runs in her family when feeling cheerful or preoccupied—and shortly afterwards she whistled over the air at a community singing session at the Theatre Royal.



A CHARMING STUDY of Miss Beth McKay, the whistling mannequin.

She is now rehearsing a whistling and singing act with a girl friend.

They share a flat with adjoining shower-rooms, and practise—so far without complaints from the neighbors—every morning under their showers.

Tall and slim, with large blue eyes and very fair hair, small well-shod feet and a flair for decorative clothes, there is nothing of the country girl about Beth except perhaps her natural personality and her magnificent fair complexion.

She was chosen to represent New South Wales in the 150th Anniversary Celebrations Pageant of Nationhood.

She was also one of the girls who appeared in the water ballet in Cinesound's new picture, "Leave It to George."

Whistles Anything

LOTS of would-be opera singers would envy the wealth of expression and changing moods of Beth's whistling. It might be called "coloratura," and is by turns gay, challenging, or softly sad. Her repertoire varies from grand opera to popular songs like "The Merry-Go-Round Broke Down."

Beth modestly denies that there is any art or musical knowledge in her whistling. "I just whistle anything that comes into my head," she says.

"Why do I prefer living in the city? Because there are more people here, and there is an exhilaration in crowds. There are more of the things that women like—beautiful clothes to be looked at, quite apart from whether you can afford to buy them or not, well-dressed women, flower shops, a sense of things happening all the time.

"And—of course—there are more opportunities for a girl to find a job that she can do successfully.

"But that doesn't mean that there is nothing to be said for life in a country town. In lots of ways country people know more about how to be happy than city people do. We had very good times at home, and most of my best friends are country people."



Just a little love, a little kiss

I would give you all my life for this.

And I hear you whistling "I love you."

Moods of a ballad, as expressed by the whistling mannequin.

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Michel

SIX ENTRANCING SHADES
Blonde : Cherry : Vivid
Cypriote : Raspberry : Scarlet
ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

MARIE CURIE — My MOTHER

"It's a pity," Pierre murmured on one such occasion. "Evening dress becomes you!" With a sigh, he added: "But, there it is, we haven't got time."

On July 3, 1905, Pierre Curie entered the Academy—but only just. Twenty-two scientists voted for his opponent. Meanwhile the Sorbonne had created a chair in physics for him—the post so long desired—but still there was no adequate laboratory.

Eight more years of patience were required before Marie was to install radioactivity in a dwelling worthy of it—a dwelling which Pierre was never to see.

The harrowing idea that her companion had waited in vain for his beautiful laboratory—the single ambition of his life—until the very end was to live with her always.

"Madame Curie and I are working," wrote Pierre on April 14, 1906, "to dose radium with precision by the amount of emanation it gives off. That might seem to be nothing, and yet here we have been at it for several months and are only now beginning to obtain regular results."

Madame Curie and I are working... These words, written by Pierre five days before his death, express the essence and the beauty of a union which was never weakened.

"Pierre Is Dead!"

TOWARDS half-past two on Thursday, April 19, 1906—a sultry, rainy day—Pierre took leave of the professors in the Faculty of Science with whom he had been lunching, and went out into the downpour.

As he attempted to cross the Rue Dauphine, Pierre absent-mindedly stepped from behind a cab into the path of a heavy dray. Surprised, he attempted to hang on to the chest of the horse, which suddenly reared. The scientist's heels slipped on the wet pavement. The driver pulled on the reins, but in vain; the enormous wagon, dragged on by its weight of six tons, continued for several yards. The left back wheel encountered

a feeble obstacle which it crushed in passing. Policemen picked up the warm body, from which life had been taken away in a flash.

Six o'clock: Marie, gay and vivid, appeared in the doorway of her home. She found callers, and vaguely perceived, in their too-deferential attitude, the signs of compassion. As they gave an account of the facts, Marie remained motionless. After a long, haggard silence, her lips moved at last:

"Pierre is dead? Dead? Absolutely dead?"

From the moment when those three words, "Pierre is dead," reached her consciousness, she became a pitiful and incurably lonely woman.

In a few laconic words she asked that Pierre's body be brought home. She begged a friend to take Irene; she sent a brief telegram to her father in Warsaw. Then she went out into the wet garden and sat down, her head in her hands, her gaze empty. Deaf, inert, mute, she waited for her companion.

Slowly, painfully, the stretcher was edged through the narrow door. The dead man was stretched out in a room on the ground floor, and Marie remained alone with her husband.

She kissed his face, his supple body, still almost warm. She was taken by force into another room so as not to be present at the dressing of the body.

She obeyed, as if unconscious, and then seized by the idea that she had allowed herself to be robbed of these minutes, she came back and clung to the body.

On May 13, 1906, the council of the Faculty of Science unanimously decided to confide Pierre's chair at the Sorbonne to Marie. This was the first time that a position in French higher education had been given to a woman.

On the day of her first lecture at the Sorbonne, the crowd filled the little graded amphitheatre and overflowed into the corridors and into the square outside.

Necks were craned so as not to miss Mme. Curie's entrance. What would

Continued from Page 32

be the new professor's first words? Would she thank the Minister, the University? Would she speak of Pierre Curie? Yes, undoubtedly; the custom was to begin by pronouncing a eulogy of one's predecessor.

Half-past one... The door at the back opened, and Marie Curie walked to the chair in a storm of applause.

She inclined her head. It was a dry little movement intended as a salute. Standing, Marie waited for the ovation to cease. It ceased suddenly.

Marie stared straight ahead of her and said: "When one considers the progress that has been made in physics in the past ten years, one is surprised at the advance that has taken place in our ideas concerning electricity and matter..."

Mme. Curie had resumed the course at the precise sentence where Pierre Curie had left it. Tears rose to the eyes and fell upon the faces there.

Personal Fame

NOW the personal fame of Mme. Curie mounted and spread like a rocket. Diplomas and honors from foreign academies arrived by the dozen. And although the Academy of Sciences failed to honor her with membership—Marie missed being elected by one vote—Sweden awarded her the Nobel Prize in Chemistry for the year 1911.

When the war came, Marie took up wholeheartedly the service of her second fatherland. Discovering that the hospitals lacked adequate X-ray equipment with which to locate shell fragments and bullets in the wounded she immediately recognised her field: a large number of radiological stations must be created at once.

She made a round of the manufacturers and University laboratories, collected all the X-ray apparatus that could be graded and distributed it to the hospitals near Paris.

Volunteer operators were recruited among the professors, engineers, and scientists.

For ambulance work near the front, Marie created, with funds from the Union of Women of France, the first "radiological car"—an automobile in which she put a Roentgen apparatus and a dynamo, driven by the car motor. This complete mobile post circulated from hospital to hospital from August, 1914, onward. It was the only one available during the Battle of the Marne.

IN 1920 the women of America raised 100,000 dollars to buy a gram of radium to be presented to Marie Curie. In exchange they asked her to visit them.

Marie hesitated. But, touched by the magnificent generosity, she conquered her fears and accepted for the first time, at 54, the obligations of a great official journey.

At the landing pier in New York an enormous mob waited for her for five hours. From the moment of her arrival it was apparent how much the timid Mme. Curie meant to America. Even before knowing her, the Americans had surrounded her with an almost religious devotion; now that she was here among them, their homage was boundless.

I believe the journey to America taught my mother that her determined isolation was paradoxical.

As a research worker she might cut herself off from the century and concentrate entirely on her own work.

But Mme. Curie at 55 was something other than a research worker. The prestige of her name was such that by her mere presence she could assure the success of some project dear to her. From now on she was to reserve a place in her life for these missions.

Her journeys now were much alike. Scientific congresses, lectures, University ceremonies and visits to laboratories called Mme. Curie to a large number of capitals.

She was feted and acclaimed in them all. She tried to make herself useful. Too often she was obliged to struggle against her uncertain health.

By popular collection Warsaw built a radium institute—the Marie Sklodowska-Curie Institute—and the women of America accomplished a new miracle by collecting the money for the purchase of a gram of radium for it—the second gram given by America to Mme. Curie. The events of 1921 repeated themselves: In October, 1929, Marie again sailed for New York, to thank America in the name of Poland.

She was the guest of President Hoover, and stayed at the White House for several days.

But nothing in her had changed: neither the physical fear of crowds nor her incurable inaptitude for vanity.

In spite of a loyal effort, Marie did not succeed in making her pact with fame. It was always the laboratory—and its young scientists—that held first place in Marie Curie's heart. "I don't know whether I could live without the laboratory," she once wrote.

Scorned Danger

TO the end of her life Marie continued to work with singular haste—and with the singular imprudence which was usual with her.

She had always scorned the precautions which she so severely imposed on her pupils. She barely consented to submit to the blood tests which were the rule at the Institute of Radium. Her blood content was abnormal. What of it?

For 35 years Mme. Curie had handled radium and breathed the emanation of radium. During the four years of the war she had been exposed to the even more dangerous radiation of the Roentgen apparatus.

Slight deterioration in the blood, annoying and painful burns on the hands, were not, after all, such very severe punishments for the number of risks she had run.

Marie paid little attention to the light fever which began to trouble her.

But in May, 1934, she took to her bed after an attack of the gripe and did not leave it again.

When at last the robust heart beat no more, science pronounced its verdict.

The abnormal symptoms, the strange, unprecedented blood tests, accused the true criminal: radium.

On Friday, July 6, 1934, at noon, without speeches or processions, without a politician or an official present, Mme. Curie modestly took her place in the realm of the dead.

She was buried beside Pierre in the cemetery at Sceaux in the presence of her relatives, her friends, and the co-workers who loved her.

"Madame Curie." Eve Curie, William Heinemann.

LOVER COME BACK...

That night, Ann acts as prompter.



Tony—was it necessary to kiss her quite so passionately—everyone noticed!



Meanwhile Ann's mother visits the family doctor...



Your Doctor will tell you, if you wake tired, suffer from "nerves" and debility, to take Horlicks, a cupful regularly each night! Prices from 1/6, economy size 2/9. Use the mixer, it makes Horlicks twice as nice. Price, 1/6. Ask your chemist or grocer for a Special Pack containing a 4-lb. tin, mixer, and measuring spoon, all for 2/6.

HORLICKS GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT STARVATION

BETTY'S 'Racey' NARRATIVES

All Dressed Up and Ready
for Randwick's Great Easter

By BETTY GEE

It is going to be a Silver Fox fur winter.

I feel it, because, April being lucky for marriages and other troublesome problems, I shall assuredly win at the autumn racing at Randwick starting next Saturday.

The bills have come in for my autumn garbing, but they can wait until the round of festivities concludes. One mustn't be worried by trifles. But, believe me, they're not trifles. The bills, I mean.

LISTEN to this for St. Leger Day at Randwick and make your own calculations.

Ensemble of gregre rodier. A genuine Worth, my dear. The weave's as light as a feather, too marvellous for these between-season days.

With it one of Reboux's new flaring haloes in the same shade, set on a black satin cap—a shining concealment to my blonde hair which gives me quite a demure and saintly air. You'd be surprised, or would you?

Stunning pouch bag of antelope in slightly deeper shade, gilt-handled and zippered. Gloves of antelope in the same shade, whipped stitchery trim on back and edge of gauntlet.

Shoes—my pet extravagance, as you know—handmade gabardine trotteurs, low cut with delicately punched trim and 2-hole tie in unobtrusive grosgrain ribbon.

On Cup Day I sally forth in a snappy tailleur of privet-green with new ultra-mannish cut and that poured-in finish which is so kind to my neat figure (said she, modestly). Man-tailored, of course, by you-know-who.

For evening a luscious silver brocade with the quaintest pattern of black antelopes leaping madly all over it. The skirt hugs the hips and falls into soft, full, classical folds. There's not much bodice, but what there is is really exciting. Schiaparelli thought it out. It's a copy of one of her sex-appeal series.

Yes, I'll need to be lucky right through the meeting.

I wonder if costumers and milliners realise to what extent their payment depends upon luck—and Turf judgement?

In order to satisfy their voracious demands I have become a listener-in to every sporting association I contact. My hearing is tuned to a sensitiveness equal to the most delicate wireless set. Nothing in the way of a racing tip will get past me, be it even a sibylline whisper.

And this is what I've heard:
At a luncheon at Coogee Bay Hotel I heard his trainer, Jack Holt, proclaim Nuffield unbeatable for the Sires' Produce Stakes. Mr. Holt is one who doesn't mince matters. If he's got a "good thing" he'll tell you. That's why he's so popular.

Short Price

ALL I'm worried about is the price. I'm mortally afraid the books will put the screws on the odds.

There seems to be a feeling that John Wilkes is a grand-slami bid for the St. Leger the first day.

Now here's a horse I like, because I won money on him in Melbourne, and I've got a hunch he'll win something big.

By the way, one of my erudite chums of the Turf called it "a haunch" the other day. She had "a haunch" Valbeau would win the Doncaster. Thought she was picking the Beef Steak, I suppose.

Mrs. Dol Clayton gives Tredonner a great chance in the Hurdle on Leger Day.

You accept my tip and have a little each way on it upon the Tote. And that reminds me! There's a new 5/- ladies' Tote in the members' reserve.

You needn't be rich to swank at the races nowadays.

For if you can pay all exs. on the lavish scale and have a plunge on every race.

Sydney's getting quite up to date in its racing. Melbourne, Perth and Brisbane introduced it 15 years ago, and even Adelaide, City of Churches, has a 2/- tote on some of its courses for ladies and all.

Scherrie, Allunga and Genetout have the Autumn Plate between them. But three's too intriguing for one race. Genetout is a Paris importation, and if he's a match for my Paris model evening frock he ought to win it.

I HEARD Mr. Fred Smith, his partner, tell friends at Rosehill the other day that when he thoroughly acclimatised it was right on the cards he would be the best distance horse in Australia.

What a lucky man! In partnership with Mr. A. W. Thompson, and Mr. E. L. (Prince) Baillieu, he also owns Ajax. So it looks as if these three sportsmen have the best two horses in all this fair land.

I heard Mr. Sol Green, of Melbourne, praising El Golea, and what he doesn't know about form is nobody's business. I made a mental vow to follow El Golea in whatever he runs in. It might be the Vaulchuse on Leger day, and I'll keep following him till one of us gets tired.

What a funny name! There's a horse entered at Randwick called Patted Shrimp. Mr. Ezra Norton brought him all the way from London.

But I'm going to back Mangoola and El Golea in the Vaulchuse.

What a headache is the Doncaster. I've heard 17 tips. But of course they're all trying so hard in a £2600 race, aren't they?

What about Nightguard though? Each way, on the old Tote.

And I think I'll have a place bet on Evening Mist. She's so unlucky I hardly think she can win such a big race, but she's one of those creatures you can always rely upon to get a place.

There's always a crust for the needy when Evening Mist is running.

I must confess, too, that the Sydney Cup has me puzzled on Easter Monday. Can Genetout win? Possibly. And has Mesteravon got over his lame leg? If so, HE can.

But there's one I'm definite about as a tote chance. It's Apollo, such a big handsome creature, all black and shiny like a horse carved in ebony. Yes, he's my Tote horse for the Cup.

But consider Lady Montague for Cup Day. She's been brought all the way from Melbourne for the £1000 Easter Plate on Easter Monday. It's a race for two-year-old lady horses, and if ever there was one you could put the housekeeping money on without fear of starvation she's Lady Montague.

She's the bumper bar between me and a financial crash.

There will be two Ajax Stakes at the meeting. He doesn't run until the All-Aged Plate on the third day, Wednesday, April 20. Nine owners had the temerity to enter against him. Their chances are if he can't run. Or falls down.

It's the same in the Cropper Plate on the last day, April 23. Just a plain, bottled-up certainty for Ajax.



BETTY STRIKES a happy note with this idea of a royal day at Randwick.

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ME37.—Entirely different! With soft cowl neckline, vest, new shaped uplift bodice, tie belt, and full skirt.

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USE THE SPECIAL
PERSIL METHOD!



1. Allow one heaped tablespoon of Persil to each gallon of water. Mix to a smooth paste in a bowl with a little cold water.



2. Then thin down until the mixture looks like milk, and empty the mixed Persil into the washing water by submerging the bowl.



3. Stir well to make SURE that the Persil is thoroughly mixed with the washing water.

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frock was white...



..until Uncle dried her eyes
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SEE YOU GET GENUINE PERSIL! BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

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PRETTY Girls Who ROW, Row, Row

Six tangible arguments against the assertion that rowing is injurious to women are the British girl rowers who have come to Australia for the 150th Anniversary Celebrations.

PROVIDED that one trains properly, not the slightest harm can come from rowing," said Dr. A. V. Cyriax, woman doctor in the crew, whose speciality in her London practice is manipulative work. "Of course, if you have any physical disabilities, rowing will find them out, but to begin rowing in good health is to add to it."

It is obvious that the girls all began in good health.

They look so young it comes as a surprise to learn that most of them have been at this sport for ten years or more.

The muscles that enable them to row four and a half miles over the Oxford and Cambridge boatrace course are not ungracefully obvious.

The other happy, hearty, jolly young members of the team are:

Eleanor Galt, the captain and stroke, affectionately called "Toby."

Elsie Mathewson, with curly Eton crop, and Scottish, so, of course, called "Jock."

Barbara Innes, just five feet of muscle, the little coxswain.

G. M. Barnes, who is "Barney" to all the rest of the crew, and

Phyllis Taylor, the only fair-haired one of the lot.

These girls put more faith in training than in any fancy diet. They eat frequently two eggs and bacon with perhaps a kipper as well for breakfast, and then go out in their shorts for their training run.

Early to bed is their almost invariable rule, and by ten-thirty every night they turn in.

No smoking is another hard-and-fast rule of the girls, and no make-up, either.

An evening cold cream regime is all that is necessary for their English complexions.

Race This Week

THE British girls will row in the women's national four-oared championship in Sydney on April 16. They will meet in this race crews of girls from Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria and South Australia, but it will be the first crew to cross the line that will hold the Australian title.

When all the girls step down to their boats in their trim shorts and shirts that all modern oarswomen wear, there will be many an older onlooker who will say: "What a change from my time!"

For the first interstate girls' race, when Victoria sent a crew to Brisbane in 1913, the stroke, who was May Nagel, and who is now Mrs. Pitman, the president of the oldest women's rowing club in Victoria, says that all the crew wore navy-blue twill bloomers buttoned below their knees.

With these were black cashmere stockings and white woollen sweaters.

They had to walk to the boats with skirts covering their bloomers, and someone was always waiting to take the skirts as they hastily doffed them and then discreetly and modestly sat down as soon as possible.

There was a fine for any girl who was unmanly enough to appear between the boats and the shed without a skirt on.

Mrs. McRitchie, who, as Cansey Woolley, was one of the first girls to row in Victoria, tells of a regatta that was arranged for the Duke and Duchess of York, later King George V and Queen Mary.

She says that a special race for girls was on the programme. She rowed in a skiff against Miss A. Pynder and a Miss Messenger from Sydney.

Miss Woolley won, and when the girls got out of the boats they were so rushed by the crowd for the novelty that three policemen had to come to the rescue and clear the way.

The girls then wore long navy-blue skirts, navy sailor blouses with red collars and red bows in front, middie's caps and gold buttons.

THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER



31,210-7

What Women Are Doing

Woman D.D.

MISS DORA HERRMANN is the first Austrian woman to obtain the degree of doctor of theology. Miss Herrmann is a teacher at a secondary girls' school in Vienna, but her busy professional life did not prevent her pursuing her university studies. She wrote a brilliant thesis on the subject of "Philosophy and Religion in the works of the poet Rainer Maria Rilke."

Successful Owner Chooses Her Own Yearlings

AMONG Australian women who have made a name for themselves in the racing world is Mrs. Ivy Fraser, widow of the late J. W. Fraser, who owned the racehorses Sachendelle, Grand Hero and Eminence.



Mrs. Fraser
—Brooklyn.

Mrs. Fraser is herself a successful owner. Her stable now consists of four horses, three of which have won substantial sums in stakes since she bought them. The fourth, Sweet Rhythm, hasn't raced yet, but shows great promise as a galloper, and will shortly start in his first race.

Dazzling Star, the most brilliant of the lot, carried off five races for his owner this season.

Mrs. Fraser chooses her own yearlings, mainly by intuition, but she liked Dazzling Star because he was a brother of Gay Pierette, the first yearling she ever purchased.

Formed First Auxiliary To Assist Mission Order

A BAND of energetic workers gathered together in Melbourne recently and formed the first auxiliary in connection with the missionary work of the Pallottine Fathers.

Mrs. Burke, well known for her charitable works, particularly in connection with the Catholic Women's Social Guild, was elected president, with Mrs. Douds and Miss Blyth vice-presidents, Miss P. Murphy secretary, and Miss Mason treasurer. Many ways of assisting the Fathers in their work are already in train.

A Younger Set is to be formed at once, under the guidance of Miss Murphy, to conduct an annual ball and other functions of interest to the youth of Australia.

The Pallottine Fathers, a band of missionaries who came to this country from Germany fifteen years ago, are well known for their splendid work among the aborigines and half-castes in the north-west of Australia.

They Raise Money To Help Those in Need

MRS. NOBLE PENNELL, of Melbourne, is having a busy time as honorary secretary of the Charitable Club—a band of young people who arrange all kinds of functions to raise money, and then spend it in helping destitute families.



Mrs. Pennell
—Brooklyn.

They provide milk for one family, bread for another, and so on, according to the need. At present they are hoping to augment their funds as a result of a dance to be held at Tudor Court on May 10.

Apart from her charitable work, Mrs. Pennell's chief interest is in horses, and she is a familiar figure at shows throughout Victoria. Her horses are very well known.

Her pony, Sally, has won 323 prizes in various parts of Victoria. Her thoroughbred, Emir Fiscal, was the open heavyweight hack at Royal Melbourne Show last year, and Monte Blue was champion of the same Show the year before that.

Cruise Memograms

MEMOGRAMS to send to stay-at-home friends are the newest idea for cruise passengers. Mrs. Martin Demuth, ship's artist for the Empress of Britain, sold the idea to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company some months ago. She is now executing memograms on the present cruise of the giant liner. They are roneo copies of sketches depicting characteristic aspects of ports or cruise highlights. With them goes descriptive matter supplied by Mr. Demuth, who is cruise lecturer.

Mr. and Mrs. Demuth, who have both been connected with the company for some years, were married recently and are making the trip their honeymoon.

Queen Mary Admired Rugs Made by C.W.A. Members

LADY DUGAN, wife of the Governor of South Australia, who with her husband has just returned from a trip to England, said in an interview with The Australian Women's Weekly that English women showed a ready interest in the work of the Country Women's Association in Australia.

Lady Dugan took with her to England some rugs made by women of the outback. These had humble beginnings as bits of old rag and wool and were dyed with juices from wattle trees and the common onion, but excited much admiration when displayed at an exhibition in the British Industries House, and later at Marlborough House. Here they came under the notice of Queen Mary, who expressed her interest and surprise at their excellence.

The Flying Doctor organisation was another Australian enterprise favorably known to Londoners. Lady Dugan has brought back some interesting facts about new hospitals recently erected in England. Nurses' quarters were much improved, but in spite of this and the movement for shorter hours there is still a lack of nurses.

Popular Girl Guide Leaders Retire

MISS VIOLET RALPH and Miss Grace Logan, who recently retired from executive positions in the Girl Guides' Association in South Australia, will be greatly missed by the association.



Miss Ralph
—Melb.

They have both been connected with the movement for many years.

Miss Logan was formerly equipment secretary, and Miss Ralph, who has left for an overseas trip, has been connected with Guiding in South Australia since the first days of the association. She has filled the position of State secretary for the past six and a half years, and is the only South Australian on whom the order of the Silver Fish—the highest Guiding order—has been conferred.

Mrs. E. Brereton is in charge of the association until new appointments are made, when Lady Dugan, the State Chief Commissioner, returns from England early this month.

Australian Salads Disappoint World Traveller

ACCORDING to Miss Muriel Lambert, who recently arrived in Adelaide from Canada, Australia grows some of the loveliest fruit and vegetables in the world, but has not yet discovered the art of blending appetising salads. Miss Lambert is a member of the English-Speaking Union, and also of the Women's League of Health and Beauty.

She says the League enjoys tremendous popularity in Canada, partly owing to the fact that for eight months of the year Canadians live in steam-heated homes and ordinary outdoor recreations cannot be indulged in.

In Toronto as many as two hundred pupils attended class at a time. Miss Lambert will stay in Adelaide indefinitely.

Holds Office in Government of Northern Ireland

FOR the first time a woman holds office in the Government of Northern Ireland. She is Mrs. Debra Parker, M.P., who was recently appointed Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Education, in Ulster.

A member of the Unionist Party for many years, Mrs. Parker was a member of the first Ulster House of Commons. She represented the constituency of Londonderry from 1921 to 1929. She has been member for South Londonderry since 1933.

Collects Antiques In Many Countries

MRS. ALVAN T. SIMONDS, of Boston, is a collector of antiques and travels round the world in search of them. When she arrived in Sydney recently she had among her luggage many beautiful examples of handwork, shawls and costumes which had belonged to the Prince and Princess of Taj Mahal, and which she obtained through Her Highness of Borota, whose house guest she was for three days.

Mrs. Simonds keeps her treasures long enough to show her friends and then presents them to the Boston Art Museum.

Victorian Horsewomen For Sydney Show

SYDNEY Royal Easter Show lured many well-known Victorian horsewomen across the border this year.

Mrs. Eve Lithgow, one of Victoria's veteran riders and one of our best riders over hurdles, is appearing for the sixth year in succession. She entered three horses—Gaybow, winner of many prizes in Melbourne; her pony jumper, Pinedo, and Silver Cloud.

Silver Cloud will be one of four horses, all cream with silver manes and tails and all related, which are to jump together at the Show.

Other well-known competitors are Mrs. Harold Bartram and her twelve-year-old daughter, Mary, who spend most of their lives going from show to show. Mary is no stranger to Sydney. She has been competing in riding events for years, but is about to make her first appearance in the hunting class.

Leading Spirit in Many Charitable Organisations

ONE of the best-known women in Melbourne is Mrs. F. W. Head, wife of the Archbishop of Melbourne.

She is interested in everything and seems to be the moving spirit in many movements for the welfare of the people.

Of special interest to her is the Girls' Friendly Society, a society of Church of England girls and women throughout the Empire, founded in 1875. To-day the society, of which Mrs. Head is president, has 180 branches in Victoria.

Mrs. Head is leading a committee organising an appeal for £12,000 to replace the old hostel in Spring St. with a new modern building. She has written to the Princess Royal hoping to interest her in the appeal. Her Royal Highness is well known throughout the Empire for her interest in girls' organisations, and the Girls' Friendly Society is one of her special ones.

Response to Appeal Has Been Wonderful

SINCE they formed themselves into an association a few months ago to help the distressed in China, young members of the Chinese community in Brisbane have given devoted attention to the task.

Miss Edna Wah Hing, honorary secretary, told The Australian Women's Weekly that the response of the citizens of Brisbane to their appeal had been wonderful. In a recent shipment to China 46 cases of clothing were sent, including £100 worth of Ipswich woollen goods, also a consignment of milk. There is a great demand for milk.

The association has a social committee of women who do the sorting, packing and mending of the clothes, and see that they are sent away in perfect condition. A number of Europeans give assistance, including members of the Queensland Women's Peace Movement.

Miss Wah Hing was educated in a European school. She has not yet visited China, but hopes to some day.



Miss Wah Hing
—Raband Simmonds.

Re-elected Secretary to Fencing Club

MISS JO SAMUEL, who has been re-elected secretary to the South Australian Amateur Fencing Club, is one of the foremost exponents of fencing in the State. Taking a keen interest in the sport during her school days at Woodlands, she studied under Wanda Edwards, and later in London as a pupil of the late Capt. Felix Grave. Capt. Grave was the first French fencing master to open a school in England.

Negotiations are being made for the formation of a National Fencing Federation, and the South Australian Amateur Fencing Club has been invited to send two delegates to a meeting to be held in Sydney on April 12 to discuss plans for the formation of the Federation.

Indian Visitor Is Keen About Television

ON a world tour Miss M. F. Wadein, of Bombay, came to Sydney recently. This trip is her first out of India, where she led a very secluded life, as her father had orthodox views about the seclusion of women. It was a great concession on his part, she said, that she was allowed to go to college.

Miss Wadein is interested in music and has studied the piano under well-known teachers. It is her aim now to make a study of television and she was disappointed to learn that it had not yet been introduced into Australia.

They Live in Isolated Province in China

MRS. ROLAND BUTLER, who, accompanied by her husband and children, is spending her furlough from the China Inland Mission in South Australia, hopes to return with her family to China at the end of August. She and her husband have been working in the province of Kweichow, in South-West China, since 1930, and came out to Adelaide in May of last year.

Their province is a very isolated one, but is developing rapidly, especially since the visit of the Chinese Generalissimo, Chiang Kai-shek, in 1935. The greater part of Rev. and Mrs. Butler's work is evangelistic, but Mrs. Butler, who is a trained nurse, also does some medical work.

She was born and educated in China, where her parents also did mission work, but completed her nursing and missionary training in Melbourne.

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GOOD LOOKS!

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HALF-WAY HOUSE

Continued from Page 14

BILL dropped to his knees and with the same surprise heard his voice, which sounded unfamiliar to his ears, say: "Joe. For Heaven's sake, Joe." He did not touch his brother-in-law's body.

The glaze was drowned in the man's eyes. They crept sideways in a stealthy manner until they came to rest.

"Water—?"
The gray fingers scratched more quickly. "No. Too . . . Bill, I'm dying."

"Joe, who—?"
"Woman. Woman." The broken voice stopped, but the mouth continued to move, lips curling and closing, tongue rising and falling. Then the voice succeeded again: "Woman."

"What woman, Joe? Joe, for Heaven's sake!"
"Woman. Vell. Heavy vell—face. Couldn't see. Knifed me . . ."

Bill, Bill."

"Who in the name of —?"
"Love—Lucy. Bill, take care of Lu . . ."
"Joe!"

The mouth stopped moving, the lips uncurled, the tongue trembled and was still. The glaze returned to the eyes, which continued to stare at Bill with the same savage wonder and agony.

Then Bill was conscious that the fingers had stopped scratching. He got stiffly to his feet and walked out of the shack.

MR. ELLERY

QUEEN was sprawled comfortably under a palm in the lobby of the Stacy-Trent, eyes closed over his fuming briar, when he heard a negroid voice bellowing his name.

He opened his eyes in astonishment to find a colored boy in the forest-green and maroon livery of the hotel shuffling past.

"Boy! Here."

The lobby was jammed, and a peacock's tail of eyes regarded him with curiosity. His name had rung through the verdant room, and he beckoned the attendant in some annoyance.

"Mistuh Queen? Telephone."

Ellery tossed the boy a coin and made his way, frowning, to the desk. Among the heads that had jerked up at the attendant's bawl was that of a red-haired young woman in a brown tweed suit. With a queer quirk of the lips she rose and quickly followed Ellery. Her long legs flashed noiselessly over the marble floor.

Ellery picked up the telephone. The young woman took up a position a few feet behind him, turned her back, opened her handbag, extracted a lipstick, and began to paint her painted mouth.

"Bill?"

"Thank Heaven!"

"Bill! What's the matter?"

"Ellery . . . I can't go back to New York with you to-night. I—"

Could you possibly—?"

Ellery said quietly: "Bill, something's happened."

"Yes." The lawyer paused for a moment, and Ellery heard him clear his throat three times. "Ellery, it's simply—it's a nightmare. It can't have happened. My brother-in-law . . . He's been—he's dead."

"Good Heavens!"

"Murdered. Stuck in the chest like a—like a pig."

"Murdered!" Ellery blinked. The young woman behind him stiffened as if she had received an electric shock. Then she hunched her shoulders and applied her lipstick furiously. "Bill . . . Where are you? When did this happen?"

"Don't know. Not long ago. He was still alive when I got there. He said . . . Then he died. Ellery . . . these things just don't happen to your own people. How am I going to break it to Lucy?"

"Bill," said Ellery indistinctly. "Stop wool-gathering. Listen to me. Have you notified the police?"

"No. . . . No."

"Where are you?"

"In the watchman's house across the road from the Marine Terminal. Ellery, you've got to help us!"

"Of course, Bill. How far from the Stacy-Trent is this place?"

"Three miles. You'll come? Ellery, you'll come?"

"At once. Call the Trenton police. I'm on my way." Ellery dropped the telephone, jammed on his hat, and ran like a fiend.

The red-haired young woman stared after him with a strange light in her hazel eyes. Then she snapped her bag shut.

It was twenty minutes to ten when Ellery slammed his brake on before the watchman's house opposite the Marine Terminal. Bill Angell was sitting on the running-board of his car, head between his hands, staring at the damp road. A knot of curious men thronged the doorway of the house.

THE two men

gazed briefly into each other's eyes.

"It's rotten," choked Bill.

"Rotten!"

"I know, Bill. I know. You've called the police?"

"They'll be coming along soon. I—I've called Lucy, too." A spark of desperation glittered in Bill's eyes.

"She's not home."

"Where is she?"

"I'd forgotten. She's always down town seeing a movie on Saturday nights when Joe . . . when he's away. No answer. I've sent a wire telling her to come, that Joe'd had an . . . accident. The wire will get there before she will. We—there's no sense in not facing facts. Is there?"

"Certainly not, Bill."

"Let's go," he said grimly, and they climbed into the car. He turned it around and retraced its trail south.

"Slowly," said Ellery after a moment. His eyes were on the shimmering cones of the headlights. "Tell me all you know."

Bill told him. At mention of the woman in the Cadillac roadster, Ellery glanced at his companion's face. It was dark and dangerous.

"Velled woman," murmured Ellery.

"That was fortunate, Bill! I mean poor Wilson's living long enough to tell you. Was this woman wearing a veil?"

"I don't know. It wasn't over her face when she passed me. But she might have slipped it up over her hat. I don't know. . . . When Joe—when he died I went out to the car, backed it out of the side lane into the road, and drove to the Terminal. Then I called you. That's all."

The shack loomed ahead. Bill began wearily to turn the wheel.

"No!" said Ellery sharply. "Stop here. Have you a flashlight?"

"In the door pocket."

Ellery got out of the car and nosed the flash about. In a few sweeps of the beam he fixed the scene indelibly in his mind: the silent shack, the muddy lane leading to the side, the semi-circular drive before the front door, the weed-grown segments of ground bordering the drives. He turned the light on the mud of the side lane, crouching a little. So far as he could see there were no man-

Your Words

Here in the vivid, clear white day without you, I wonder, and I faintly think I doubt you. Your words come easily, and words amount To very little, since it's deeds that count. Your letters are a strangeness for the day Is close, and clear, and true and frankly gay. And oh! you are so far, so far away. And all the haze of distance is about you.

—Yvonne Webb.

made marks in the soggy earth except tyre-tracks, of which there seemed to be several sets. He scrutinized these closely for a moment and then returned to the car.

"Bill! We'll walk from here."

"Yes."

"Or, better still, turn your car about to block the road. We don't want anyone running cars up these drives. I don't see any footprints in the mud here, and that may be important. The tyre-marks which already exist should naturally be preserved. The rain this afternoon was an act of God . . . Bill! Are you listening?"

"Yes. Yes, of course."

As he stood in the middle of the main road leaning against his car, there was something in his eyes that made Ellery turn away. Then, on impulse, he turned back.

"I'm going inside for a look around. You know I mean only to help you, old boy?"

Bill smiled; a ghastly smile. Ellery patted his shoulder helplessly, and, raising his flashlight, hurried back to the dirt lane. He vaulted over to the weeds on the riverside, played the flash, and made his way cautiously toward the side door of the shack.

THE wooden porch was tiny, a square platform of rotting boards raised a few inches from the mud. For the moment he ignored the half-open side door and the quiet leg which he could see protruding from beyond the round table inside. Instead, he crossed to the farther edge of the porch and stabbed the ground with his torch. His brows went up.

A narrow path led from the porch toward the river. In the mud of this walk there were two sets of male footprints, one going and one coming. These which pointed toward the porch were for the most part superimposed upon those which pointed toward the river. Even on superficial examination it was evident that they were all impressions of the same feet.

Ellery sent the beam dancing down the path. It led straight to a small, staggering structure perched on the very edge of the Delaware River, some forty feet away. This second shack was even more woe-begone in appearance than the house.

"Garage or boathouse," he thought, peering at it. Then he quickly snapped off his flash and stepped to the threshold of the shack; for a roaring sound was growing on Lamberston Road, coming from Trenton, and it sounded like a high-powered motor car.

Please turn to Page 46

HORRIFIED WHEN SHE WAS WEIGHED

Took off 31 lbs. with Kruschen

Why continue to be fat? Why continue to be afraid to step on a weighing machine for fear of what it may show? Once you start on Kruschen, being weighed is no longer an ordeal, but a pleasure. Read how one woman is losing weight and gaining health by taking Kruschen Salts.

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The six salts in Kruschen assist the internal organs to throw off each day the waste and poisons that encumber the system. Then, little by little, that ugly fat goes—slowly, yes, but surely.

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THE MOVIE WORLD

April 16, 1938.

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

Calling Australia!

Moviedom News and Gossip

By JOHN B. DAVIES and
BARBARA BOURCHIER
From New York and Hollywood

Sonja Henie Will Fly

A SPECTACULAR publicity stunt is being arranged for Sonja Henie. It is announced that she will fly the Atlantic Ocean as a passenger in a plane piloted by Dick Merrill next summer. Sonja's mother will also be a passenger in the plane.

Shirley Less Curly

SHIRLEY TEMPLE is without her celebrated curls for the first time in her career in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." She ties up her hair in two little bunches, one on each ear.

It remains to be seen whether the myriad mothers who have forced the Temple curl coiffure on their infant daughters will now switch to the more schoolgirlish mode.

Selznick Is Slow

UNLESS David O. Selznick gets a move on with his production of "Gone With the Wind," he may find that the American Civil War has gone stale as a theme.

Warner Brothers are completing "Jezebel," with Bette Davis. M.-G.-M. have bought a Civil War novel called "The Unvanquished." Other studios are planning similar films.

Gracie Allen said the other day that she thought "Gone With the Wind" was a sequel to "The Hurricane."

Barbara Burgled

BARBARA STANWYCK has been the victim of jewel thieves. She has informed the police that \$2400 worth of jewellery was taken from a chest of drawers in the bedroom of her ranch home.

New Charles Laughton

THE biggest attraction on the "Marie Antoinette" set is not Norma Shearer these days, nor Tyrone Power, nor yet John Barrymore, but Robert Morley, the British actor who never before appeared before a camera.

Morley is playing the part of the Dauphin, originally intended for Charles Laughton. His

CAGNEY'S DOUBLE LIFE

• The strange private life of a tough guy—James Cagney's favorite form of literature is poetry. He reads, loves and understands the best that has been written. His favorite hobby is collecting antique furniture. And as part of his training to keep fit for screen roles he is taking ballet lessons.

uncanny resemblance in voice, speech, and mannerisms to Laughton is astounding everyone on the lot.

Shut your eyes and you think you're listening to Laughton himself. But Morley is proving that he is a great actor in his own right.



Cooper as Bluebeard

• "BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE" is the latest job by Ernst Lubitch, Paramount's ace comedy director. Gary Cooper is a millionaire, who has been married seven times already, and Claudette Colbert is his eighth and most troublesome bride. Above, left: Edward Everett Horton and Franklin Pangborn. Horton plays Claudette's father. Above, right: David Niven, an old sweetheart, with Claudette. Below, left and centre: The stars. Right: David Niven.

Stars Are Restless

TWO major stars are ready to break with their studios—Joan Blondell and Fred Astaire.

Fred Astaire will probably leave R.K.O. after his next picture, which will finish up his contract. Samuel Goldwyn needs a musical star, and, besides, he and Fred are great pals.

Joan Blondell may check out of Warners'. Although she has been working under a lucrative contract, Harriet Hilliard has asked R.K.O. to be released.

She says she's tired of playing in second-rate pictures.

Scared of Clown

UNEASY rests the head of Paulette Goddard as she awaits the homecoming of Charlie Chaplin. During his absence of a few weeks his entire home has been redecorated so that not even a stick of furniture remains the same.

Paulette enlisted the services of Sylvia Fairbanks, who gained quite a reputation as interior decorator because of the beautiful home she created for herself and Doug at Santa Monica. But now both she and Paulette are trembling lest Chaplin disapprove of the new effects.



Pond's Creams bring to Women the active "Skin-Vitamin"

no more than ordinary creams. In handy tubes for your handbag, as well as large and small jars for your dressing table.

To-day—Pond's two creams do more for the skin than ever before! They contain a vitamin which helps your body to rebuild skin tissue and aids in keeping skin beautiful—the "Skin-Vitamin."

For years Pond's tested this "Skin-Vitamin" in Pond's creams. Then Pond's gave the creams to women to try. They said, in four weeks: "My skin is smoother," "My pores look finer." Try Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" creams to-day—Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Cold Cream for cleansing, and Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Vanishing Cream as a powder base.

And remember, Pond's Creams cost

"The new ingredient makes them better than ever."
Lady Mary Rose Fitzroy.

FREE! Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Creams. Mail this coupon to-day with four one penny stamps in a sealed envelope to cover postage, parking, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two "Skin-Vitamin" creams—Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's new Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted: Brunette (Rachel) (), Light Cream (), Rose Cream (Natural), (), Naturelle (Light Natural) (), Rose Brunette (), Dark Brunette (Suntan) ().
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FAREWELL TO CRAZY COMEDY

A SWING BACK TO SENTIMENT AND SINCERITY AND ROMANCE IS APPROACHING IN THE FILM WORLD, WITH AN END TO THE CURRENT VOGUE OF MADCAP SOPHISTICATION

By Joan McLeod

From Hollywood

THESE crazy comedies—can they go on indefinitely? Since the historic "My Man Godfrey," eighteen months back, lunacy has had a big run for its money, and has made big money for its run.

But there are signs that the fashion will soon pass away.

Carole Lombard was the star of "Godfrey," the first big film of the cycle. And she is also the star of "Nothing Sacred," which may well be the last.

For in "Nothing Sacred" the fashion for barminess just about goes the limit, goes so far, in fact, that it has been called "the crazy comedy to end crazy comedies."

If the fashion does pass away, it is certain that nobody will regret it as much as Carole, because this crazy vogue has raised her from among the minor glamorists to the rank of a great star.

A few years ago, the only fact of importance known to Hollywood about her was that her face, hair, and figure photographed with unusual beauty. Look at the picture on this page, if the fact escapes your memory.

Suddenly it dawned on a director that Carole Lombard was not really a remote and fatal woman, but a hearty romp.

And as a result she has been paid \$100,000 for the four films she has made in the past year.

Glue in Goloshes

CONCURRENTLY with her promotion as a comedienne there has been a splendidly astute publicity drive to persuade us that Miss Lombard's private life is the same type of rough-and-tumble farce as her screen appearances.

Daily cables have been sent to the ends of the earth, telling how she has arrived at a party in an ambulance, has fallen off a motor-scooter, or has filled Clark Gable's goloshes with liquid glue.

Assuredly it will go hard with Carole Lombard if, as certain seers predict, the public taste swings back to gentle sentiment.

The famous blonde may have to hold a jumble sale of her motor-scooters, booby traps, itching powder, and false noses, and lay in a stock of sunbonnets, lavender sachets, and novels by Gene Stratton Porter.

Still, there is little doubt that the publicity pamphleteers would not take long to persuade us that Miss Lombard's hobby is sending Valentines, and that she dwells in a cottage where the roses round the door make her love mother more.

But you ask why there is reason to foresee the end of screen craziness.

The most likely cause of the reaction is the astounding cynicism of these comedies.

Quite literally, they treat nothing as sacred, or even serious. They raise a laugh at the expense of things which sooner or later people will want to take seriously again.

Love, for example. You notice how in the last year kisses have almost disappeared from the screen. The censor is not the cause—the public is. Whenever a film pair embrace these days with any sign of enthusiasm, the audience becomes highly derisive.

That attitude is certain not to last. Humanity is too sentimental to keep it up for long.

And the approaching swing back to sentiment and simplicity is clear if you glance at the list of films which are on the way.

Films like "The Cowboy and the Lady," with Gary Cooper, or Joan Bennett's "I Met My Love Again," or Madeleine Carroll's "The River is Blue," or the unnamed Janet Gaynor picture.

If and when we say farewell to the crazies, though, we should not be ungrateful. They have given us some of the most glorious laughs of a lifetime.

● Speaking of Carole Lombard:

Her real name is Jane Peters.

Her hair used to be dark.

She uses more "cuss-words" than any other actress.

She was once Mrs. William Powell.

She is now Clark Gable's girl friend.

She has been raised to the rank of a great star by a talent for farce.

Hollywood Says

MYRNA LOY is knitting on the set between love scenes with Clark Gable.

Joan Fontaine, Olivia de Havilland's sister, is expected to become Mrs. Conrad Nagel any day now.

Sonja Henie's next picture will show her in college, but, of course, still on skates.

Rudy Vallee's life has become involved since the arrival in town of his other girl friend, Judy Stewart. Gloria Youngblood hasn't been much in evidence since.

A cable comes from the Gary Coopers that they and Dolores del Rio and her husband, Cedric Gibbons, are flying from Bizka to Tunis.

Gloria Swanson is anxiously looking about for a play to do on Broadway. She has given Hollywood up.

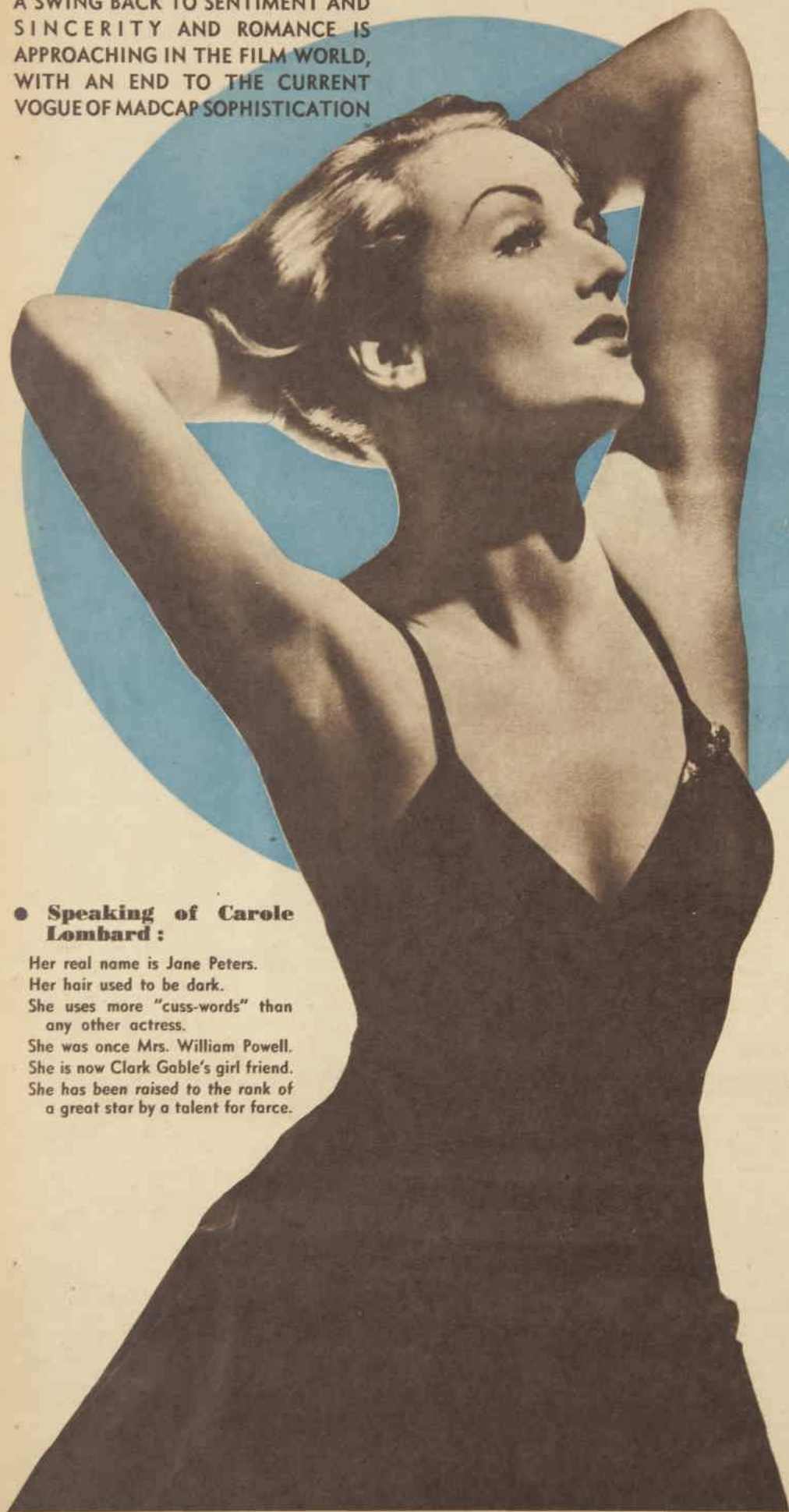
Spencer Tracy's new contract with Metro gives him the same salary as Robert Taylor.

Illiana, otherwise Mrs. Stan Laurel, is recuperating in the Wilshire Hospital from all the excitement of being pursued by her husband's ex-wife.

Ronald Colman has gone into production of "If I Were King."

Lady Sylvia, Douglas Fairbanks' wife, never wears a hat, even in the daytime.

Lionel Barrymore is taking arthritis treatments in the Good Samaritan Hospital, so he will be as good as new when he starts work in "You Can't Take It With You."



Gable Faces Rivals

YOUNGER STARS HAVE MORE POETIC PROFILES, BUT CLARK GABLE FANS STILL STORM THE BOX-OFFICE

By Barbara Bouchier
from Hollywood

SOME of them are saying that the advance of Robert Taylor, Errol Flynn, and Tyrone Power, those prophets of the profile, is shaking the throne of Clark Gable.

But Hollywood does not agree. The current opinion here is that it will take bigger shots than these to usurp Gable's place as household word, synonym for masculine appeal, and provoker of palpitation in legions of female hearts.

When Gable swept into power—that was way back in 1932—the public was on the crest of a wave of reaction from matinee idols.

For years young men like Valentino with regular features of poetical perfection had topped the bills. But suddenly womankind tired of them, and demanded more real heroes. And they came along in rugged ranks—Gable, Tracy, Cagney, Cooper, Edward Robinson. It was the golden age of the tough guy.

Not till 1936 did any challenge come to Gable's pre-eminence from a younger generation of players.

The fat-mall of Taylor and Power suddenly rose to astronomical figures—two youngsters who broke away from the tradition of hard-faced virility and walked in a beauty hardly to be paralleled since the heyday of John Barrymore.

But not for long. The regularity of Taylor's profile, denture, and widow's peak has called forth so many rude and hostile remarks from the American Press that the young man's screen personality has been marked down for drastic change.

Rugged Type Wins

IN his newest film, "Three Comrades," he is an oil-smeared motor-mechanic without any trace of the "pretty boy."

Which means that the rugged type—the type of which Gable is the classical specimen—has won the day.

And the best judges tip that Gable will retain his power at the box-office for a long time yet. Always granted that he gets the right sort of pictures.

There must be no more ridiculous miscasting of the kind that made him look silly in the sideboards of Parnell.

If Clark is called on to portray a character of his own kind—a hard-boiled, humorous, ordinary American—he can do a delightful job. So good, in fact, that for one such job, in "It Happened One Night," he was given the Motion Picture Academy Award for the best acting performance of the year.

But ask Clark to impersonate somebody remote from himself—put him into period dress as was done in "Mutiny on the Bounty" and "Parnell"—and you have to face the fact that his acting ability dwindles to something very unimpressive.

Clark himself does not take his acting too seriously. There is none of the high, dedicated artist's air about him.

Coached by Wife

NOT many men have struggled so hard to success as Gable. But he has not found it as satisfying as he thought it would be.

The case-hardened and experienced style of Clark Gable is not just superficial—because life has forced upon him plenty of hard experience.

Before he went into pictures, Gable knocked around in all sorts of jobs. He tramped the streets trying to sell advertisements. He roughed it in lumber survey camps. He worked on the Oklahoma oilfields. He repaired telephone lines.

But all the time his mind was playing with the idea of the stage or the screen.

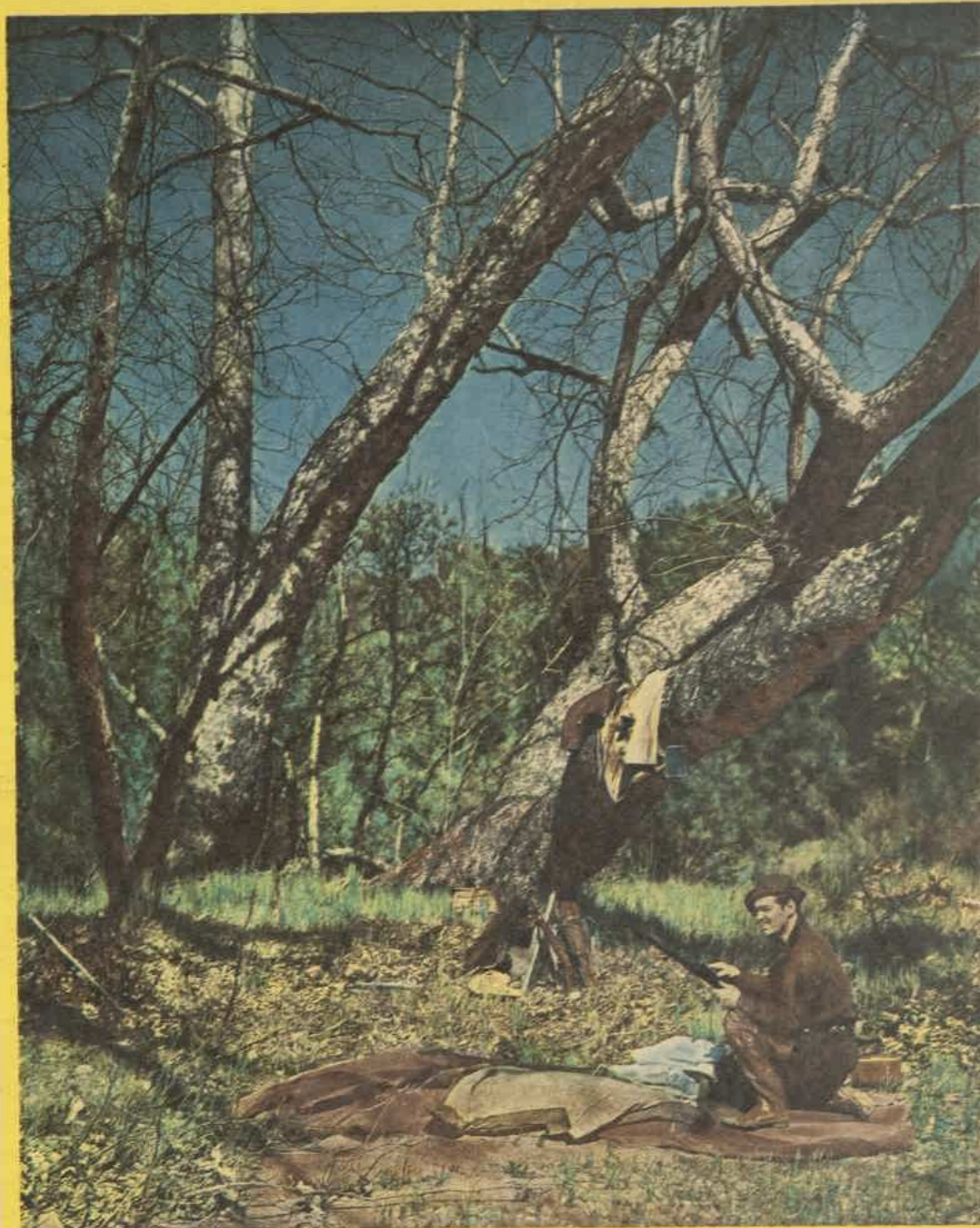
Not because he was stage-struck in the ordinary way. But because he had a masterling desire for wealth and fame.

And he had a hunch that acting was the way for him to get what he wanted.

More than anyone else, his wife, Rhea Gable, helped him to get it.

She encouraged him to keep his faith that he could bring to the screen something new, a personality for which there would be an overwhelming demand.

Day after day she tirelessly coached him in acting technique, slowly corrected all traces of amateurism in his work.



GALLERY OF PLAYERS

Clark Gable

"Test Pilot" (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) is his latest film.

It is one of the typical tragedies of Hollywood that after this loyal and essential companionship through the darkest days of his career Clark and Rhea Gable decided to part in 1935.

But long before that the dream of triumph had become reality.

When Gable appeared with Norma Shearer as the gangster in "A Free Soul," the women of the world began to take a lot of notice.

And at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer the wise men also took notice. The person who was least impressed was Gable himself. Somehow he could not get used to being one of the elect.

He did not enjoy being an idol then, any more than he does now. For two years of success he resolutely refused to attend any of the ballyhooed premieres of his films. But at last he was persuaded to go to the opening of "Strange Interlude."

Nobody who saw him there will ever forget the spectacle. Women grabbed at him. A man seized his arm and begged him to autograph his wife's expensive evening bag.

All around were other stars coping graciously with similar embarrassments. Clark stood there with sweat streaming down his furiously puce face, his dress collar melting into limp rag.

It made Gable miserable. All the time, during his most spectacular popularity, he was keenly conscious that he could not possibly live up to his public reputation as a glamorous superhuman.

He knew he was just an ordinary man, who was finding it very hard to lead an ordinary life.

The Academy Award in February, 1935, marked the high peak of his success. But he had already become so discontented with the situation that he was moody and self-absorbed at home, and quarrelled finally with his wife.

At last Gable decided to make a firm stand and get more of the independence and happiness that he wanted from life, and which he certainly did not get, either from acting or from publicity.

Feud With Tracy

HE determined to spend all the time he could in the outdoor life of which he was passionately fond.

Press agents have never needed to invent for Gable a rugged sporting "man's man" personality—as they have in the case of some other stars.

His love of shooting and fishing in the big solitudes is no affectation. It is the deepest feeling in his life.

He has been much happier in the past two years since he has been seizing every opportunity for these sports. And when he goes

away he makes certain that he gets privacy.

His favorite hide-out is the most exclusive duck-shooting club in California. It has only six members—Jack Conway, Edward J. Mannix, Spencer Tracy, Robert Taylor, Sam Wood (director of the Marx films), and Gable.

Spencer Tracy is one of his closest friends, although the "feud" between them is famous in Hollywood.

It is one of those feuds—like the Winchell-Bernie vendetta—which have no hate behind them but get plenty of valuable advertisement.

Lately Gable's new optimism and light-heartedness have been aided a great deal by the company of playgirl Carole Lombard.

Although in earlier days he was never a party man, and he is still a long way from being an habitué of the gay spots, Carole has induced him to go out more o' nights, and like it.

In 1941 his long contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer expires. Gable says that when that happens he will give up acting and travel for some years.

But that's a long way ahead. For the present he is working hard to keep his place at the top. And he is going about it with more contentment and freshness than he used to have.

He sees through all the hocus-pocus of stardom. He knows how empty the personality of a star must be unless he is a man with a strong, independent private character.

He has not allowed fame to bluff him into being what the Americans call a "stuffed shirt." That's why I think Clark Gable is there to stay.

IDOLS OF GERMANY



* VIKTOR STAAL is the rugged, healthy set they like in Germany. He is ranked heart-throb No. 2 over there. No. 1 is Willy Fritsch.

GERMAN FILMS ARE NOT WHAT THEY USED TO BE, BUT SOME GERMAN STARS ARE DELIGHTFUL PEOPLE.

ONE of the effects of the Nazi revolution was to knock the daylight out of the German film industry.

By expelling all Jewish directors, actors, writers, and technicians Hitler gave a blow to the great Ufa Company from which it has never recovered.

For in Germany nearly all the big men of the industry were Jews. Gone are days when Germany sent out mighty films like "The Blue Angel," which astounded the world by their dramatic force and originality.

German films to-day are largely given over to patriotic and militarist propaganda. And their entertainment value is, on the whole, mediocre. Primacy among the Continental film producers has passed to France.

But the German film world to-day does boast some very delightful star personalities. One of them is Mady Rahl. She is an extremely beautiful blonde of the purest German type—the type the Germans idolize.

Poised and sophisticated, Mady takes a pretty serious view of her career. No rough-and-tumble comedy for her; she demands serious drama and is eager to raise the standard of German film art.

Zarah Leander is a Swede who is making a big reputation in Berlin. Zarah has a remarkable resemblance to Garbo, and makes the most of it, as you can see from the photo here.

The line of publicity circulated about German stars is different from the Hollywood line. We are told of Zarah Leander that it is her dream to have a simply huge family of boys.



From Mary St. Claire, in London.



* GERMAN FOR LOVELINESS is Mady Rahl (above). She is as Nordic as a Wagner overture. Left: Zarah Leander, Garbo's double.

"Congratulations on your Success!"

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Barbara Stanwyck, United Artists Star, uses Max Factor's Lipstick to accent the color appeal of her lips.

CABLES from Hollywood—London—dozens of them! And they mean a great deal to Max Factor's Representatives in Australia. You see, they are from the world's most famous movie stars! Stars who have proven Max Factor's to be the finest make-up in the world.

If you could talk to some of these stars—Joan Crawford, Loretta Young, Myrna Loy—they would tell you just what Max Factor's has meant to them. Max Factor Color Harmony Make-Up helps them create glamorous magic—on and off the set.

And remember, you too can share the magic of Color Harmony Make-Up created by Max Factor, and used by 96% of the screen stars! Blonde or brunette—20 or 40... there's a harmonising Max Factor powder, rouge and lipstick to give you a rich new loveliness. By filling in the coupon below you will receive from Max Factor your Personal Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Chart which will show you the correct make-up for your individual type. Come along and see Max Factor's new studios in Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney.

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	Creamy	Green	BROWNETTE				
CITY	Medium	Hazel	Light	Dark	LIPS		
	Ruddy	Brown	BRUNETTE		Moist		
STATE	Sallow	Black	Light	Dark	Dry		
	Freckled	Lights	REDHEAD		Moist		
	Olive	Dark	Light	Dark	AGE		

Read What the Stars Cable:

- ★ Myrna Loy: "Greetings and best wishes on your opening new Max Factor Studio."
- ★ Barbara Stanwyck: "My most sincere good wishes to James and Anderson for success on opening new studio."
- ★ Anne Shirley: "Best of luck in Australia to best of make-up in the world."
- ★ Ginger Rogers: "Success and good luck on your well deserved expansion."
- ★ Anita Louise: "A thousand good wishes for huge success your new studio."
- ★ Max Factor, Hollywood: "To the boys on opening of new make-up studios I am happy to extend sincere heartfelt wishes for continued success."
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THE LION'S ROAR

(A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures)

These are times of delightful screen surprises, especially for those who see Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures.

People who have seen "Thoroughbred Don't Cry" are eager to advise all others to see this grand M-G-M entertainment, particularly to enjoy Judy Garland's great piece of tramping in it (she sings in it, too) and also to view the screen debut of young Ronnie Sinclair, the New Zealand lad who has a very important part in the film. Together with Mickey Rooney, C. Aubrey Smith, Sophie Tucker and others in the swell cast, these kids are star-in-the-making, and their ability to entertain is a pure joy!

Judy Garland makes such a tremendous hit in M-G-M's grand musical, "Broadway Melody of 1938" and in "Thoroughbred Don't Cry," that everyone's waiting eagerly to see her latest M-G-M triumph, "Everybody Sings"—in which she appears with Allan Jones, Fanny Brice, Billie Burke, Reginald Owen and Reginald Gardiner.

Then there's the hilarious surprise in M-G-M's spectacular musical, "Rosalie." There's the magnificent cast—Nelson Eddy, Eleanor Powell, Frank Morgan, Hona May (and she's a lovely surprise herself), Edna May Oliver, Reginald Owen, Ray Bolger, and Billy Gilbert—but the funniest surprise is Frank Morgan, as a royal ventriloquist, and his goofy dummy!

And it won't be long before the greatest surprise of the year comes to you from M-G-M. All we can say at the moment is wait until you see Robert Taylor in (and as) "A Yank At Oxford." It's the picture Bob went to England to make—the first film from M-G-M's British Studios—and it's absolutely Topal!

As your picture-going continues, you realise more and more that your pleasantest surprises come from LEO, of M-G-M.

Very Thin and Losing Weight

HER APPEARANCE SUFFERED

"I was weak and nervous and lost my appetite," states Miss C.W., of Brewarrina, N.S.W. "I suffered splitting headaches and was very thin and losing weight. I couldn't eat, and after working a few hours, felt too tired to go on."

"I read one day about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and thought I would try them. I took one bottle and felt much stronger. After three bottles my headache disappeared, I eat well, and have gained seven pounds in weight. My friends often remark on how well I look. I never feel tired or ill now."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a boon to weak, nervous, underweight people, for these pills always help to create rich, red blood in abundant quantities. This new blood refreshes the system throughout, restoring lost tissue, without ugly fat, banishing nervous troubles and clearing the skin of spots and pimples. Colour returns to cheeks and lips, and beautifies the complexion with youthful bloom. Watch your eyes brighten, and energy and spirits recover as you take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. At chemists and stores, 3/- bottle.

Here's Hot News From All the Studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

HOLLYWOOD is wide-eyed at the hoax that has been carried out by Sigrid Gurie. This actress, who stars in "Marco Polo," was introduced by Sam Goldwyn as a "Norwegian discovery!"

But she is now bringing a divorce action against one Thomas Stewart, whom she married three years ago in the unromantic town of Cucamonga, California.

The divorce proceedings disclose that she was born in New York, spent much of her life in Norway, but has been back in America for five years.

BETTE DAVIS has been suspended by Warner Bros. and her salary has been stopped.

The company took this action because she refused to play in a film, "Comet Over Broadway."

Miss Davis commented: "My relations with Warner Bros. are not good at present."

"I've had enough hard-boiled parts. Now I want to play in pictures in which I can bear looking at myself."

Bette returned to Warner Bros. last year after a protracted argument with the studio over money.

This culminated in a court case, in which the decision went against her.

Recent "hard-boiled" parts she has played include a racketeer's associate in "Kid Galahad," and a night-club hostess in "Marked Woman," a film which has not yet been released in Australia.

AUSTRALIAN Joy Howarth has been on the sick list. After feeling ill for some weeks, Joy was taken into the exclusive Cedars of Lebanon Hospital for an operation. She is recovering quickly and hopes to return to her apartment home soon.

Two days after she entered the hospital, director George Cukor phoned



At a Dress-As-You-Please party at Hollywood's Trocadero, Lana Turner, informally clad, did a brilliant Big Apple.

to say he would like to test her for the important role of Katharine Hepburn's sister in the picture "Holiday"—a role for which Ginger Rogers, Joan Bennett, and several other prominent actresses had been considered.

Joy wanted to leave the hospital immediately, but her doctor forbade this, so she was forced to lose the chance, the role finally going to Doris Nolan.

AS soon as he finishes re-takes on "Test Pilot," Clark Gable will start work on "Too Hot to Handle," a picture based on the lives of daring newswire cameramen.

In preparation for this, Gable is spending all his spare time in the company of two newswire photographers, and in the event of any major disaster or other news item he'll accompany them by plane to see at first hand just how the newswires are made.

W. G. FIELDS drinks nothing stronger than sherry since his illness, and even so he has only an occasional drink of it. The doctor said he may have a glass of the dry wine when he is so disposed.

"The doctor said it was good for me," he said. "I doubled his fee for that."

JOHN BARRYMORE'S reformation is so complete, under the guidance of his young wife, Elaine Barrie, that



RAY FRANCIS turned up at the Hollywood Trocadero in a yachting cap and stripes. She took the floor with Ray Bolger.

ANDY DEVINE is still mourning the loss of his parrot, which was drowned in the Hollywood flood. Andy had taught him to speak in his own gravel-like voice.



MARLENE DIETRICH, in slacks, fox-trots with producer Hal Roach, the comedy king.

his most popular beverage is now sarsaparilla. He goes to bed at ten o'clock in order, he explains, that he may be on the set at nine the next morning, looking beautiful and prepared to do his best work.

He spends his evenings playing parrot with Elaine and his mother-in-law, who lives with them and calls herself John's assistant-manager.

DESCRIBING his new home, comedian Hugh Herbert says proudly, "The dining-room will accommodate over a hundred relatives."

ROBERT TAYLOR is a heavy eater and loves meat and potatoes in large quantities. He drinks about ten cups of coffee a day.

IRENE DUNNE is thrilled at being invited by the Seattle Symphony to appear as a guest soloist, and will try to arrange the trip.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN is busy writing a story that concerns itself with White Russians in China. He will direct the film.

JEANETTE MACDONALD is the latest bicycle addict. She arrives at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios every morning after cycling five miles.

She starts from her Bel Air home, and cycles until she has covered five miles, with her car and driver following her.



RAY FRANCIS turned up at the Hollywood Trocadero in a yachting cap and stripes. She took the floor with Ray Bolger.

ANDY DEVINE is still mourning the loss of his parrot, which was drowned in the Hollywood flood. Andy had taught him to speak in his own gravel-like voice.

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PRIVATE VIEWS

★ ROSALIE

Nelson Eddy, Eleanor Powell.
(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

THERE are some good things in this musical, though as a whole it is disappointing.

"Lavish" is the adjective for it; but, as we who sit in the stalls know full well, lavishness does not always mean entertainment.

In "Rosalie" squads of young ladies keep dancing up and down huge flights of steps. But they are far less amusing than the bewildered behaviour of Frank Morgan. As a king whose hobby is ventriloquism he is more droll than we have seen him before.

Nelson Eddy is a student at the West Point Military Academy, with the rough, martial habit of singing love songs outside the bedroom windows of a neighboring girls' college.

Eleanor Powell, a member of this college, is also princess of a European kingdom called Romanza.

The location of the picture moves

from West Point to Romanza and back.

The sternly-disciplined young men of the real West Point will be indignant to find that the picture makes their academy a sort of concentration camp for amorous tap-dancers.

Hona Massey, a newcomer from Hungary, makes her debut here. She has a characterless role, but she is extremely beautiful in an amply-curved way.

"Rosalie" is loaded with bogus romance; men in complicated uniforms pirouette with sweetly-pretty girls in front of gigantic birthday cakes covered with hundreds and thousands.

Nelson Eddy's voice, Eleanor Powell's feet, and Frank Morgan's fooling are just enough to compensate.—St. James; showing.

★ FIT FOR A KING

Joe E. Brown. (R.K.O.)

OLD white Joe Brown has been given a better picture than usual.

The well-known mannerisms of his

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—excellent.

★★ Two stars—good films.

★ One star—average films.

No stars . . . no good.

mouth are here—his unearthly yell and his fascinating way of saying "No." In addition there is a story that keeps up a certain pace and lends itself to rough-and-tumble foolery.

As a reporter he covers in a floundering manner the intrigues of a mythical European kingdom. Helen Mack is the queen of this State, who prefers Brown to a crown.

Bad politicians are trying to murder this attractive monarch and are thwarted by Joe, who does not make such a mess of things as he usually does.

In order to thwart them, he does a fine slapstick ride on a motor-bicycle, a haycart, a push-bike, and other vehicles which provide the funniest sequence of the film.

Now that gangster pictures have had their day Paul Kelly, one of the cinema's iron men, has been forced to switch to comedy. Here he is a rival reporter who plays dirty tricks on Joe.

Some parts of the show are weak—there is a comic telephone repairer, for instance, who becomes very tedious—but on the whole it is the best entertainment Joe Brown has worked in for a good while.—Capitol; showing.

★ THE GREAT GARRICK

Olivia De Havilland, Brian Aherne.
(Warner Bros.)

MERVYN LEROY, producer of "They Won't Forget," likes to get away from the conventional kind of

Shows Still Running

*** Happy Landings: Sonja Henie, Don Ameche; skating comedy.—Regent, 2nd week.

*** They Won't Forget: Claude Rains; murder drama.—Mayfair, 2nd week.

*** The Hurricane: Jon Hall, Dorothy Lamour; spectacular drama.—Century, 4th week.

*** True Confession: Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray; comedy.—Prince Edward, 3rd week.

*** You're a Sweetheart: Alice Faye, George Murphy; musical comedy.—State, 3rd week.

*** Wise Girl: Miriam Hopkins, Ray Milland; comedy.—Plaza, 2nd week.

film. This time his enterprise has been rather less successful than usual.

"The Great Garrick" is a costume picture with England's eighteenth century matinee idol for its hero. The title might give you a wrong im-

SCREEN ODDITIES

By Captain Fawcett



GAIL PATRICK HAS NEVER RIDDEN IN A TRAIN. SHE HAS DONE ALL OF HER TRAVELING IN AUTOS AND AIRPLANES



HOLLYWOOD STILL HAS AN ANCIENT ORDINANCE FORBIDDING THE SHOOTING OF JACK RABBITS FROM THE REAR OF STRETCARS



JOHN MILJAN HAS MET DEATH IN 43 DIFFERENT WAYS ON THE SCREEN, INCLUDING BEING SHOT, HANGED, STABBED, POISONED, CHOKED AND BOILED IN OIL

pression that it is a pompous biography of the familiar kind.

It is a farce, built round a practical joke that was once played against Garrick when he was in France.

Some French actors who want to take him down a few pegs rent an inn, impersonate the servants, and give the Englishman a hot time till he turns the tables.

Brian Aherne and Edward Everett Horton are vigorous, but the rest of the cast is uncomfortable in period costume.

The comedy raises some laughs in its broader moments. Much of it is pretty thin.

The period spectacle is carefully done, and pleasant to look at.—Embassy; showing.

PORTIA ON TRIAL

Frieda Inescourt. (Republic Films.)

TWO betrayed ladies, two children of shame (one deceased), and a heartless old grandfather all have their fling here.

It is an up-to-date version of the old-fashioned type of melodrama in which mother and babe are kicked out into the snow.

One of the ill-treated mothers—played appealingly by Heather Angel—assassinate the father of her babe. After a tearful trial scene, she is acquitted without a stain on her character.

So we are left with a general impression that it is quite all right for

a lady to put a bullet into her defaulting boy-friend. Which is surely a somewhat wicked idea.

The other ill-treated mother is a barrister who devotes her life to getting wronged women their rights, by fair means or foul. Frieda Inescourt, an actress with a good deal of personality, dominates the picture in this role.

The heavy story is not relieved by a single laugh. Twenty or thirty years ago the same kind of story used to set many people weeping into their handkerchiefs. And no doubt there are still some who will find it affecting.

But if your taste does not lean strongly to handkerchief drama you are likely to be well bored by the second half of it.

In spite of competent acting it is a slow, hackneyed piece.—Lyceum; showing.

A DOCTOR'S DIARY

George Bancroft. (Paramount.)

A HUMBLE unit in the long series of pictures about doctors who get operations and consultations all tangled up.

John Trent is a young practitioner who is trying to find a cure for infantile paralysis.

At the same time he is trying to choose between the two women who always distract the screen doctor—the smartie to whom he is engaged, and the nurse who holds his knives.

The doctors here are, with the exception of George Bancroft, unreal, there is no effective comedy, and the melodrama does not excite.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

THEATRE ROYAL

Nightly at 8. Mat. Wed. & Sat. at 2. J. C. Williamson, Ltd. proudly presents the spectacular star-studded revue direct from the London Palladium.

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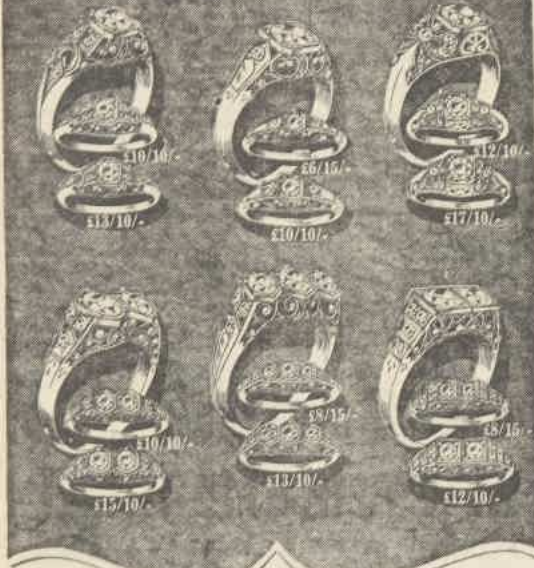
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ORCHARD'S

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NEXT ANTHONY HORDERNS' SYDNEY

Athletic Joe E. Brown

If baseball had proved more profitable than acting, Joe E. Brown might now be numbered among America's ace baseball players.

EVER since he was a lad he has been keenly interested in the game, and actually spent several years as a "pro" before discovering he could make more money on the films.

His first childish ambition was to become a circus performer, and he accomplished it at the age of nine, becoming the youngest member of the Five Marvelous Ashtons, a troupe of aerial acrobats.

Five years later the troupe was playing a theatre engagement in San Francisco, becoming victims of the great earthquake and fire on April 18, 1906. The troupe was disbanded, and Brown joined another acrobatic act. After two years he took up professional baseball.

He afterwards appeared in vaudeville for four years, and eventually became featured comedian in musical comedies.

Brown is Hollywood's greatest sports enthusiast and actively supports every branch of athletics.

He even likes to have baseball men to work with him, and favors former players when giving out jobs.

Pat O'Shea, who has been Joe's stand-in for the last few years, is an ex-pro. Charlie Harden, his valet, won his job because of his baseball prowess.

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological Research Society

For the remaining months of the year, Arians, be warned! Don't act rashly, and be cautious of your dealings with other people.

ARIES people (those born between March 21 and April 21) are always, figuratively speaking, looking around corners.

They are intelligent folk, restless over existing conditions, ambitious for new excitements and ventures, and always anxious to know what events of interest the fates are sending their way in the immediate future.

Moreover, they are the world's most ardent pioneers and explorers, glorying in trying out new schemes and making changes. That which is old or has served its purpose is valued by them only in relation to the speed with which it can be discarded and replaced by something new and interesting.

And as with an old coat or an old hat, an old sweetheart, or an old job, so with the old year and all the sorrows and joys, successes or failures, it may have brought.

To the Arian mind (wisely, no doubt) that year is a thing of the past, and therefore something to be forgotten so that full enjoyment may be extracted from new excitements and opportunities, and difficulties and battles.

Ninety-nine out of every hundred Arians will therefore be glad to learn what the starry portents promise them in the way of fortune during the remainder of 1938.

The fact that these prognostications are not entirely fortunate will not dismay these vital people at all. Their greatest dread is that the year will bring them only monotony and routine.

Like most other folk they naturally prefer good fortune to bad, but there is a cheerful optimism and a monumental self-assurance about their make-up which helps them to face bad news with a thrill of excitement over the battle to come.

At the same time their chests swell with confidence and satisfaction over whatever promises the year may make in the way of success and happiness.

Caution Advised

MOST Arians will find that during the remainder of 1938 matters of romance, friendship, and marriage will predominate or share honors with important conditions arising in business dealings and associations.

They are warned to be a little more considerate and cautious in their dealings with other people, leaving rashness and impatience to the foolish, and concentrating on harmony and good-will at almost any price. Particularly is this necessary in marriage or courtship.

Truth to tell it would be an excellent plan to follow this rule for the rest of their lives, for Arians are not always the most peaceful folk to live with.

Both the married and the unmarried should beware of new friendships, for dependence on the wrong people may spell disaster.

But don't give way to pessimism or doubt, Arians! You are made of the stuff that wits in an atmosphere of depression. You belong to the army of fighters, not the "whiners" or "spineless." Let your inherent optimism and self-confidence shine like a beacon light before your mind, and you cannot fail to win your battles and demolish your difficulties and oppositions.

Despite the warning against depending too much on them, your friends can prove a remarkable source of happiness and prosperity to you this year, so cultivate the esteem of those who can aid you in the fulfillment of your ambitions and desires.

This applies particularly to those associates of importance in the professions, and in the inventive, electrical, and journalistic spheres. Enterers, travellers, and occultists, can also aid you in some way.

Although children, relatives, and romantic attachments may all tend to worry you during the rest of the year, you will be so interested in the excitements of the chase after success and happiness that you are likely, through sheer will-power and enthusiasm, to attract a goodly measure of good fortune.

Happy hunting to you all!

The Daily Diary

TRY to utilise this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Go slowly on April 13, 14 and 15 (early), but work hard on April 18 and 19. Put new plans into operation then. Be your own optimistic and confident selves.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Let important matters wait over. Set-backs possible on April 15, 16 and 17.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Quite fair on April 13, 14 and 15 (forenoon).

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Take no risks on April 13, 14 and 15 (early), for difficulties, opposition and upsets will surely follow. Live quietly. Better on April 15 (late), 16 and 17.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Friendly planetary rays are aiding you now, so set your goals and strive to win them. Work hard on April 18 and 19.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Not spectacular this week. Routine best.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): April 13, 14 and 15 (early) just fair, but new ventures and changes are not advised this week. Disappointment likely.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): April 15 (after 3 p.m.), 16 and 17 fair. Routine tasks will prove best.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): The stars favor you now, so have some important plans ready and make contemplated changes. Be sure to utilise April 18 and 19 fully. Work hard. Good results should follow.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Live quietly and take no risks this week, for delays, annoyances and difficulties may beset your

TEACHING CHILDREN ROAD SENSE



THEY BELIEVE in "catching them young" in England and teaching them the dangers of the road. The headmistress of a new infants' school at Blackpool has had robot lights installed in the corridor and white lines along the floor. Hence the children are able to watch the signals and regulate their movements in the corridor according to the lights. In the picture they are waiting for the green light before marching into class.

ambitions. Avoid partings, losses and arguments, especially on April 13, 14 and 15.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Quite fair on April 13, 14 and 15 (till just after noon).

PISCES (February 19 to March 21):

Routine best this week. April 15 (after noon), 16 and 17 just fair. Complete established matters.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.]



Here's fun for the children — and nourishment!

Ask your grocer for the Oxo Zoo House, containing 6 Oxo cubes and 12 coloured cut-out animals. Kiddies love Oxo, and a cube added to their hot milk



promotes stamina and builds up a robust constitution to withstand colds and ill-health.

OXO

ZOO HOUSE
CONTAINING 6 OXO CUBES
& 12 CUT OUT FIGURES

Sales Agents: Hodgson & Co. Pty. Ltd.
Sydney and Melbourne.



Must I always suffer from
CONSTIPATION?

Famous Physicians Agree HARSH MEDICINES ARE DANGEROUS

Common constipation is caused by insufficient "bulk" in our diet. Those who try to cure it by taking a harsh medicine almost daily are courting real danger. The only safe remedy is to restore "bulk" to the diet. Unfortunately most of the foods we eat, such as white bread, milk, eggs, meat and fish contain little or no "bulk." "Bulk" is the fibrous element in certain fruit, vegetables and grains with which Nature intended to keep you regular.

ALL-BRAN SUPPLIES NATURAL BULK

Scientists have proved that Bran supplies the best possible type of "bulk." Acting upon this research Kellogg's have produced All-Bran—a just sweet breakfast cereal which provides the most effective type of bulk in a concentrated form. As All-Bran passes through the system it forms a soft, absorbent mass that very gently cleanses the alimentary tract. The peristaltic action of the bowels is resumed in a natural manner. Isn't this better than constantly shocking your system into action? Order some Kellogg's All-Bran from your grocer to-day.



NO! says your doctor

"Common constipation is caused by lack of natural 'bulk' in your diet. Harsh medicines only bring temporary relief. If you take them constantly they will aggravate your condition by weakening your system. My advice is to get 'bulk' back into your diet."

* Kellogg's All-Bran supplies this natural "bulk" to your system.



NO! says this young housewife

"I felt terribly ill for a long while and eventually I had to go to the doctor. He told me that all my headaches and bilious attacks were the results of constipation and that my system was in a seriously weakened condition as a result of constantly taking harsh medicines. On doctor's instructions I started eating All-Bran for breakfast. Now I'm perfectly regular—and I've forgotten what it's like to have a nervous, 'headachy' day."



NO! says this business girl

"I could never understand why I was constipated because I took something regularly. Then a girl at the office told me how she kept well with Kellogg's All-Bran. I tried it, too. It only took me a week to realize that I had found a natural way to keep my bowels regular."

See the tin — and get the shine



A little Brasso and a soft cloth gives your brass a richer quality, gives it a brilliant lasting shine. There is only one **BRASSO** — sold in a tin like this.

Brasso
LIQUID METAL POLISH

A Rackin's Product — Made in Australia



SUCH SOFT, TENDER SKIN! OF COURSE, HER SOAP HAS ALWAYS BEEN **Pears**



NOW ONLY 6¢ A CAKE
City and Suburbs
A&F Pears Ltd.

Upset Stomach quickly put right

By Dr. F. B. Scott, M.D., Paris

Stomach disturbances such as gastritis, heartburn, flatulence, and feeling of revolt at the sight of food are invariably the result of "acid formation," which, unless counteracted, steadily gets worse until it ultimately defies all treatment based on restriction of diet. I have found that "Bismarck" Magnesia, by neutralising excess acid and preventing its formation, quickly puts right an upset stomach; pain disappears instantly, fermentation and flatulence are banished and soothing relief supersedes uncomfortable disturbance. Medical records show that thousands have ended stomach trouble with "Bismarck" Magnesia—you can do the same! It is available of all chemists. The package bears the trade mark "Bismarck".



Hacking Cough?

You've got to

get rid of the germ-laden phlegm on your chest before your cough will go. All phlegm teems with infectious streptococci, which, under a microscope, look like this as well as staphylococci and the deadly pneumonia germs called pneumococci. Scientists

discovered that the pectoral oxytel made from carrageen, which is a seaweed found on the Irish coast, gets germ-laden phlegm away from your mucous membranes with lightning speed. Only Bonnington's Irish Moss contains this pectoral oxytel of carrageen!

★ As you swallow that soothing Bonnington's Irish Moss the pectoral oxytel of carrageen which it exclusively contains, immediately flows to the mucous membranes, loosening the germ-laden phlegm. At the same time a protective antiseptic film is spread over delicate tissues which have been irritated by coughs and sneezes. You've never known phlegm to come away so quickly before. And when that phlegm goes, your cold goes, too.

1/9 A BOTTLE
Avoid Imitations.

Bonnington's Irish Moss



The fastest way to break the heaviest cough or cold!

HALF-WAY HOUSE

Continued from Page 38

"I don't know."
"And where do you come in on this, Mr. Queen?"
Ellery related the story of his meeting with the young lawyer in Trenton and, before either man could interrupt, the tale Bill had told him about his first journey to the shack.
"Velled, Wilson said, eh?" De Jong frowned. "Do you think you'd recognise this woman who beat it in the Cadillac, Angell?"
"All I saw were her eyes, and they were distorted with fright. I'd know the car, though." He described it.
"Who owns this dump?"
Bill muttered: "I haven't the faintest idea. This is the first time I've ever been here."
"What a hole," grunted De Jong. "I remember now. It used to be a squatter's shack. They were kicked out years ago. I didn't know anyone was living here; land belongs to the city. . . . Where's your sister, Angell?"
Bill stiffened. Ellery murmured:

GIRLIGAGS



"LUXURY is some trivial thing a woman doesn't care two hoots for, until she finds the Jones' have it."

"Bill's tried to get her on the phone, but she's out. He's sent her a wire."
De Jong nodded coldly and went away. When he came back he demanded: "What business was this Wilson in?"

Bill told him. "Hm. Well, this whole thing begins to smell. What's the verdict, Doc?"

The old gentleman struggled to his feet. "A knife through the heart. Deep wound, De Jong; very neat job. It's a miracle he didn't die instantly."

"Particularly," said Ellery, "since the weapon was removed from the wound soon after the attack."

The chief looked at him sharply, and then at the blood-crusted paper-knife on the table. "That is funny. And what's that thingamabob doing on the tip? What is it, anyway?"

"On consideration," said Ellery, "I believe you'll find it to be a cork."

"Cork?"
"Yes, the kind that's often stuck on the tip of a letter-opener when it's bought."

"Hm. It's a cinch this lad wasn't killed with that on it. Somebody put it on the tip of the knife after the kill." De Jong studied the burnt match-stubs on the plate with irritation. "And charred the cork good and plenty. Why?"

"That," said Ellery, puffing at his pipe, "is technically an epic question. Most pertinent. By the way, it might be wise not to drop any matches about. I'm an intolerant believer in leaving things as they are on the scene of a crime."

"Nobody's smoking but you," said De Jong in a surly way. "I'm not much on this fancy business, Mr. Queen. Let's get down to brass tacks. You say you had an appointment with your brother-in-law, Angell? Let's have the whole story."

Bill did not move for a moment; and then he put his hand in his pocket and produced a crumpled yellow envelope.

"I suppose I may as well," he said harshly. "Joe came home from one of his trips last Wednesday. He left again this morning."

"How d'ye know that?" snapped the chief, eyes on the envelope.

"He called at my office Friday afternoon—yesterday—to see me about something, and he told me he was going away the next morning—that is, to-day. That's how I know," Bill's eyes flickered. "About noon to-day I received this wire at my office. Read it, and you'll know as much about this ghastly business as I do."

De Jong took the envelope and extracted a telegram. Ellery read it over the big man's shoulder.

"Important I see you tonight without fail stop. Please keep secret from everyone this means a great deal to me stop I will be at an old house on Delaware three miles south of Trenton on Lambert Road several hundred yards south of Marine Terminal stop It is only house of its kind in vicinity you cannot miss it stop Has a half circle driveway and a bathhouse in rear stop Meet me there at nine p.m. sharp stop Very urgent am in great trouble and need your advice stop Nine p.m. to-night do not fail me. Joe."

"Queer, all right," muttered De Jong. "Sent from downtown Manhattan, too. Was he supposed to go to New York, Angell, on this last business trip of his?"

"I don't know," said Bill shortly; his eyes were fixed on the corpse.

"What did he want to talk to you about?"

"I DON'T know, I tell you. This wasn't the last I heard from him. He phoned me from New York at two-thirty this afternoon to my office."

"Well, well?"
The words came slowly. "I couldn't make out what he was driving at. He sounded horribly depressed and in great earnest. He wanted to make sure, he said, that I'd received his wire and was coming. He repeated how important it was to him, and of course I said I'd be there. When I asked him about the house . . ."

Bill rubbed his forehead. "He said that was part of his secret, that no one he knew was aware of its existence, and that it was the best place for our talk for reasons he couldn't divulge. He was growing excited and rather incoherent, I didn't press him, and he hung up."

"No one knew," murmured Ellery, "not even Lucy, Bill?"
"That's what he said."

"Well, it sure must have been important," drawled De Jong, "because somebody shut his mouth tight before he could spill it. At that, he wasn't telling the truth. Somebody did know about this house."

"I did, for one," said Bill coldly. "I knew when I received the telegram. Is that what you're driving at?"

"Now, now, Bill," said Ellery. "You're naturally unsung. By the way, you said that Wilson had visited your office in Philadelphia yesterday. Anything important?"

"Perhaps, perhaps not. He left a bulky envelope in my keeping."

"What's in it?" snapped De Jong. "I don't know. It's sealed, and he didn't tell me."

Please turn to Page 51

KEEP YOUR EYES FIT

Optrex will guard your eyes against strain from glaring light, sun-bathing, melting, or sport.

OPTREX EYE LOTION

On sale at all chemists with Free Eye Bath 4/9 and 6/9

Kill Kidney Germs Gain Health

Your Kidneys have 9 million tubes endangered by germs caused by colds, bad teeth, or tonsils and infections. Ordinary medicine does not kill the germs cause of Kidney trouble. Kill Kidney Germs the scientific way—don't smash up health.

If you are compelled to Get Up Nights, have Burning, Itching Passages, Nerves, Dizziness, Rheumatism, Cries Under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Lost Appetite and Energy, etc., Optrex will end your pain in 2 hours. In 24 hours you will feel better still; in 3 days you are fitter and stronger than since Kidney Trouble gripped you. Optrex is guaranteed to set you right in 8 days or money back. From all Chemists, a fair offer.



Begin Now—Intimate Life Story of The DUCHESS By Baroness Helena Von-Der Hoven of KENT

Told for the first time, and presented with the personal approval of Her Royal Highness.
Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly

CHAPTER IV Into the Wide, Wide World— Continued.

WEDDING BELLS were ringing over Greece. Princess Helen, eldest daughter of King Constantine and Queen Sophie of Greece, was being married to King Carol of Rumania, then Crown Prince.

I shall draw a veil over the golden dreams of the young bride who met with such a cruel awakening. I shall only say that during that time the air was tinged with happiness which communicated itself to the schoolroom and nurseries.

It meant the reunion of numerous relations and friends, and Princess Marina's generation was well represented.

There were, of course, Princesses Irene and Catherine, the bride's sisters, and Princess Helena of Rumania, the bridegroom's youngest sister, and many other little cousins, and all the little girls carefully divided the bride's bouquet, and each took away a spray of orange blossom for luck.

Princess Marina was very anxious that everyone should get her fair share, and she performed the duties of dividing very carefully.

She was a bridesmaid, and wore a dress of Irish lace, which was a change from her usual party frocks.

When picnic parties were organized and numerous little girls were invited with their respective governesses, Princess Marina saw to it that the carriages were so arranged as to escape the eye of supervision. And the young people trotted off by themselves.

The lovely beaches, the bathing in the clear, warm sea, the lying in the sun on the grey, sun-kissed rocks, the raiding of wild fig-trees on a neighboring field (for Royal princesses, especially with a bit of fun in them, are not above the usual daring exploits), the climbing back over the

stony wall, the cuts, the falls, the laughter.

The exchange of signals during tea-time. Polite refusal of bread and butter on a demure plea of not being hungry, "too hot to eat."

The governess in charge would shake her head and look concerned. Someone would pass a joke, someone would giggle. . . . Everyone would know the cause of lack of appetite, but it was part of the game, it was fun.

Though one of the youngest, Princess Marina was always the ring-leader, and kept the company in fits of laughter by mimicking her governess, of whom she gave striking imitations.

There were also other pranks which necessitated a certain amount of tactics and daring, and her contemporaries learnt to know so well that humorous, half-wistful, half-mischievous smile of young Princess Marina.

One of the favorite games in those days was shooting arrows. The bows

in Paris with her two elder daughters.

At first Princess Marina stayed in an hotel in Kensington, and then she moved into the country in Surrey. This Princess Marina enjoyed very much, but her stay in England was not a long one this time. She went to join her parents in San Remo, where they spent the winter of 1922-23.

THE crash in Greece had come unexpectedly. The army once more demanded the abdication of King Constantine, this time in favor of his eldest son, Prince George.

During that time Princess Nicholas, who was in Paris, went down with diphtheria. As King Constantine left again for Italy with his brother, Prince Nicholas, who had remained with him, the news arrived that Prince Nicholas had been shot.

This shock nearly cost Princess Nicholas her life, but luckily a second message followed from Prince Nicholas himself from Italy, which he had reached safely.

King Constantine, completely broken in health and spirits, died at Palermo in Sicily very soon after his arrival at the land of his second exile, and there began for Prince Nicholas and his family a time of wandering and hardships.

Young King George, who made a gallant effort to reunite the different political parties, and re-establish some peace and order in Greece, was met with bad will and a strong opposition.

After several attempts had been made on his life, and many of his dear friends had been murdered or exiled, he decided that the only thing to do to avoid further bloodshed was for him to leave the country which thought at the time that it could get along better without a king.

Thus was temporarily interrupted the Monarchy which had started so happily with King George I, and the Greek Royal Family started on its weary pilgrimage of exile.

Queen Olga, who this time was also a refugee from Russia and an exile from Greece, settled in Rome after the death of Queen Alexandra, with whom she had been staying, and Prince Nicholas and his family moved to Paris.

Continued on Next Page

THESE five pictures of the Duchess of Kent give interesting glimpses of the fashions she favors. The picture at the extreme left shows her on her honeymoon in 1934. That on the right shows her at a function a few weeks ago

LISTEN, MR. Scrub-Hard



Good brushing isn't enough! To make teeth really sparkle, you need the right tooth paste, too — Pepsodent containing IRIUM. It ends Scrub-Hard disappointment, is the complete formula for beautiful teeth!

BECAUSE OF IRIUM . . .
Pepsodent gently floats film away — instead of scraping it off.
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LTD. 111, 113, 115, 117, 119, 121, 123, 125, 127, 129, 131, 133, 135, 137, 139, 141, 143, 145, 147, 149, 151, 153, 155, 157, 159, 161, 163, 165, 167, 169, 171, 173, 175, 177, 179, 181, 183, 185, 187, 189, 191, 193, 195, 197, 199, 201, 203, 205, 207, 209, 211, 213, 215, 217, 219, 221, 223, 225, 227, 229, 231, 233, 235, 237, 239, 241, 243, 245, 247, 249, 251, 253, 255, 257, 259, 261, 263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275, 277, 279, 281, 283, 285, 287, 289, 291, 293, 295, 297, 299, 301, 303, 305, 307, 309, 311, 313, 315, 317, 319, 321, 323, 325, 327, 329, 331, 333, 335, 337, 339, 341, 343, 345, 347, 349, 351, 353, 355, 357, 359, 361, 363, 365, 367, 369, 371, 373, 375, 377, 379, 381, 383, 385, 387, 389, 391, 393, 395, 397, 399, 401, 403, 405, 407, 409, 411, 413, 415, 417, 419, 421, 423, 425, 427, 429, 431, 433, 435, 437, 439, 441, 443, 445, 447, 449, 451, 453, 455, 457, 459, 461, 463, 465, 467, 469, 471, 473, 475, 477, 479, 481, 483, 485, 487, 489, 491, 493, 495, 497, 499, 501, 503, 505, 507, 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INTIMATE LIFE STORY of The DUCHESS of KENT

THE succession of deaths in the family robbed Princess Marina of both her grandmothers, as Queen Olga was laid to rest shortly after the death of the Grand Duchess Marie Pavlovna.

The Duchess of Edinburgh, Queen Marie of Rumania's mother, who was also a Russian Grand Duchess and suffered from the Russian revolution, succumbed at the same period, followed a couple of years later by Empress Marie of Russia.

All these old ladies, so charming and dignified, were closely related to Princess Marina.

The death of Queen Alexandra especially was felt by all the Grecian Royal Family, as this gracious Queen had been more than an aunt to them.

Queen Sophie's death in Florence was a severe blow to her children, and as Princess Marina had always been very friendly with them, she naturally shared in their grief.

The choice of a home in exile was a difficult one.

Princess Marina, as well as her family, would have liked to have settled in England, but finances and politics would not allow it, and Paris was chosen as a cosmopolitan cultured centre, where Prince Nicholas could continue his artistic work, and the two young girls could finish their education.

Princess Olga, who had been on a visit to England with her parents, had fallen in love and had already become engaged to Prince Paul of Yugoslavia.

Thus it happened that Princess Marina settled with her family in Paris, where she had to face life once more from a different angle.

It was in San Remo that the sad

Continued from Previous Page

news reached them of King Constantine's death at Palermo.

Prince and Princess Nicholas, who had to leave at once for the south of Italy, and the three young princesses, who went to see them off at the station, could not keep back their tears.

They were old enough to realise that the uncle of whom they were so fond had died as a result of the terrible sufferings and trials which he had undergone the last few years; he died of a broken heart, exiled from the country which they all loved so dearly.

After King Constantine's funeral Prince and Princess Nicholas returned to San Remo, where they remained till spring, when they moved to Merano.

Loved Shops

There, owing to their recent mourning, they lived a very retired life. Princess Marina made daily excursions to the country with her sisters, and visited in turn the numerous castles that form such an interesting feature in that picturesque part of South Tyrol.

Later, in June, 1923, Princess Nicholas took her daughters to London.

Princess Marina loved the London shops, the picture galleries, and the museums.

In July Princess Olga announced her engagement to Prince Paul of Yugoslavia, and later Princess Marina and her family went to stay at Brownsea Island as guests of the Infante Alphonso and Infanta Beatrice of Spain.

"All is so kind," I was told by a member of his family, "nothing gives him more pleasure than to give a meal to a hungry man." This consideration for the "underdog" was

always shared by Princess Marina, who has a very kind heart, and would like to help everybody.

"Brownsea reminded me somehow of Greece," she proclaimed when she returned from there.

During her stay in England, Princess Marina also visited the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace, but owing to the political situation in Greece her visits were unofficial.

During those visits, however, she did not meet Prince George, who was then a sailor serving with the Mediterranean Fleet.

In 1924 Princess Marina stayed at Maidenhead with her sister Princess Olga, who was then already Princess Paul of Yugoslavia, and was expecting her first child, who was born at White Lodge, kindly lent to her by the Queen (then the Duchess of York).

In those days Queen Alexandra was still alive, and Princess Marina often went to visit her.

All the members of the Greek Royal Family were very fond of Queen Alexandra, and many who knew the charming Queen found a likeness between her and her beautiful great-niece.

Princess Marina, however, did not compare herself to the gracious Queen when she said, "She was so lovely and so sweet, and such a good friend."

Queen Alexandra was very fond of her young great-niece, who has always been very charming to her elders. She makes a special effort to be nice to old people without making them feel on the shelf.

"We must remember that we are also going to be old, one day," she lectured one of her young nephews once, and, "It's such joy to bring a little happiness into an old person's life," she said on another occasion, and that is true, because nothing gives Princess Marina more pleasure than to give pleasure to others.

PARIS, which little Princess Marina remembered vaguely as a place of pleasure and comfort, where she and her sisters used to stay with their grandmother, the Grand Duchess



A CHARMING STUDY of Princess Alexandra, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Kent.

Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly.

Marie Pavlovna, was now to be their home in exile.

Luxurious hotels, numerous treats, Punch and Judy shows, toys, sweets, ice creams, drives in the Bois de Boulogne, and everyone so kind.

That was what Princess Marina remembered as she stepped out of the train at the station in Paris on a bleak rainy morning.

Times had changed. Instead of the sumptuous carriage, Princess Marina drove in a taxi. Instead of a luxurious hotel, Prince Nicholas and his family stopped at a smallish hotel near the Bois de Boulogne.

There were no treats, no presents, and very few friends.

The people who used to be the first to call on Prince and Princess Nicholas when they formerly came to Paris avoided them now, but Princess Nicholas did not bend her head and Prince Nicholas did not get despondent.

Their task was to create a home for the children and maintain a position of quiet dignity and serene resignation. Numerous Russian and Greek refugees thronged round the exiled Royal Family, and Princess Nicholas, who was a Russian Grand Duchess, saw unrelieved misery and untold sufferings around her.

Her heart ached for her country people, many of whom she remembered as a small girl.

She saw the children, pathetic little figures without home or country, and, true to her nature, the Grand Duchess decided to act.

Owing to politics in Greece Prince Nicholas' position in a foreign country was difficult, but the Princess, as a Russian Grand Duchess, could act on her own.

In this she had her husband's willing advice and full-hearted support.

Her daughters became her helpers. The Grand Duchess started by selling some of her own jewels, and founded a home for the little Russian refugees whose parents could thus go to work.

But it was not sufficient to start a home, it had to be kept up. Every Sunday, as the Grand Duchess and her family assisted at Divine Service at the Russian Orthodox Church, they discovered more misery, more suffering, more need for relief.

Happy Memories

THE young princesses came into contact with old friends they had known all their lives. Little girls and boys they had played with in Athens who were now refugees in Paris.

They shared happy memories, and now they meant to share in their sorrows.

Strict economy was brought into the family of Prince and Princess Nicholas, but the home for poor little Russian children had to be kept up. There was sickness and old age, there were disabled, shell-shocked soldiers and their families who had to be looked after.

She appealed for help. Resolutely the Grand Duchess Helen stepped forward and threw in her lot with those who had been her people, and watching her untiring work and splendid self-sacrifice, helpers came up in response.

The two beautiful young princesses—Princess Olga being already married to Prince Paul—so natural and happy in spite of being deprived of all those things which appealed so much to every growing girl, and which were their birthright, aroused general admiration.

To Be Continued

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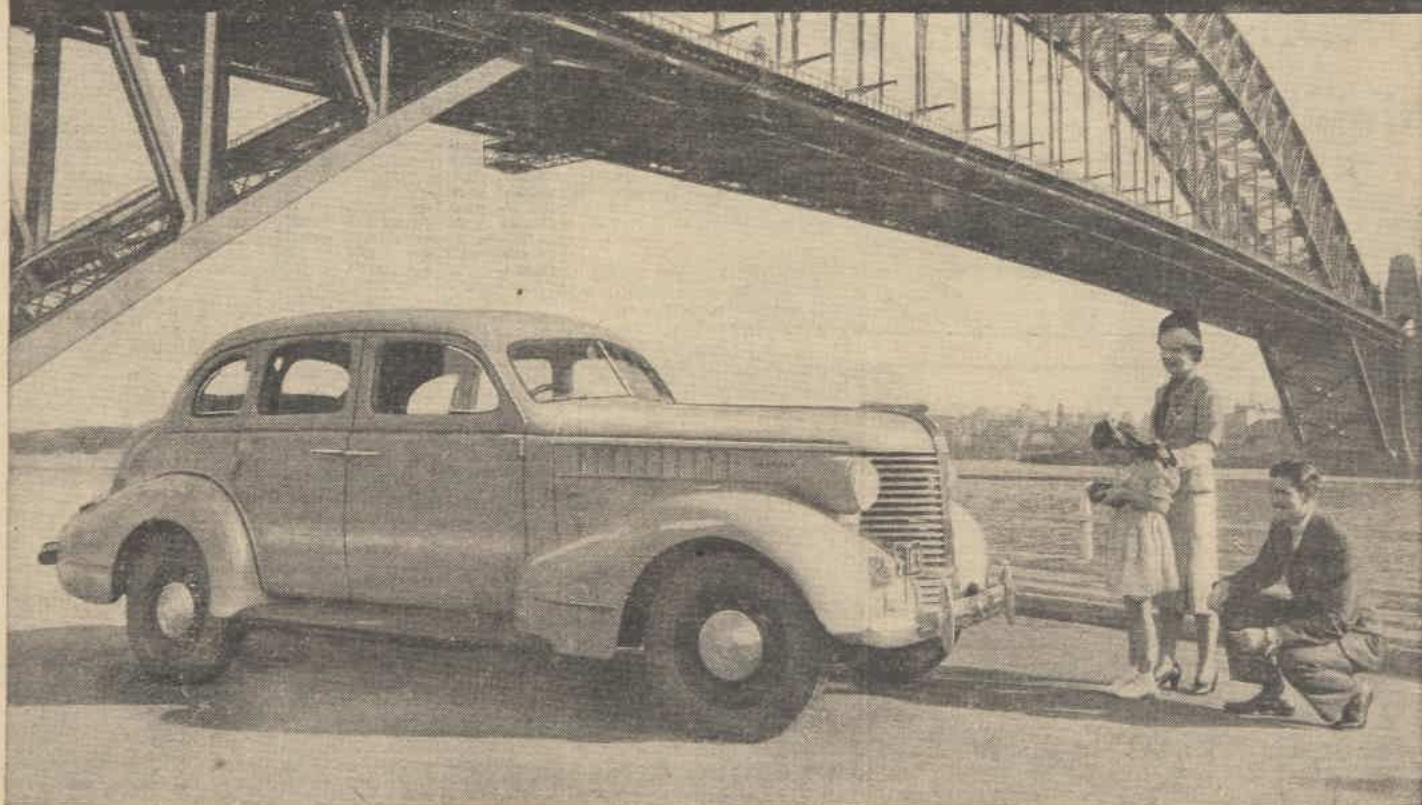
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"OKAY FOR SOUND" and action, too. Nat Mills and Bobbie, comedy dancers in the J. C. Williamson revue, demonstrate a comedy version of "gentle wooing" when gentlemen wore long velvet coats and a villain could leer under his plumed hat.



SWEET NOTHING'S told on a bench in the park—with the difference that the girl does the talking while the boy looks coy. Bobbie in men's clothes tells Nat (all dressed up in his best) the things that a girl most likes to hear from the man she likes.

BEST-DRESSED WOMAN In World of RADIO

Eva Garcia for 2GB

Claiming to be the best-dressed woman in radio, Eva Garcia, Spanish pianist, will arrive in Sydney by the Mariposa on April 17 under contract to 2GB.

The Spanish civil war has brought Spain into the limelight of world affairs, and to-day there is a decided increase of interest in all things Spanish.

EVA GARCIA dresses in the Spanish manner, and it certainly suits her exotic and

unusual personality. Her flair for outstanding clothes keeps her well in the public eye.

An American critic described her thus: "Eva Garcia, picturesquely garbed in flowing white painted satin, her sleek dark head emphasizing the Spanish note in her offering, played music of modern Spain—rhythmic and colorful!"

But her flair for dressing is not the only interesting thing about this vivid personality. She is above all a musician.

Born in California of Spanish parents, Eva Garcia early revealed her musical endowments, and while still in her teens became a popular concert pianist.

But the influence of her ancestors tended more and more to develop her interest in the music of her own people, with the result that her recitals became definitely representative of her own country and she is now recognised as an authority on Spanish music.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY RADIO SESSIONS . . from STATION 2GB

Featured by Dorothea Vautier.

WEDNESDAY, April 13.—11.45 a.m.: Serial, "Pride and Prejudice," by Jane Austen. 2.45 p.m.: The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, April 14.—11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: People in the Limelight.

FRIDAY, April 15.—11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: Musical Cocktail.

SATURDAY, April 16.—7.45 p.m.: The Music Box, 9.30 p.m.: The Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra with Jack Daley (vocalist).

SUNDAY, April 17.—4.30 p.m.: Celebrity Singer Recital, Peter Dawson. 6.15 p.m.: From the Pen of Meyerbeer.

MONDAY, April 18.—11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.

TUESDAY, April 19.—11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: The Homemaker, Mrs. Eve Gye.



MISS EVA GARCIA, Spanish pianist, who will be heard over the air from Station 2GB.

Just before the outbreak of the Spanish war Miss Garcia visited Spain in order to undertake research into the musical literature of her people.

Her fame as an interpreter of Spanish music had preceded her, with the result that she was enabled to inspect the libraries of many of the old monasteries.

Among these she discovered a wealth of forgotten masterpieces composed by Spanish monks over 200 years ago.

Written for the harpsichord, which has not a prominent place in Spanish musical history, they show that there were gifted writers for that instrument even in the land of the guitar.

Vivid Personality

MISS GARCIA is particularly fond of the works of those three great modern masters, Granados, De Falla, and Albeniz. Sydney audiences know De Falla as the composer of that recently-produced ballet, "Love of the Magician"; Albeniz is the composer of the famous "Tango."

Miss Garcia is a no less able exponent of the work of the young generation of Spanish composers with whom she has kept in close touch.

For several years Eva Garcia has been a featured artist in the American radio world, both as soloist and as director of the Rembrandt trio, an outstanding chamber music organisation.

Petite and dark, typically Spanish in appearance, Miss Garcia's vivid personality will undoubtedly win her many admirers among 2GB listeners and will spread the popularity of Spanish music, with its haunting rhythms and harmonies.

SCIENTISTS GIVE US Streamlined POTATOES

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE,
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Plants are now being streamlined. As a result finer fruits, vegetables, and more beautiful flowers are being produced.

EXPLAINING these experiments, an official of the Agricultural Research Council said:—

"The shape of many vegetables has been altered during recent years for the sake of beauty or to fit modern needs.

"For instance, a new cucumber is being grown that is uniformly eight inches long to suit the needs of shippers.

"To fit modern refrigerators smaller varieties of water-melons are being produced."

Canners and seedsmen now employ breeding experts to maintain uniformity in crops. A few outsize peas in a canning variety may affect the price of an entire delivery.

Streamlined potatoes have eliminated the deep "eyes" that cause such waste of time and material in peeling.

Once short, chubby roots, carrots to-day are long, slim objects. By careful breeding a deeper orange color has been developed, and the core has been made more tender or practically eliminated.

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These two outstanding artists from Overseas will arrive in Sydney on April 17 to fulfil an exclusive broadcasting contract with 2GB.

The NATIONS STATION

HALF-WAY HOUSE

Continued from Page 46

"Well, for cripes' sake, didn't he say anything about it?"

"Just that I was to keep it for him temporarily."

"Where is it now?"

"In my safe," said Bill grimly, "where it's going to stay."

De Jong grunted. "I forgot you're a lawyer. Well, Angell, we'll see about that. Doc, is there any way of telling exactly when this man was knifed? We know he died at ten after nine. But when was the knife stuck into him?"

The doctor shook his head. "I couldn't say. Certainly not long before. The man must have held on to life with remarkable tenacity. I could hazard a guess—eighty-three perhaps. But don't bank on it. Shall I send for the wagon?"

"Yes, No," said De Jong, showing his teeth. "No, we'll keep him here for a while. I'll call for the wagon when I want it. Go on home, Doc; you can do the autopsy for us in the morning. You're sure it was the knife did the job?"

"Positive. But if there was anything else, I'll find it."

"Doctor," said Ellery slowly. "Have you found—on the hands or anywhere else—any burns?"

The old gentleman stared. "Burns? Burns? Certainly not!"

"Would you mind keeping a weather-eye out for burns when you're doing the autopsy? Particularly on the extremities."

"Damned fool thing. Very well, very well!" And in something of a huff the doctor stamped out.

De Jong's mouth was open, ready to ask a question, when a fat detective with a scarred mouth shuffled up and engaged him in conversation. Bill strolled about in aimless fashion. After a while the detective waddled away.

"Mess of fingerprints all over the place, my man says," grunted De Jong. "But most of 'em seem to be Wilson's."

Now what are you doing on that rug, Mr. Queen? You look like a frog.

"Oh, I revert to the animal once in a while," smiled Ellery. "Does a body good. Remarkably clean rug, De Jong. Not a speck of mud or anything else anywhere on it."

De Jong looked puzzled. Ellery puffed placidly on his pipe and strolled towards the wooden clothes-rack on the wall. Out of the corner of his eye he watched his friend at the door.

Bill looked down at his feet suddenly, grimaced, and stooped to fumble with the lace of his left shoe. It took him some time to get it tied to his complete satisfaction. When he rose his face was red from his exertions, and his right hand was buried in his pocket. Ellery sighed. He felt sure, as he glanced at the others, that they had not seen Bill pick up something from the one spot on the rug which he himself had not examined.

De Jong strode out, flinging a glance of warning at his man Murphy. They heard him shouting orders on the wooden porch.

Bill dropped into a chair and propped his elbow on his knee, staring down at the dead man with the oddest look of bitter inquiry.

"I grow more and more fascinated by this extraordinary brother-in-law of yours," growled Ellery, standing before the rack.

"Eh?"

"These suits, now. Where did Wilson buy his duds?"

"Philadelphia department stores. He often picked things up at Wanamaker's clearance sales."

"Really?" Ellery flipped back one of the coats and exposed a label. "That's strange. Because, if you'll accept the evidence of this label, he patronised the most exclusive private tailor on Fifth Avenue in New York!"

Bill's head jerked around. "Non-sense."

"And the cut, general swank, the material of the garment don't give the label the lie, either. Let's see... Yes, yes. There are four suits here, and they all purport to come from the same Fifth Avenue source."

"That's utterly incredible!"

"Of course," observed Ellery, "there's always the explanation that neither the shack nor what's in it belonged to him."

Bill was glaring at the rack with a sort of horror. He said eagerly: "Certainly. That's it, that's it. Why, Joe never spent more than thirty-five dollars for a suit in his life!"

After a while De Jong hurried back and proceeded to squat behind the table, becoming busy with the dead man's clothing. Bill opened his eyes; he rose again and went to the table and leaned on his knuckles to stare down at the policeman's massive neck.

From outside the shack came the

voices of many men. They seemed to be occupied with a work of importance in the two driveways. Once the silent men inside heard the shrill voice of Ella Amity engaged in ribald banter with the detectives.

"Well, Mr. Queen," said De Jong at last in a hearty tone, without looking up from what he was doing, "any ideas?"

"None that, like Shaw's superman, I would fight for. Why?"

"I'd always heard you were a fast worker." There was a trace of sardonic humor in the big man's voice.

Ellery chuckled and took something down from the mantle above the fireplace. "You've seen this, of course?"

"Well?"

Bill's head came about in a flash. "What the devil is it?" he asked hoarsely.

"Yeah," drawled De Jong. "What d'ye make of it, Mr. Queen?"

Ellery glanced at him briefly. Then he deposited his find, with its wrappings, on the round table. Bill gulped it down with his eyes. It was a desk-set in brown tooled leather; desk-blotter pad with triangular leather corners, a bronze-based penholder with wells for two fountain-pens, and a small curved bronze blotter-holder. A white card protruded from one of the corner pockets of the large pad.

The card was blank except for an inscription in blue ink, written in a large, neat, masculine script: "To Bill, from Lucy and Joe."

"Your birthday soon, Angell?" asked De Jong genially, squinting at a piece of paper from the dead man's breast-pocket.

Bill turned away, his mouth working. "To-morrow."

"Considerate brother-in-law," grinned the chief. "That's his hat, too, on the card, so there's no question about that. One of the boys checked it with a sample of Wilson's handwriting from his clothes. See for yourself, Mr. Queen." He tossed to the table the paper he had been holding, a meaningless and unimportant scrawl.

"Oh, I believe you," Ellery was frowning at the writing-set.

"Seems to interest you," said De Jong, piling up a number of miscellaneous articles on the table. "Lord knows why! But I'm always ready to learn a new trick. See anything there that escaped me?"

"SINCE I've never had the pleasure of watching you work, De Jong," murmured Ellery, "I'm scarcely in a position to gauge the extent or accuracy of your observations. But there are certain minutiae of at least hypothetical interest."

"You don't say?" De Jong was amused.

Ellery picked up the wrappings of the package. "For one thing, this desk-set was purchased in Wanamaker's in Philadelphia. That, I confess, means little. But... it's a fact for what it's worth."

"Now how'd you know that?" De Jong fingered a sales slip from the pile of articles on the table. "Found it in his pocket, all crumpled. He bought it in Wanamaker's yesterday, all right. It was a cash sale."

"How? By no startling means. I recognised the Wanamaker wrapping-paper, because I bought a little gift for my father there only this afternoon in passing through Philadelphia. And of course," continued Ellery mildly, "you've noticed the condition of the paper. The question arises: Who undid the package?"

"I don't know why it should arise," said De Jong, "but I'll bite. Who did the foul deed?"

"I should say anyone but poor Wilson. Bill, did you touch anything in this room before I got here to-night?"

"No."

"None of your men opened this package, De Jong?"

"It was found just the way you saw it, on the mantle."

"The probability is, then, that it was opened by the murderer—the 'veiled woman' Wilson told Bill about before he died. Probability only; of course it may have been done by still a second intruder. But certainly it wasn't opened by Wilson."

"Why not?"

"This writing-set was purchased as a gift—witness the card. It was wrapped as a gift—the price-tag has been removed, and the sales slip is in Wilson's pocket rather than in the package."

"I don't see that," argued the big man. "Suppose he didn't write this gift-card in the store—suppose he

opened the package here to get one of these pens to write the card with."

"There's no ink in either pen, as I've already ascertained," said Ellery patiently. "Of course, he would know that. But even if I grant that he might have had some other reason for opening the package here, he certainly could have had no reason, as donor of the gift, to destroy the wrappings!" Ellery flicked his thumb at the paper; it had been ruthlessly ripped from the writing-set. "Those wrappings could scarcely be used again for their original purpose; and there are no other wrapping materials on the premises. So I say, Wilson at least didn't open the package; for, if he had, he would

have been careful not to tear the paper. The murderer, on the other hand, would have been deterred by no such consideration."

"So what?" said De Jong.

Ellery looked blank. "My dear De Jong, what an asinine question! At this stage I'm chiefly interested in discovering what the criminal may have done on the scene of her crime; her reasons, whether significant or not, we may worry about later."

Now, that paper-knife, used as the weapon. It comes from the writing-set, unquestionably."

"Sure, sure," growled De Jong. "That's why the woman tore open the package—to get at the knife. I could have told you long ago it was the killer who opened it."

Please turn to Page 52

Asthma Cause Killed in 24 Hours

Thanks to the discovery of an American physician, it is now possible to get rid of those terrible spells of choking, gasping, coughing and wheezing Asthma by killing the true cause which is Germs in the blood. No more burning of powders, no more hypodermic injections. This new discovery, Mendisco, starts to work in 3 minutes, killing the Germs cause of Asthma, also refreshing the blood and restoring vitality so that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything and work and enjoy life. Mendisco is so successful it is guaranteed to give you fresh, easy breathing in 24 hours and to stop your Asthma completely in 3 days or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendisco from your chemist today. Refuse a substitute. The guarantee protects you. 2251

It's terrible ... I feel I'm ruining your chances...and I don't know what to do..



NOW A REGULAR LIFEBOUOY USER



FROM NOW ON, THERE'LL BE ONLY LIFEBOUOY IN THIS BATHROOM. I NOT ONLY FEEL CLEANER... MY SKIN'S IMPROVED WONDERFULLY, TOO



"B.O." GONE - NOW A POPULAR GUEST



THE CHIEF SAYS I'VE BEEN HIDING YOU TOO LONG...HE WANTS US TO JOIN THE PARTY ON HIS YACHT THIS WEEK-END

HOW MARVELOUS—I JUST LOVE SAILING

Thanks AND IT'S ALL SMOOTH SAILING NOW I'M A LIFEBOUOY USER

Lifebuoy contains a special purifying ingredient to end "B.O."

Happiness and progress in both business and social life depend so much on little personal things. And B.O. (Body Odour) is a personal fault that's very hard to forgive. Yet it's such a simple matter to remove every risk of offending this way. Wash and bath regularly, with Lifebuoy Soap. Lifebuoy's lather, which contains a special purifying ingredient that's in no other soap, thoroughly cleanses the pores—deodorises—makes certain of freedom from B.O. Lifebuoy's own clean scent vanishes as you rinse.



A LEVER PRODUCT 2-430,15

Her nice husband

John kissed her. "A sweet fragrance," he murmured. "O, that's a new face powder I'm using. Powder Charmosan."

"Beautiful."

"Yes and your skin, too. You look younger. And may I say it prettier."

"The nicest husband," she whispered. When husbands take notice when they see sudden youth in your skin; and charm and enchantment when they see you look prettier, well, then, THAT is the face powder to stick to.

A touch of Powder Charmosan on your skin and there is and behold is youth.

Now it SURROUNDS and CONCEALS faults and signs of age so they seem no longer there. A secret in it alone.

Charmosan face powder from Paris

Immense sale. Stays on for hours. All shades and tints. Big box 2/6. Sold everywhere by chemists, drapers and stores, including New Zealand.

Give your face its "good night" massage with Charmosan Cold Cream. Removes "make up" dust, etc. from skin and pores in way soap and water can never do. This cream goes right into pores and out again, cleanses beautifully, and leaves skin supple and smooth. This regular nightly massage assists greatly in keeping the skin free from wrinkles, crows feet, pimples, blackheads and open pores. It also tones up skin and muscles and prevents sagging flesh. Boudoir jars 2/6. Tubes 1/-.

Sold everywhere by chemists, drapers and stores, including New Zealand.

Mother

For swift, sure relief from Heartburn, Acid Stomach, Flatulence and other digestive troubles, you will find DINNERFORD'S MAGNESIA never fails. It is recommended by doctors and nurses everywhere because it is so safe, so reliable. DINNERFORD'S is also the most natural of laxatives. Now obtainable in Tablets, as well as the original Pure Fluid you know so well. Made only by Dinnerford & Co. Ltd., London, England.

Get the DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA

D.N.Z.3

A DREAM TRIP TO EUROPE

THE Australian Women's Weekly now offers a special European Holiday built on different lines and providing an exceptional opportunity for all to really get to know foreign countries. The trip may be started at any suitable time subject to boat accommodation being available, and, if you wish, the forward part of the trip may be made via Panama and the return via Suez; alternatively, the Suez route may be followed both ways. At the end of the tour, in London, you may remain longer at your own expense if you so desire.

ON THE RIVIERA

Disembarking at Marseilles or Toulon, your first experience of Europe is the run along the coast to Nice and from this famous resort you will make excursions to quaint little Eze, perched precariously on the mountain side, to Monte Carlo and its casino, to Mentone and the Italian frontier by way of the Grand Corniche. Grasse, famous for its perfume, and the amazing Gorges du Loup are on your list; gay little Juan-les-Pins in the midst of a social whirl; Cannes and the Isles of Lérin; San Remo and Bordighera. One day, up, up, up and your lunch eaten among the clouds of Pigna Cava.

LOVELY DAYS IN A LOVELY LAND

After a week on the French Riviera, train into Italy, through Genoa and so to Lugano, the lovely in Switzerland. A wonderful car trip around Lake Maggiore, visiting Stresa and Isola Bella and the wonderful gardens of Prince Borromeo. Locarno, too, is on the visiting list, and Lake Lugano and ancient Morcote with its arcaded lake front.

FREE FRIENDLY ADVICE ON ALL TRAVEL

WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU
ST. JAMES BUILDING, ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY.

You will visit Brescia and Verona on your way to Venice and on the return Padua, Vicenza and Milan, and the beautiful Lake Como.

THE RHINE COUNTRY

Next, to Germany through Heidelberg and Mainz to the typical Rhine-on-the-Rhine, with car to take you over the Seven Mountains and an afternoon tea taken high up on Petersberg Mountain, looking down on the great river before making a charming little motor-trip to the Isle of Nonnen-eorth.

Coblence, the lovely Moselle Valley, Kochem Castle and the Nurburg Ring, the old, old town of Altmahr, to Bonn, Beethoven's birthplace, and the Benedictine Monastery at Lancher Lake, then Cologne, Brussels, and Paris. A whole week is provided in the magic city with visits to Versailles and Malmaison, and an all-day drive through the historic Forest of Fontainebleau. After Paris, London for a fortnight.

ROMANTIC TAHITI

If you start this trip in Sydney, you can travel via Noumea, Tahiti, Cristobal, Port de France, Pointe a Pitre, and Madeira, and at the conclusion of the tour in London, return to Australia via Suez and Colombo.

THE TOTAL COST OF THE TRIP TRAVELLING THIS WAY IS FROM £175, including exchange. (Extra from Brisbane, Melbourne, Adelaide or Fremantle.)

If you start in Sydney travelling via Melbourne, Adelaide, Fremantle, Colombo, Suez and returning the same way, the total cost of the trip is from £173/5/-, including exchange. The amount of the tour, travelling each way via Suez, is reduced if the trip is started from Melbourne, Adelaide or Fremantle, and is £2/10/- extra if started from Brisbane.

The prices include boat fares, all travel and accommodation, and tips.

Detailed particulars will be sent on application to The Australian Women's Weekly Travel Bureau, St. James Bldg, Elizabeth St., Sydney.

HALF-WAY HOUSE

ELLERY

raised his brows. "I shouldn't say that was the reason at all, you know. For one thing, since the gift was purchased only yesterday, it's highly improbable that the murderer knew there would be a sharp new letter-opener handy for her crime to-night. No, no; the use of the letter-opener as a dagger was completely fortuitous, I'm convinced. It's more likely the murderer was prowling about here before the crime and opened the package out of sheer curiosity, or from an inner necessity due to nervousness in anticipation of what she was about to do. Naturally, discovering the letter-opener, she would prefer to use it rather than the weapon she must have brought along—if this was a premeditated murder, as it seems to have been. And from time immemorial the female of the species has found in the knife the fullest expression of her homicidal impulses."

De Jong scratched his nose and looked annoyed. Bill said in a halting way: "If she had time to prowl... It would look as if she had the place to herself for a while. Then where was Joe? Had she attacked him first? The doctor—"

"Now, now, Bill," said Ellery soothingly, "don't fret about these things. We haven't enough facts yet. You didn't know anything about this gift, Bill?"

"Not a blessed thing. It sort of bowls me over. I've never bothered much with birthdays. Joe—"

He averted his face.

"Well," shrugged De Jong. "What else did you find, Mr. Queen?"

"Do you want a complete resume?" asked Ellery calmly. "You know, De Jong, the trouble with you fellows is that you can never overcome your professional contempt for the amateur. I've known amateurs to sit at the feet of professionals, but I can't say the reverse has held equally true. Murphy, if I were you I should take notes. Your local prosecutor may bless them some day."

Murphy looked embarrassed; but De Jong nodded with a grim smile.

"A general description of the shack and its contents," said Ellery, puffing thoughtfully on his briar, "leads to a rather curious conclusion. In this one-room shack we find neither bed nor cot—no sleeping equipment of

any kind. There is a fireplace but no firewood—in fact, no debris or ashes, and the hearth is remarkably clean. The fireplace obviously hasn't been used for months.

"What else? A broken-down old coal stove, eaten away by rust and entirely useless for cooking or heating purposes—no doubt a relic of the days when this shack was occupied by squatters. In this connection, observe that there are no candles, no oil lamps, no gas connections, no matches of any description."

"True enough," admitted De Jong. "Didn't this bird smoke, Angel?"

"No," Bill was staring out the front window.

"In fact," continued Ellery, "the only means of illumination here is the electric lamp on the table. There's a power-house—?" De Jong nodded. "It's immaterial whether the occupant of this place had the electricity installed or found it here; probably the latter. In any event, note the bare fact."

"And, to complete the picture,

Continued from Page 51

"Nevertheless," said Ellery in a queer tone, "I think that another man entirely is involved."

The voices were loud outside. De Jong scrubbed his chin and looked thoughtful. He said: "That sounds like the Press," and went away.

"Now let's see," said Ellery softly, "what friend De Jong has found in poor Wilson's pockets."

The pile on the table was composed of the usual assortment of odds and ends a man carries about with him. A bunch of keys; a worn wallet which contained two hundred and thirty-six dollars in bills—Ellery glanced at Bill, who still stared out of the window; a number of miscellaneous scraps of paper; several registered letter receipts; a driver's licence in Wilson's name; and two snapshots of a very pretty woman standing before an unpretentious little frame house. Ellery recognised her as Bill's sister Lucy, more buxom than he remembered



DOROTHY LAMOUR, Paramount player, chooses a new shade of grey leather for her peaked hat, with its cluster of colorful fringes at one side. A Persian lamb and grey kusha ensemble completes the outfit.

there is only a handful of chipped crockery, not a trace of foodstuffs, and not even the most ordinary first aid equipment kept by the poorest for medical emergencies."

De Jong chuckled. "Got all that, Murphy? That's dandy, Mr. Queen; couldn't have put it better myself. But when it's all added up, what the devil have you got?"

"MORE," retorted Ellery, "than you apparently realise. You have a house in which the occupant neither slept nor ate—a place with extraordinarily few of the characteristics of a dwelling and all the indications of a transient shelter, a wayside convenience, the merest stopover."

"Moreover, from various signs you can deduce the quality of the occupant. This fawn rug is the only one of the accoutrements here which doesn't date from the squatter era—much too regal and costly. I should say whoever has been using this place picked it up somewhere second hand at a respectable price. A concession to sheer luxury in taste—that's significant, don't you think? This tendency to sybaritism is borne out by the clothes on that rack, by the curtains on the windows—rich stuffs, but badly hung... the masculine touch, of course. Finally, the interior is almost meticulously clean; there isn't a speck of dirt or ashes anywhere on the rug, the fireplace is clean as the proverbial whistle, no dust visible to the prying eye. What kind of man does all this point?"

Bill turned from the window; his eyes were rimmed with red. "It doesn't paint Joe Wilson," he said harshly.

"No," said Ellery. "It certainly doesn't."

De Jong's smile faded.

Continued Next Week

MADE MY YELLOW FALSE TEETH PEARLY WHITE

New discovery cleans without brushing



Just a word in every great prize of your 'Steradent'—I had tried all sorts of cleaners, etc., for my dentures but nothing seemed to take off that yellowish tinge. I saw your advert, so I purchased a tin and after two nights' soaking I had new teeth. They were more comfortable in my mouth and had that nice pearly look about them, as when new. I have strongly recommended 'Steradent' to my friends and relations.

G.M. Your false teeth need no longer look like old piano keys—stained, dull and yellow-tinted like old ivory. No matter how stained or old your dental plates are, 'Steradent' is guaranteed to make them as spotlessly clean, fresh and natural-looking as the day you first got them—and keep them that way. Simply put a little 'Steradent' powder into a glass of warm water. Stir well. Leave your denture while you dress or overnight. Discoloured parts are made a natural-looking flesh pink. Teeth regain the clean attractive lustre of 'live' teeth. All slimy mucous film is removed by a powerful sterilising agent which also purifies your plates and gives them a cool, refreshing taste. No brushing. No acids. No nasty taste. Guaranteed harmless. Dentists say 'Steradent' is by far the best denture cleanser ever produced. Price 2/6. Double size 5/6. At all chemists.

Steradent

I will say! THIS BIOCEL CREAM IS MARVELLOUS!

It nourishes the skin



My doctor told me that Bio-cel in this particular cream is obtained from carefully selected young animals. It goes down deep into the skin and supplies it with the very nourishment it needs to make it firm, fresh and young. It was discovered by a great Vienna University Professor. It is now combined with Crème Tokalon Bio-cel in just the right proportions to nourish the skin tissues. Use this cream at night and use Crème Tokalon (Vanishing) in the morning. In three days it will put you on the road to get rid of your complexion blemishes and flabby sagging facial muscles. In tests made at the University of Vienna Hospital by Prof. Dr. Stejskal on women from 55 to 72 years of age, lines disappeared in six weeks' time. Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.

KIDNEYS CAUSE OF MANY BACKACHES

Flesh Out 15 Miles of Kidney Tubes

It is surprising how quickly many sufferers relieve nagging backache once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be clogged kidneys.

Medical authorities agree that your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters which strain the waste and acids from the blood. A healthy person should pass 2 pints a day and get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter.

If your kidneys don't work well, this waste stays in the body and may become poisonous, causing nagging backaches, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, loneliness, swollen feet and ankles, puffiness under the eyes, rheumatic pains and dizziness. It may lay you up for many months.

Don't wait! Ask your chemist for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS—used successfully the world over by millions of people suffering with backache and other kidney disorders. They give quick relief and will help flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. So be sure you get DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS.

STAR DUST

Continued from
Page 5

"LISTEN, darling. I've got two dollars saved. You use the lunch money for carfare and getting in. I won't go. You always have better luck. You taught me. You go, Jake. I don't care. Anyhow, it's raining."

She was sure then that she loved him very much and forever. Stay home in a mouldy room while Jake saw a 50-1 shot come home! Jake, an ordinary enough young man whom she'd known less than a year, sometimes a lazy, cross, restless young man, a young man without a penny.

Jake examined the wire sharply. "It's not phony. But by heavens what a horse! Star Dust. Who's riding him? Willa. Who ever heard of Willa? It's a spot. I'll bet they've got him full of hop. He'll probably drop to ten when it gets around. Well, that would do, sweetheart. I'll ask George, just casually." George was the night clerk, who lived and breathed for the ponies.

"Says Idaho in the fifth, sure thing. Never heard of Star Dust. So it's not out yet. What about lunch, angel eyes. If this is carfare?"

"We'll have the dollar lunch to celebrate. Then you run out. I'll eat slowly, say you must be held up on a story and have all my money, and we'll pay to-night. We've always paid before."

"All right, cottontail. We'll have the lunch with the strawberry shortcake."

Jake opened the paper all over the table. "Say, there's a good thing in the first—Rapiel. Like him across the board. But it's Star Dust in the fifth. Plunge everything. I feel rotten to leave you."

"Go quick, Jake—and don't lose this." She poured the nickels and quarters and dimes into his hand. "Hurry, Jake, or I'll—"

She watched him through the door. He turned and raised his hand. Then he was gone in the rain.

The Florida rain was a torrent. Streets were rivers. People already teetered across on planks.

She told the waitress about the money and that she would leave a double tip to-morrow. The waitress smiled because they were such a nice young couple and once in a while she'd pretend that she had a handsome young man like that.

So everything was all right except the dismal afternoon and that the horses were going to the post in the first and Amanda wasn't there. But to-night it would be different. Only four hours and the world would change.

She'd got Belham, the landlady, to turn on the heater, and take a long hot bath and never hurry if anyone rapped. She'd put the last of her good cold cream on her face and be beautiful when Jake came back.

Nurse Recommends WINE OF LIFE

Mrs. Johnson had been feeling wretched for months past, but as she said to the nurse who had been called in for a "case" next door—she just couldn't afford to rest.

"True," replied the nurse, "But can you afford to buy a really fine tonic? Your whole trouble is just getting hopelessly run-down with years of work. Your blood has become poor and your strength naturally is just dwindling away day by day. What you need to put you right on your feet again is Wincarnis. I've proved it again and again."

Mrs. Johnson sent for a bottle of Wincarnis and, as nurse advised, took it regularly. In a few weeks she was a new woman. No hopeless tiredness at night—no jumpy nerves. Healthy people are never nervy or irritable—they feel cheerful and radiate happiness. And that's the very kind of health Wincarnis brings. It must, because Wincarnis is made from prime beef extract, vitamin melt and deliciously matured blood-building wine.

Wincarnis builds up rich, red, corn-pommes and makes you feel years younger. Get all the fun and laughter you can out of life. Let Wincarnis bring back your health and strength. But be sure you get Wincarnis, for, although you may be tempted with cheaper products, remember—there is only one Wincarnis—the product with only quality ingredients—the product that is waiting to bring you priceless health.

If she were home, she'd be going to dinner and the theatre in a white ermine cape.

She drew her raincoat more tightly and walked across a plank bridge. Having Jake kiss her little finger was worth it.

Torn camellia petals lay on the walk. Amanda picked up a wet bruised blossom and entered the cold damp house. Her room was clammy and she lit the oil stove.

Then she sat down in the rocking chair, with a cigarette. Damp towels pressed her back. She threw them off. Post time for the second race now. When the fifth came she'd drink a toast to Star Dust. She'd try not to think about horses for a while. So many things could happen. It could be anybody's race.

But not to-day. To-day was Star Dust's. To-day was hers and Jake's. She could see the headlines: Star Dust Drops Out of the Clouds. Long Shot Pays 50-1. "Star Dust comes laughing home," laughed Amanda. That was a nice phrase.

She might write a letter to her father now, saying that she loved him, but she never would come back without Jake, no matter what—the letter she had not yet written. Jake thought she had. But it was terribly hard. She'd do it to-morrow. Anyway, there were four more days until the first. Choices were nasty things.

She flattened her nose against the screen and watched the camellias blowing in the wind. She heard Jake. "Where's your courage? Write him now, Mandy. He's got to know. Take a chance. You'll be a gambler yet."

She wished he'd talk like that every day. It made her brave. But he hadn't much lately. Maybe he wasn't so sure any more, either. Maybe her father—She shook her head.

Then Amanda shivered. Suppose she'd never met him. She would have been nothing.

She looked at her black evening dress. She tried on her hats. Then she took her bath. She still shivered, but not from cold. But there was nothing to tremble about. Not even to wonder about. Why, she knew as she had never known anything in her life before.

TEN minutes to five. She could see the holes in the track dug by terrific rains, feel the sweeping winds, see the regular stamping, taking gulps of whisky, smell the coffee, hear the band whining "Valencia," see the scraggly line before the windows, watch the odds shifting. Star Dust. 30-1, 40-1. Who ever heard of Star Dust? Star Dust, forgotten by all. She could see Jake, with his green hat on the back of his head and his collar up, standing at the ticket window. "Plunge everything on Star Dust."

She could see him raising his hand when he left her that noon. She could see the parade to the post. She lighted a cigarette. There was Star Dust, the jockey's green-and-blue silks, black cross on sleeve.

Here they come. What a day! You can't see. The rain hides them. She must see. There goes Star Dust! "He looks fine," thought Amanda. "I knew he would."

She clenched the yellow paper in her hand and rocked back and forth in the old chair. Then she closed her eyes.

They're off! The cry tears across the empty stands. It's Idaho, the favorite with Verdun up five lengths ahead. He beat the gate, all right. Who's second? Look at the gap. The rest might be tied. They'll never catch the favorite. Why, he's in now! The kid's sitting cold. Idaho's home. You can't stop him. Come on, Idaho! What's that? Who's that? Ah, Amanda knows. Who's coming from behind—coming, coming, coming? Ride him, Willa. Ride him! Don't look around. Verdun, you sap. Who's the big bay horse? Come on, Idaho! Who's that stealing through, gaining inch by inch?

It's Star Dust, 50-1. He's going to win. He's running over them. He's flying! Out of nowhere. It's Star Dust. A cry of agony: Idaho, Idaho! It's Star Dust at 50-1.

Amanda opened her eyes. She was shaking all over. "Of course, he's won, but I'll call the paper. They'll know by now. I guess I can have a drink to Star Dust. Here's to you. Here's to whoever sent us that tip."

The whiskey warmed her and she danced slowly around the room. Now she'd telephoned. She knew he'd won. Still, she'd like to hear someone else

say it, too. Big upset in the fifth; rank outsider.

She went down the clattery stairs, hoping she wouldn't meet Belham. She hated to have her listen, hear Amanda say, "Who's won the fifth?" They owed six weeks' rent.

But they could pay it now. She raised the receiver.

"Tampa News?" she whispered. "Can you give me the fifth?"

"Let's see. Oh, that just came in. Here it is."

"Tell me!" cried Amanda.

"Long shot, Star Dust, 50-1. Second, Idaho—"

"Thank you," Amanda walked up the stairs very grandly. "Is there a lovelier feeling," she thought, "than to have a winner? I feel as though I were brilliant and had done something remarkable."

"I'm so happy! Everything's fine. We'll go dancing, and I'll wear my black dress. And I'm never going back. You won't let me go back now, will you, Jake? You'll work hard, won't you, darling? You won't get tired of me. I won't get tired of you, will I, Jake?"

I SUPPOSE I could go out to the corner and meet him. But I might miss him. I'll just sit and wait. I don't mind waiting forever now. I'm glad he saw Star Dust come in. I love him."

Amanda sat very quietly. She felt tired. It's hard work to watch a race, she thought. Outside it was getting dark.

Where was Jake? Why didn't he come? The door opened slowly, and Jake stood there. Rain sloshed from his hat and made a little pool on the floor. He looked very white.

Amanda threw her arms around him. "Darling, come—hurry! Take off your coat. Here's to Star Dust. I know. Here's to us. Here's to everything!"

"Wait a minute, Mandy," said Jake harshly, and pushed her away. "What's the matter? He won, didn't he? There wasn't a foul?" She dropped the wringing coat. "Why do you look like that?"

"I walked home!" He sat down.

"Walked home! It's miles. Didn't Star Dust win? What is it, Jake?"

She almost screamed.

"He won all right, baby. But, Mandy—listen. If you love me you've got to understand."

"Did you lose the money, darling? Oh, Jake—"

"I—I didn't bet on Star Dust, Mandy. I—I didn't dare."

"What—?" Amanda drew away. "What did you do?" Each word was like a cake of ice.

"I couldn't see him when I got there. He's never done a thing in the mud. Just figured he couldn't win."

"What did you do?"

"Bet on the favorite. I had to. He was a sure thing, even money. Darling, if I'd lost that two dollars we wouldn't have had a cent—nothing to eat. I couldn't do that to you—I've got to look after you. If it hadn't been for you—Oh, I'm a rotten gambler! I just got cold feet, baby. I'll make it up to you."

It couldn't be happening. "I'm sorry, Mandy. I'm so ashamed. It's just a horse race, sweetheart. We'll get there somehow. They won't get you back. Don't look like that. I thought it was just a crazy tip when I saw him. He was a scarecrow. I couldn't do it. Don't look like that, I tell you, Mandy!"

"But I asked you to do it. I believed you'd do it. I gave up going. I gave you the money I'd saved. It was no fun, saving that money! I don't know how to live without any. I hate living without any. They couldn't be real words that she was saying. "Why, I was going to dress up, and we were going to have luck always, and dance and never worry, and you'd finish the book, and—"

Wildly she began to cry. Jake put his arms around her.

"Darling, don't cry. Forget it. We'll hit one next time."

"Next time! There won't be a next time. I'd have bet on him, no matter what. I knew he'd win. I saw him with my eyes shut. You're a coward. You didn't dare. You're a fine gambler. Why didn't you play the favorite to show? You're a coward. You, plunge everything!"

Amanda shouted with laughter. She struck at him, pushing blindly.

"And how about you? How about you shooting the works? Right on the nose. Poor little rich girl who gave up everything and came South. Gave up the deuce. Have you written that letter yet? Answer me—No—you don't dare. You want to have your fun a little longer. Skulking, hiding down here. You don't love me. You'd write that letter if you did. Plunge everything—you!"

Please turn to Page 54

Loss of Appetite

RESTORE DIGESTION
WITH

BENGER'S FOOD

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Continued from
Page 53

STAR DUST

AMANDA struck his face madly. "You never ask me any more. You won't even work. Where's the book? You're afraid yourself. I'll go back home. I want to go home! You'll never see me again. You never loved me. You never wanted me for good."

Jake pushed her savagely and she fell on the floor.

"Get out to-night. What do I care now? You never meant to stay. You never trusted me. You and your money. Get out of my sight!" said Jake Carson. "Get out before I do something dreadful."

She couldn't see or hear. She stumbled past him down the stairs and out into the night.

It had stopped raining, but Amanda never knew. Her arm throbbed where Jake had bent it. Her head beat where it had struck the bed.

She had never wanted to hurt anyone before. She had scratched his face. She could see him standing there mopping the red blood.

She'd never see him again. She must get a train. Jake said she was a coward. She said he was. Had he wanted her to stay? Had she really meant to? She hated Jake. There was a horse long ago named Star Dust.

The night had grown hot. Amanda turned around and struggled back to the house. She crept up the stairs and into a room on the third floor that never rented. She fell on the cot. Her eyes ached and black words danced before them: "Plunge everything. I'm frightened to wake up. I'm frightened to stay awake."

When she woke up the sun was pouring in. She put out her hand to touch Jake. Then everything came back and she jumped up. Belham mustn't find her there. She was going away to-day. She looked at her watch. It was twelve o'clock.

She went to their room. She packed her trunk. It didn't take long.

She put on the clean white dress she had been saving. Then she took off her ring. She could get enough for her ticket home, she was sure. But where was home?

It was a beautiful day. The air

was soft and the sky a pale lovely blue. People were sitting in the sun. She was going back to winter. That was as it should be. It would be queer to sit in the sun without Jake. She wished she could sit down in it for a minute and let it dry her tears, but there were other things to do.

She walked till she came to the end of Main Street. She had seen a sign there once: LOANS.

"You can't get more, lady; there's been a boom that slumped. We're flooded with the stuff."

"But I must have seventy dollars. It cost—"

Amanda took the ten one-dollar bills.

Now what? She bought a paper and turned to the choices. What did it matter which she bet on? Any horse that could get her a ticket home.

She got on the bus. She never remembered the ride out. She didn't see the track or the horses. There was only one person alive. She would never see him again.

First race: Melody, 2-1, winner. The cries never touched her. She sat motionless in the corner of the grandstand, Amanda who'd never seen a finish before without jumping on the seat. She was waiting for something, she didn't know quite what.

She didn't hear the band. She heard Jake shouting. "Come on, you with papa's new suit! Run fast, you devil! We've got to make our living on horses that run fast." She could feel his arms around her shoulder and see him toss his hat in the air.

But Jake wasn't there. He was someone in another age. She'd never feel his arms again, not even hurting her, and there would be snow and no love anywhere.

Suddenly it was the last race. She had to bet. She was going home to-night, to her father. Jake had said, "Get out." She would never need a two-dollar ticket again.

She went to the paddock. The race was for maiden two-year-olds. They looked young and untired. Then she

saw her horse—a black filly. Her name was Valour. The selector said, "In tight place; may show something." The odds were 10-1.

Amanda went back to her seat. She wished Jake could see Valour. She was so beautiful. Horses were much kinder than people. Horses couldn't be hurt like people. Yet she remembered one day when Happy Flight lost by a nose, and wondered.

She didn't want to watch this race. If she didn't win, where would Amanda go? She couldn't hide in the third-floor room. If she won, where? If she didn't, if she did—what difference?

The horses were on the track, at the post. They're off! Amanda didn't look. "Who's the black horse? Look at the black horse!" roared the crowd. Amanda looked up. On the rail came the black filly. Like the wind. She stared, trembling. Her throat ached. She clenched her hands. "Don't let her win," Amanda was praying. "I don't want the money. I don't want to go back. I was the coward, Jake. Don't let her win. I'll have to go—"

On came the black filly.

"For heaven's sake, daisy, don't lose your programme and don't get lipstick on mine!"

Amanda's programme was torn to shreds.

"Stop her!" Amanda said. "Stop her, somebody, quick!"

On came Valour. On she came. What a race, what a filly. "Come on, Valour!" Amanda forgot everything. "Valour, Valour!" she was shouting. She forgot the ticket. She forgot Jake.

"Valour!" called Amanda, and she had won. If Jake had only seen it! She sat down. Tears were rolling down her cheeks. Then she thought, "I've lost Jake. I've got to go away now."

Amanda took the bills the man handed to her. Her pocketbook felt enormous. The bus joggled from side to side. She watched the lines in the women's faces, lines around bright pink cheeks. Lines came from things like yesterday and to-day. Too bright cheeks meant these women wanted to go back somewhere—years back maybe.

Amanda had laughed at them before. Now she knew. They wanted to go back. When she reached New York she'd want to go back—back to a furnished room with a rickety chair.

HE might not even come home before the train left, and she would get on it alone, and the next day it would be colder, and the next.

The bus stopped. "Have a bad day?" asked the driver.

"I got Valour," said Amanda. She'd had nothing to eat and she felt sick and cold in the warm afternoon sunlight.

Would Jake be there? Or would he be just a good-looking young man, smoking, who wouldn't be Jake? Just a polite young man who might even kiss you good-bye. But who meant nothing any more and to whom you meant nothing. A young man who had meant the whole earth.

Amanda went up the steps. There would be no more camellia trees. She was frightened, more than ever in her life before. This was more frightening than writing to her father and thinking of his face.

The door of the room was open. Jake sat at his table where he studied the charts. On it was a pile of manuscript. Amanda stood there and he never looked up. Would he never look at her again?

"What's that?" said Amanda. It was too still. "Is it a book?"

"It is," said Jake, "and it's done, and they seem to like it, with a few changes. And what's more, Mrs. Carson, I'm not a mug, you know, or didn't you? Maybe some day your father won't think so. I have to do things my own way."

"Oh," said Amanda.

And some day you're going to read columns about me and they'll say, "Jake Carson, famous writer—yes, and picker of horses, too—does this and that." But there'll be nothing about Amanda, his wife. Not a line. I see you're leaving me."

"You told me to get out." Oh, she hadn't meant to say that! She was going to be sweet and calm, so he would remember a woman of the world, not a girl who scratched.

"How's your face?" asked Amanda. She giggled from terror.

Jake stood up. "What time are you leaving and how?"

"Well, you see, I went to the races this afternoon, and I happened to find ten dollars and—"

"Happened to find ten dollars?"

"Listen, I got it myself. No, no, not from home. And guess, Jake, guess whom I bet on? Valour at ten to one!" She was with him, talking to him again.

"Valour? You had the sense to pick Valour? Why, there's a filly! You daisy! Let's see the money."

Amanda threw it on the table.

"You picked Valour! Maybe you're all right, after all. I tell you, I'm good. I trained you. Three months ago you couldn't pick an odds-on."

"Jake, she's the most wonderful filly. Jet-black and holds her head the way you like. Oh, darling, I wish you'd been there!" She was talking fast. "I thought we'd have a farewell dinner and then watch the dogs run. I want to say good-bye to Underdable."

"All right, Amanda. I've got a good one to-night. Shall we have a little drink to Valour?"

AMANDA drank, but not to Valour, who had bought her ticket away from Jake.

But Jake had called her daisy. You didn't call people daisy when you were through with them! Maybe you did.

"Jake," said Amanda, "I'm starved. Now we can have double martinis and stone crabs and pompano, and we can get the trunk and ticket later. The train doesn't go till twelve."

She stared at Jake. She wanted terribly to kiss him. She wanted to say, "You weren't the coward. You were thinking of me. I'm the rotten weak one. But I love you. I'll write the letter to-night, my darling. I will do anything—anything you say—if you'll give me one more chance."

"Come on, kid," said Jake. "I'm pretty hungry, too."

Amanda and Jake hung over the rail at the dog track. Jake's arm was around her shoulders.

"Here comes Underdable—all the way!" yelled Jake. He tossed his hat in the air. He kissed Amanda, then he kissed her again.

"Plunge everything this time, daisy," said Jake. "It's a good tip, you know."

"Yes, Jake," said Amanda. She knew all right now. Jake was the sure thing.

They drove home through the moonlight.

"Stop here a second," said Amanda, and she went into the Western Union office. Swiftly she wrote her father at the very desk where she had picked up the yellow telegram ages ago. And standing there, she saw her life with Jake stretching out ahead as sure and straight as she had watched Star Dust come home to win.

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HUNGRY, YET CAN'T EAT

Afraid to eat good food, the sufferer from Dyspepsia and Chronic Acid Indigestion makes life a burden to himself and his near companions. The remedy is simple. A small dose of TWIN SODA gives almost instant relief. Buy a 1/6 packet from your local chemist to-day, and look forward to eating what you like.

I knew no hesitation in buying my new coat...

The beginning of autumn means the beginning of a long, long trek for her...from shop to shop, in search of an overcoat. She was admiring my new one. I told her how easy it was to buy. I simply asked to see the new range of Domineux Coats. The snap will show you my choice. It's a Camel Hair weave, sufficiently casual in style to be ideal for sports wear, yet so beautifully tailored that you can wear it on any occasion. Mary was thrilled, and when I told her my Domineux Coat was shower-proof, that settled it. Domineux was her choice too. Of course, I knew no hesitation, for I discovered Domineux last year.

Leading stores have a lovely range of models in the new weaves and colours. You'll know Domineux Coats (and Domineux Fashion-Tailored suits) by this triangular label.



Domineux

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

April 16, 1938.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

Page One

EYE OPENERS!



BEAUTIFUL EYES indeed has this young lady. Her eyebrows are silky smooth, her eyelashes luxuriant. Needless to say she takes every care of them. The eyes are never strained by close work in a bad light, and they are regularly bathed.

Your eyes are the most important feature of your face—so treat them well!

By
EVELYN

WALKING IN dust-laden wind is harmful to eye health and beauty. Bathe eyes with eye-lotion as soon as you come in. Always keep lotion on hand.

TOO many of us take our eyes for granted. They work for us every minute of our waking hours and all they get in return from the great majority is—neglect.

This isn't quite fair to them.

Some add insult to injury. They not only overtax them, but load them daily with make-up which they leave on all night. But, of course, in time the eyes rebel and in all kinds of unattractive ways.

I know what I am talking about when I advise you to treat them well. Just recently my own precious pair rebelled from overstrain and unkind treatment. I have learned my lesson.

So remember—as I shall—these points:

Don't strain your eyes. Read and work in a good light.

Protect your eyes from strong sunshine; also powerful lights. Wear dark glasses always at the beach.

I notice that many women have worn dark glasses in the street this summer. In fact it has become quite a fashion. Let's hope it will not be a short-lived one.

Wear glasses if your vision is defective.

Take your oculist's advice cheerfully if he says you must wear them with the consciousness that rested eyes behind well-fitted glasses are good-looking eyes. And with such smart frames as can be had to-day they usually are! Wear your hair off the temples and preferably not with a centre part.

After walking or motoring in dust-

laden wind, bathe your eyes with a good eye tonic or a boracic acid lotion. This latter is made by adding one small, level teaspoon of the powder to one pint of boiling water. Allow to cool, bottle and carefully seal.

If you're wise you'll bathe your eyes night and morning.

Eyes will not sparkle unless you are at your best physically, so get enough sleep and keep your health up to par.

Do not frown or squint.

Frowning and squinting cause lines and you do not want to race Time in this respect.

You can keep crow's feet, and lines under the eyes at bay, despite on-coming years, if you take these measures plus gentle massage.

Use a good tissue or eye cream nightly. Smooth or pat the cream on lightly with the tip of the third finger.

Work Lightly

BEGIN at the inner corners of the eyes (at the nose line) and circle round—up over the eyelids and round again. Tap gently. The area around the eyes is very sensitive, so be careful not to stretch the tissue-paper-like skin.

Leave plenty of oil or cream on the eyelids overnight. Some use almond oil when they cannot get a suitable cream or run out of their favorite cream.

Eye packs are decidedly beneficial. Recipes for these have been given on this page from time to time. After applying a pack you should lie down and thoroughly relax for at least ten minutes.

Wads of cotton-wool saturated with

witch-hazel are good; little bags filled with green tea dropped in hot water and then laid over the eyes are excellent; so is milk for tired eyes.

Eyebrows should be kept smooth and silky-looking. You can train them to lie smoothly if you brush a little vaseline over them nightly. Eyelash cream or good vaseline should be brushed on the lashes nightly to keep them from becoming brittle and to help them grow. Some use a trace of castor oil for this purpose.

If your eyes are set too closely together you can make them appear wider if you place shadow on the outer half of each eyelid. Do not on any account apply mascara to the lashes nearest the nose. Concentrate only on the lashes in the centre and on the outer half of each eye. Pluck any hairs over the nose so as to leave a good space between the eyebrows.

In fact, the space between the brows should be kept clear by all. Pull unruly hairs out with tweezers. Do not shave the brows.

The ideal eyebrow follows the curve of the upper lashes when the eyes are open. Do not attempt much remodeling.

In thinning the brows it is often advisable to remove hairs from the lower edges, slightly widening the spaces between eyes and brows.

If the brows are sparse or incomplete, a crayon may be used lightly. But in extending the line do not bring the outer edges too far down. All downward lines are ageing.

Never make up your eyes when playing sports. There's great danger of mascara running when you become overheated, and nothing looks more ludicrous. Besides, healthy sports give your eyes a natural, charming sparkle.



READ OR WORK in a good light. Don't strain your eyes. The above sketch shows you the correct position by a window.

LEFT: Always protect the eyes from the glare and strong sunshine by wearing colored glasses. You can buy protective glasses very cheaply. So keep a pair by you and do not neglect to use them.

Glare-Proof!

even under harsh electric light!



Pond's "GLARE-PROOF" Powder Shades becoming in the cruellest light!

Under the soft light of your own room your powder seems just right. But how does it look in the dazzling brilliance of the ballroom? Does it show up chalky? Does it catch the harsh rays of light that throw dark shadows and sharp lines over your face?

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NAME

ADDRESS



HOLIDAY FACES At Their VERY BEST

... Wherever you go, whatever you do this Easter, here is the new, simple way to make up your face for lasting loveliness.

IMAGINE! Four carefree days confront you, girls! I sincerely hope that the weather will be bright and cheery this Easter so that the plans you've made to spend a joyous time in the country, at the seaside or on the mountains will not go awry.

You will, of course, have your hair shampooed and set in readiness, your sports frocks or riding-kit immaculately fresh, provided yourself with suitable sandals, shoes, and headgear.

Naturally, wherever you go

you'll want to look your very best—and you can!

Now, this is the way to make up your face for holiday outings:

Follow Carefully

THE first thing to do when you get up in the morning is to forget all about soap and water, and to smother the face with cold cream. Allow this to remain on the skin for at least five minutes, or while you are having your bath. Then wipe it all off very thoroughly with some clean face tissues.

This prepares the skin for what is known as a "skin-freshener."

Dip a small wad of cotton-wool into

cold water, squeeze it out, and then dip it into a skin tonic. Now pat it quickly, lightly, and evenly all over the face and neck, and allow it to remain on the skin until it is dry.

I know that you have not very much time to waste; therefore while waiting for the tonic to do its good work bathe your eyes in boracic water.

Wash out each eye twice, after which your skin will be thoroughly dry and ready for the next stage of your beauty make-up.

Many girls, after a day on the beach or out motoring, come home with red and sore eyes, and they are not in the

FIRST step in holiday make-up is to smother your face with cream.

By Our Beauty Specialist



least attractive. This can be prevented by bathing the eyes each morning with boracic water.

You will now smooth on a very thin film of cream. No matter what type of skin you may have, or what kind of cream you use as a rule, for this occasion you will find that a skin food is most desirable.

Remember that you are now applying a make-up which is to last you for the day.

Work the skin food very evenly into the skin, and all over the face, with the exception of the corners of the nose. If you avoid placing it in the corners of the nose you will then also avoid grease streaks.

You are now ready for powdering, and it is here that you will use your discretion. If your skin is inclined to greasiness you will smooth a little liquid powder evenly over it.

The best method of application is to procure a small pad of cotton-wool, dip it in water, squeeze it gently out, and then smooth the liquid powder on with this.

For a Matt Effect

WHEN it is dry, gently rub the face with a piece of chamois leather and you will then have a skin which has a delightful matt appearance. Now powder.

If your skin is dry, you will omit the above, but no matter whether your skin be dry or oily you are advised to apply powder this way:

Dip your puff into your powder and pat it over your face thickly, then shake the surplus powder from your puff and again go over your face. This will remove all surplus powder from your skin.

Now for your lipstick. Open your mouth slightly and start with the upper lip, working out from the centre to the corners, or in from the corners to centre.

Never swoop the stick around the mouth in a circle.

Two downward strokes in the centre of the upper lip will counterfeited a Cupid's bow.

After your upper lip is completed, transfer some of the color to your lower lip by pressing them together.

Go over both lips with finger or lipstick to even up the color.

If you do not want your lips to look obviously made-up, dust them with a little powder, after first removing any excess with facial tissues.

If you accidentally smear the skin around the mouth with lipstick, you can remove such slight traces with peroxide. Wrap a small piece of cotton-wool around an orange stick, dip in the peroxide, and very carefully remove stains, so as not to upset your make-up.

As the weather at Easter is sometimes very changeable, it will be just as well if you rub a little cold cream over your lips before applying your lipstick. This will prevent soreness and splitting.

Cover also your neck and throat with liquid powder. It may be quite nippy in the morning, but a roasting hot day follows. Consequently, the front of your neck, unless protected as suggested, becomes sunburnt and raw-looking.

SECOND STEP in the day's beauty programme: Bathe the eyes and then apply the skin freshening treatment outlined in this article. If you follow the simple advice you're bound to look your loveliest wherever you go.

And then there is the removal of this make-up at night.

No matter how much you may have enjoyed yourself during the day, or how tired you may feel at night, all traces of make-up must be removed.

It is the girl who always removes her make-up each night who manages to keep a flawless skin. All you have to do to save your skin from the after-effects of the day is to smear your cleansing cream thickly over face and throat. Allow it to remain on while you clean your teeth, and then remove it with cleansing tissues.

This Is Excellent

MAKE a second application, then dip a fresh pad of cotton-wool into cold water and pat this firmly all over the face. Allow it to dry, and then pat a very thin film of the cream over your face. Leave on until morning.

If the skin is very red and sore from your day on the beach or in the bush, try bathing it with ordinary milk. There is nothing to equal milk as a soothing agent, and on a tired skin it has a definite tonic effect.

When the skin is at all irritated, which is often the case after holidays, it is a good plan to bathe the skin in milk before making up.

Procure some fresh milk, dab it lightly over the face, and allow it to dry. When it is dry it will form a perfect protection against the elements. In an emergency it will act as an admirable base, giving the skin a delightful matt appearance which is very much admired.

As a final word, remember that much of the joyousness of your holidays depends upon your own attractiveness, and it is therefore worth spending a few extra minutes in making yourself beautiful with a make-up which will last for the day.



The smartest woman you know is probably not well off, but she still contrives to look well-groomed on very little money. People say she has dress-sense, but what she really has is common-sense. She doesn't buy foolishly extravagant things, nor random bargains, but looks for good quality at a fair price. And, increasingly, distinguished women are turning to Cashmere Bouquet Beauty Preparations, because they are backed by the reputation of the famous House of Colgate. There's no need any more to pay fantastic "glamour" prices to keep your complexion lovely, for Cashmere Bouquet offers you a complete range of creams and cosmetics, in quality that cannot be surpassed, but which will cost you only a few shillings. Write for the free Make-up Chart to Colgate-Palmolive Pty. Ltd., Box 2701C, G.P.O., Sydney.

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HOT AND COLD Supper-Table SAVORIES

You'll be amazed to discover how swiftly you can prepare the majority of these enticing recipes. Serve attractively — and watch faces light up with pleasure!

PARTY hostesses are always on the watch for new and delicious savories—especially those that are quick and easy to prepare.

The recipes for savories given here—under will meet with a hearty welcome in every household.

Many of them are new. Some are suitable for the elaborate party table; others for small after-theatre suppers. Some could well grace the Saturday or Sunday night tea table; also the afternoon tea table.

One of the important things to remember when serving hot savories is to see that they are piping hot—not lukewarm—when placed before your guests.



SAVORY BOATS

Rich shortcrust, cheese cream, stuffed olives, gherkins.
Make shortcrust. Cut into ovals and line greased boat-shaped tins. Prick the centre. Bake till just a pale straw color. While hot, fill with the cheese cream (rich white sauce to which grated cheese is added). Decorate down the centre with three slices of stuffed olive and thin strips of gherkin at each end. Serve either hot or cold.

N.B.—Ham, crab, chicken may be added to the sauce instead of cheese.

ROSE SAVORY

One large grapefruit, seville orange or apple, small square cheese biscuits, cheese, beetroot, frankfurts or cocktail sausages, gherkins, wooden skewers.
Cut grapefruit and frankfurts into slices. Cut beetroot into slices, and with a small plain cutter cut into rounds. Do the same with the cheese, using a cutter a size larger. Butter the biscuits. Take a wooden skewer or toothpick and put it through the centre of the gherkin, then beetroot, cheese, frankfurts, and then centre of the biscuit. Stick firmly into the grapefruit. Do this till fruit is completely covered. Serve on plate or paper d'oyley, with autumn or green leaves round the base.

SAVORY ROLLS

Half pound shortcrust, 1 lb. minced steak, 1 lb. minced onions, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped ham, 1 dessertspoonful flour, 2 table-spoons water.
Mix the meat, onion, parsley, ham, salt, pepper and flour well together, then add water. Stir over gas till it

thickens, then simmer gently till meat is tender. Turn on to a plate to cool. Make the shortcrust. Turn on to a floured board. Roll out thinly into an oblong, cut a thin strip off all round. Cut into about 12 pieces. Place a portion of the mixture on each portion of the pastry. Wet each end and roll up. Glaze with egg. Place on a greased swiss roll tin. Bake in quick oven 12 to 15 minutes. Serve at once on a paper d'oyley. Garnish with sprigs of parsley.

SPAGHETTI AND CHEESE CREAM

Four ounces spaghetti, 4oz. grated cheese, 1½ cups thin white sauce, salt, cayenne, breadcrumbs, butter.

Make sauce, add spaghetti, cheese, salt and cayenne. Pour into fireproof dish, sprinkle with crumbs. Dot with butter. Bake till brown. Serve hot.

EGG CUTLETS

Eggs, sausage meat, egg glazing, flour, pepper and salt, breadcrumbs, frying fat, sprigs of parsley.

Place eggs in cold water. Bring to boil, then boil 10 minutes. Place in cold water. Remove shells. Divide sausage meat into equal parts. Flatten out each portion and mould evenly round the egg, using a little flour. Dip in egg glazing. Toss in the breadcrumbs. Firm them on with a knife. Place them in a frying basket. When the fat is boiling lower the basket into the fat, having sufficient to cover completely. Fry till a golden brown. Remove from fat. Drain on white paper. Serve hot or cold, garnish with sprigs of parsley, and thin fingers of bread and butter.

By **MARY FORBES**

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

POTATO SAVORIES

Potatoes, cayenne, salt, finely-grated cheese.
Cut potatoes into thin slices and lay on a greased swiss roll tin. Sprinkle with salt and cayenne, then with the grated cheese. Place in a moderate oven and bake slowly till potato is cooked. Serve very hot on paper d'oyley, garnished with sprigs of parsley.

SAVORY TOAST

Four sardines, white of hard-boiled egg, yolk of hard-boiled egg, Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon minced capers, rounds of bread.
Toast rounds of bread and butter. Mince white of egg finely, add sardines, sauce and capers, salt and cayenne to taste and pound till a smooth mixture. Spread on the rounds of toast, grate the yolk of egg over and serve very hot.

SAVORY BISCUITS

Eight thin wafer biscuits, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 hard-boiled egg, 24 capers, a little butter.

Spread biscuits, add a few drops of tomato sauce. Place under grill till brown. Cut egg into eight rings. Place a ring of egg on each biscuit. Place under grill to heat egg. Serve while hot with 3 capers on each ring of egg. Garnish with small sprigs of parsley.

ABOVE you glimpse a section of an attractive party table. In the centre is shown rose savory. A small red pumpkin was used as a base for the savories. In the top left-hand corner you see savory boats.

All these recipes have been tested in our own kitchen.

What a TASTE!



You would appreciate
Heinz Spaghetti
Macaroni
Ready-to-Serve Soups
Tomato Ketchup
Mayonnaise
too

HEINZ OVEN BAKED BEANS



"JOY OF LIVING" for a few pence

WHEN little girls need tempting before they'll take a substantial meal, give them delicious digestible—nourishing Heinz Baked Beans. When you take one mouthful you want another—and another. In no time they're eaten up. The beans are oven-baked, nut-brown and meaty. The rich tomato sauce flavours them through and through. Serve them for breakfast, lunches, dinners, or snacks. In two delicious varieties—Baked Beans with tomato sauce and pork, and the Vegetarian baked beans with tomato sauce. No-one but Heinz can equal Heinz in Baking Beans.

RECIPE FOLDER — FREE. Showing 24 delicious ways to use Heinz Baked Beans. Send for your free copy to H. J. Heinz Co. Pty. Ltd., Melbourne, E.1.





CHOCOLATE PEACH MERINGUE—simple but delicious sweet.

WINNERS . . .

Unusual recipes entered in this week's cookery competition.

FIRST prize goes to a novelty birthday cake with a clock-face icing instead of candles. Every week we give £1 for the best recipe received, and consolation prizes for the next best. All you have to do is write out clearly the best recipe you know, attach name and address, and send in to us, marking envelope "Best Recipes."

BIRTHDAY CLOCK CAKE

Half-pound butter, 1½ cups sugar, 5 eggs, 1 cup milk, 3 cups flour, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon carbonate of soda, 1 lb. sultanas or raisins, 1 oz. lemon

peel, 1 oz. almonds or walnuts, few drops of essence of lemon. Beat butter and sugar till creamy. Add eggs well-beaten. Stir in milk and mix gradually. Add dry ingredients. Bake in moderate oven 1½ hours. Ice when cold. Icing—novel substitute for candles:

A MOST UNUSUAL and attractive dish is shown above in the making—coronet of pork. Lamb could be substituted for pork. See recipe.



"CORN FLAKES taste twice as good!"

—vote famous Taste Experts, Champion Cooks, Leading Chefs and 298 everyday people after making Kellogg's amazing Blindfold Test!

Kellogg's Representative might even knock on your door—and ask you and your family to make this Blindfold Test.

There's a thrill to it—Excitement with camera-men coming along. High-powered lights shining down on the dining-room table.

One by one the members of the family come into the room. Each is blindfolded and given four popular breakfast flakes to taste. Then comes the question: "Which tastes best?"

Incredible as it may seem, 298 out of 298 agree that Kellogg's Corn Flakes taste far the best.



NUMBER THREE TASTED TWICE AS GOOD. WHAT WAS IT?

NUMBER THREE WAS KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES. MR. MCCARTHY. YOU'VE VOTED FOR THEM LIKE EVERYONE ELSE!

PLEASE MUMMY, LET US HAVE CORN FLAKES EVERY MORNING.

GEE, DAD, YOU'RE A GOOD PICKER! CORN FLAKES ARE RONZER!

WE'RE ALL HAVING CORN FLAKES FROM NOW ON, DARLING!

THIS BLINDFOLD TEST HAS BEEN A BLESSING—EVERYBODY FROM DADDY DOWN TO YOUNG GWEN AGREES THAT CORN FLAKES ARE MUCH MORE DELICIOUS. SO NO MORE PICKING AND CHOOSING—THEY ALL WANT CORN FLAKES FOR BREAKFAST FROM NOW ON!



FREE! Kellogg's Book of 100 delicious and tested health recipes. Just send your name and address to Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., Box 8, Botany, Sydney.

Spread white icing evenly with a flexible knife. Then mark the hours from 1 to 12 as on the dial of a clock. Using a little cocoa mixed with the icing and the smallest tube in the icing set. From gold or silver paper cut two clock hands, fixing them to indicate the hour corresponding with the child's age.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Clear, 106 Murray Street, Wagga Wagga, N.S.W.

CHOCOLATE PEACH MERINGUE

Tinned halves of peaches, meringues, cherries, chocolate sauce, cream. Fill centres of peaches with chopped cherries, pour over a little chocolate sauce. Split meringues and lay peach in each; place in small serving dishes, pour little more sauce round. Chill. Decorate with whipped cream just before serving.

Chocolate Sauce: Blend 1 tablespoon chocolate with a little of the peach juice, add remainder. Bring to the boil. Add blended cornflour or arrowroot. Cook for 1 minute. When cold, chill, then use. Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. N. Felton, 95 Bent St., Lindfield, N.S.W.

CORONET OF PORK

Four pounds saddle of pork, 1 lb. minced veal fillet, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 egg-yolk, salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon herbs, 1 dozen small onions, 2 oz. butter. Score pork, trim bones of loin and cut off fairly short on both sides of

the saddle. Separate chops for some distance and tie opposite sides of pork, the bones sticking up as the prongs of a coronet (see picture). Make dry forcemeat of veal, bread-crumbs, herbs, egg-yolk and seasonings, and fill centre of pork. Brush pork with olive oil and wrap in a buttered paper bag. Place in baking tin and pour in 1 cup boiling water. Cook in hot oven for 2½ hours. After 2 hours tear away paper and allow pork to brown. Just before serving, skewer a buttered onion on each prong of coronet, and garnish with parsley.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Riley, 48 Kellist St., Auchendower, Brisbane.

VIENNESE COFFEE CUP

One pint strong black coffee, 1 quart soda water, 1 teaspoon almond essence, 2 eggs, 4 tablespoons thick cream, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 cup whipped cream, 1 pint cracked ice. Make coffee, add almond essence. Strain through a fine sieve into a double boiler. Heat to boiling point, beat eggs, mix with sugar and thick cream, add coffee, cook, stirring continually until mixture coats spoon. Remove and heat well, cook, and just before serving add whipped cream, sweetened ice, and soda water. Pour into tall glasses and top each with a spoonful of whipped cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Helene de Fontenay, Box 79, Barmera, S.A.

THIS WEEK:

Good Things for Easter

"EASTER EGGS"

Four ounces butter, 1/2 cup sugar, 2 eggs, few drops vanilla, 1/2 cup corn-flour, 6 oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoonful cream of tartar, 1/2 teaspoonful soda bi-carb, pinch salt.

Cream butter and sugar until white. Add eggs one at a time and beat well. Sift in dry ingredients, add vanilla, and mix until quite smooth. Place in smooth dessert-spoonful on a well-greased oven slide and bake in moderate oven until a pale biscuit shade. Remove carefully from slide. When cool, put together with raspberry jam. Cover with smooth white icing and pipe around. Join with pink.

If chocolate eggs are desired, join with chocolate butter filling and coat smoothly with plain chocolate icing. Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss H. M. Goode, 224 Seaview Rd., Henley Beach, S.A.

TINY TOT'S EASTER CAKE

One and a half cups self-raising flour, 1/2 lb. butter, 1/2 lb. caster sugar, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon orange juice, little grated orange rind, milk to mix. Cream sugar and butter well, add grated rind, then beaten eggs. Stir in flour and orange juice by degrees, blend with sufficient milk to form a thick batter. Pour into a cake tin, lined with greased paper, and bake for half an hour in good oven. Put on a sieve and, when cold, decorate with the following icing: Melt 1/2 lb. icing sugar, add 3 tablespoons strained orange juice and stir over gentle heat till sugar melts and icing coats back of the spoon. Do not make too hot or icing will not glass. Pour slowly over cake, decorate with tiny chicks and egg-shaped balls of icing in various colors round the edge. Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Cole, Fisher St., Manly NSW.

EASTER EGGS CAKE

Three-quarter pound butter, 1/2 lb. sugar, 4 eggs, 9 tablespoons milk, 1/2 lb. self-raising flour, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 cup chopped crystallised fruits (cherries, pineapple, apricots,

ginger), 1/2 cup chopped nuts, white Vienna icing, 1/2 cup whipped cream.

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs one at a time, beating after each addition, then milk and vanilla, lastly well-sifted flour. Pour into two basin-shaped moulds and bake in a steady oven for half an hour. Turn onto cake-cooler. When cold, level flat part of each cake and scoop out a little of the centre. Mix fruit and nuts with cream and pile it into the cavities. Join the two cakes together, making an egg shape, then completely cover with white Vienna icing. When icing is set, tie a ribbon of red cellophane round the centre of egg with a big bow on top.

White Vienna Icing: 1/2 lb. butter, 1 lb. icing sugar, vanilla essence. Cream butter and add sifted icing sugar gradually. Beat until quite white and smooth, then add essence.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss E. Rowe, 45 Wilfred Street, Lidcombe, N.S.W.

DUCKLING CAKE

One pound flour, 1/2 lb. caster sugar, 1/2 lb. butter, 6 oz. candied citron peel, 2 oz. almonds, 1/2 lb. sultanas, grated rind half lemon, 1/2 teaspoonful baking powder, 4 eggs.

Cream butter, mix in sugar thoroughly, add sultanas, currants, candied peel (cut in strips), almonds (blanched and sliced), and grated rind of lemon. Beat yolks and egg-whites separately, add portion of dry ingredients to butter and sugar, then some of the beaten yolk of egg, alternately, until all are used; adding lastly whipped whites of the eggs. Turn into a round tin, lined with buttered paper, and bake in a rather hot oven, until a straw, when inserted, comes out clean. Allow from one and a half to two hours. When cake is cold, cover it with pale green icing. Cover top centre of cake with a circle of tinted (silver paper) to imitate water. Round edge put thin spokes of tinted green angelica like rushes. On the tinted stand some fluffy toy ducklings. Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Nancy Fraser, Reeves Avenue, Epping, N.S.W.

● Hollywood "Dick"—the REAL low-down from Hollywood; Mondays at 8.15 p.m.—by cable, presented by Kellogg's under a national relay—2CH, 2KO, 2TM, 2WG, 4BK-AK, 3DB-LK, 3SR and 5AD-MU-PI-SE.

SMARTER GIRLS Will KNIT IT!

Because of its youthful line . . . its fascinating pattern, this chic cosy jumper will appeal to all

NOTE the little upstanding collar—quite the latest touch of fashion—the neatly-buttoned front finishing smartly at the waistline.

Observe, also, the snappy sleeves. The original was knitted in a lovely soft shade known as mayfair-green. Worn with a tailored brown skirt, the belt also matches this color. Here are the knitting instructions:

MATERIALS: Paton's Super Scotch Fingering Wool, 4 ply, Mayfair Green (shade 59450), 7oz.; "Beehive" Knitting Needles, 1 pair No. 9; nine buttons; one medium "Inox" crochet hook; a belt.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 21 inches; width all round at under-arm, 34 inches; length of sleeve from under-arm, 5 inches.

Tension: To get these measurements it is absolutely necessary to work at a tension to produce six stitches to the inch.

THE BACK

Cast on 108 stitches. **

1st Row: K. 1, p. 7, wool to the back of the work, slip 2, wool to the front of the work, put the 2 slipped stitches back on to the left-hand needle, wool to the back of the work, k. 2. (This will be termed "Twist" throughout). * p. 5, "Twist," repeat from * to the last 8 stitches, p. 7, k. 1.

2nd Row: * K. 8, p. 2, repeat from * to the last 8 stitches, k. 8.

3rd Row: K. 1, p. 7, k. 1, knit up loop from previous row, k. 1 (this will be termed "make one" throughout). * p. 8, k. 1, make one, k. 1, repeat from * to the last 8 stitches, p. 7, k. 1.

4th Row: * K. 8, p. 2 tog., purl through hole made in previous row, p. 1, repeat from * to the last 8 stitches, k. 8.

5th Row: K. 1, p. 7 (p. 2 tog., p. 9), nine times, p. 2 tog., p. 8, k. 1.

6th Row: Knit plain.

7th Row: K. 1, p. 2, * "Twist," p. 8, repeat from * to the last 5 stitches, "Twist," p. 2, k. 1.

8th Row: K. 3, * p. 2, k. 8, repeat from * to the last 5 stitches, p. 2, k. 3.

9th Row: K. 1, p. 2, * k. 1, make one, k. 1, p. 8, repeat from * to the last 5 stitches k. 1, make one, k. 1, p. 2, k. 1.

10th Row: K. 3, * p. 2 tog., purl through the hole made in previous row, p. 1, k. 8, repeat from * to the last 6 stitches, p. 2 tog., purl through hole made in previous row, p. 1, k. 3.

11th Row: K. 1, p. 2, * p. 2 tog., p. 9, repeat from * to the last 6 stitches, p. 2 tog., p. 3, k. 1.

12th Row: K. 2 tog., knit plain to the last 2 stitches, k. 2 tog. **

Keeping the continuity of the pattern, repeat from ** to ** seven times, decreasing once at the beginning and end of every 12th row, three times.

Increase once at the beginning and end of every 12th row, four times.

Proceed as follows: Keeping the continuity of the pattern, cast off 6



DIRECTIONS FOR KNITTING this attractive jumper in a new raised pattern and trimmed with matching buttons are given on this page.

stitches at the beginning of the next 2 rows. Decrease once at the beginning and end of the next and every alternate row, until 88 stitches remain.

Continue in pattern, without shaping, until 13 patterns have been completed from the commencement. Repeat from the 1st to the 6th rows of the pattern once.

Shape for the shoulders as follows:

1st and 2nd Rows: Work in pattern to the last 7 stitches, turn.

3rd and 4th Rows: Work in pattern to the last 14 stitches, turn.

5th and 6th Rows: Work in pattern to the last 21 stitches, turn.

7th and 8th Rows: Work in pattern to the last 28 stitches, turn.

9th Row: Work in pattern to the end of the row. Cast off.

THE RIGHT FRONT:

Cast on 56 stitches.

1st Row: K. 1, p. 5, * "Twist," p. 8, repeat from * to the last 10 stitches, "Twist," p. 7, k. 1.

2nd Row: * K. 8, p. 2, repeat from * to the last 6 stitches, k. 6.

3rd Row: K. 1, p. 5, p. 1, make one, k. 1, * p. 8, k. 1, make one, k. 1, repeat from * to the last 8 stitches, p. 7, k. 1.

4th Row: * K. 8, p. 2 tog., purl through hole in previous row, p. 1, repeat from * to the last 6 stitches, k. 6.

5th Row: k. 1, p. 5, * p. 2 tog., p. 9, repeat from * to the last 11 stitches, p. 2 tog., p. 8, k. 1.

6th Row: Knit plain.

7th Row: K. 1, p. 10, * "Twist," p. 8, repeat from * to the last 5 stitches "Twist," p. 2, k. 1.

8th Row: K. 3, * p. 2, k. 8, repeat from * to the last 3 stitches, k. 3.

9th Row: K. 1, p. 10, * k. 1, make one, k. 1, p. 8, repeat from * to the last 5 stitches, k. 1, make one, k. 1, p. 2, k. 1.

10th Row: K. 3, * p. 2 tog., purl through the hole made in previous row, p. 1, k. 8, repeat from * to the last 5 stitches, k. 3.

11th Row: K. 1, p. 10, * p. 2 tog., p. 8, repeat from * to the last 6 stitches, p. 2 tog., p. 3, k. 1.

12th Row: K. 2 tog., knit plain to the end of the row.

Keeping the continuity of the pattern, repeat from the 1st to the 12th rows, twice, then from the 1st to the 8th rows, once.

43rd Row: K. 1, p. 2, cast off 2 stitches, p. 6, * k. 1, make one, k. 1, p. 8, repeat from * to the last 2 stitches, k. 1, make one, k. 1.

46th Row: K. 2 tog., purl through the hole made in previous row, p. 1, k. 8 (p. 2 tog., purl through the hole made in previous row, p. 1, k. 8) three times, p. 2 tog., purl through the hole made in previous row, p. 1, k. 6, cast on 2 stitches, k. 2.

47th Row: Work in pattern to the end of the row.

48th Row: Like the 12th row.

Keeping the continuity of the pattern, work 36 rows, making a buttonhole as before in the 9th and 10th rows, and increasing once at the beginning of the 12th row.

Work 10 rows, in pattern, making a buttonhole as before in the 9th and 10th rows.

Work the row in pattern, increasing once in the last stitch.

Proceed as follows:

Cast off 6 stitches, work in pattern to the end of the row.

Keeping the continuity of the pattern, decrease once at the armhole edge in every row, until 46 stitches remain.

Making a buttonhole as before, in every 9th and 10th row of the pattern, continue until 12 patterns have been worked from the commencement.

Work 6 rows in pattern.

Proceed as follows: Cast off 12 stitches in pattern to the end of the row.

Keeping the continuity of the pattern, decrease once at the neck edge in every row, until 28 stitches remain.

Work 5 rows in pattern.

Shape for the shoulder as follows:

1st Row: Work in pattern to the last 7 stitches, turn.

ANNOUNCEMENT!

OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO KNITTERS

THE 1938 LUX BOOK IS OUT



SUPER-SPECIAL 7th ISSUE

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WITH NEWEST, SHAPPIEST DESIGNS

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NEVER will its beauty shrink... never will any garment you knit with the NEW SUN-GLO Shrinkproof Wool lose its shape. SUN-GLO is the only all-wool knitting yarn guaranteed not to shrink for the lifetime of the garment. SUN-GLO Shrinkproof is pure-wool, containing no rayon or cotton. Besides being shrinkproof it is fadeless and "rub" proof. Right to the very end of its long life it retains its soft, lustrous beauty, and never shrinks—not even the fraction of an inch! Save time and money, knit to fit with SUN-GLO.

SUN-GLO 2, 3 & 4 ply Shrinkproof Wool 9½d. Per 1-oz. Skein In a large variety of shades.

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JUST AN OCCASIONAL CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLET KEEPS ME SLIM AND ENERGETIC. THEY'RE MARVELLOUS FOR THE STOMACH AND LIVER, AND REMOVE FOOD WASTE POISONS FROM THE SYSTEM. TRY THEM AND REGAIN YOUR NICE SLIM FIGURE.

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SMART PYJAMA SUIT
WW2212.—Snug, attractive pyjama suit for autumn and winter wear. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 5½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

DRESSING GOWN
WW2213.—A very chic and comfortable design for cool mornings. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard 36 inches contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

PARISIAN MODEL
WW2214.—An unusual design for an evening gown. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 6½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



GIRL'S FROCK.
WW2215.—Peter Pan collar and buttoned front are smart touches on this charming frock for the little girl 4-10 years of age. Material required: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

COSY SUIT
WW2216.—A charming suit for cool days. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

PLEASING STYLE
WW2217.—A simple, pleasing little frock, introducing novel panels. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

CHIC FOR THE MATRON

Patterns for three styles, shown left, cost 3d.

OUR three-in-one pattern for this week provides for three charming styles for matrons, and the not-so-slim, cut in sizes 38, 40, 42-inch bust.

To obtain, fill in coupon below, enclose 3d. in stamps, and send to our office.

Material required, 36 inches wide:
No. 1: 3½ yards, and 3-8th yard contrast.
No. 2: 3½ yards, 3-8th yard contrast.
No. 3: 3 7-8th yards, 1 yard contrast.

Concession Pattern Coupon

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at left, fill in the coupon and post it WITH 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for pattern over one month old.

ADELAIDE.—Box 288A, G.P.O.
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NEWCASTLE.—Box 41, G.P.O.
PERTH.—Box 401G, G.P.O.
SYDNEY.—Box 420Y, G.P.O.
If calling, 108 Castlereagh Street, or Dalton House, 115 Pitt Street.
TASMANIA.—Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 160, G.P.O., Melbourne.
NEW ZEALAND.—Write to Sydney office.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address at our office, which will be found on Page 3.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

Size Pattern Coupon 16/4/38



CHARMING FEATURES

WW2218.—Full-front skirt and buttoned V-shape front bodice are delightful notes on this daytime frock. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 2½ yards plain material, and 1½ yards plaid material, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

ATTRACTIVE DAY MODE

WW2219.—You will be delighted with the charming appearance of this smart afternoon frock. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

PLEASE NOTE

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern state age of child. (4) Use the numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession pattern enclose 3d. stamp.

SUMPTUOUS LINENS

Poinsettias, transferred to linen to make lovely, luxurious supper and luncheon sets.

GORGEOUS glowing clumps of poinsettias will soon be flowering in your garden, but now they have been set upon linens with infinite skill and artistry, so that they may "bloom" a little earlier on table linens and supper cloths.

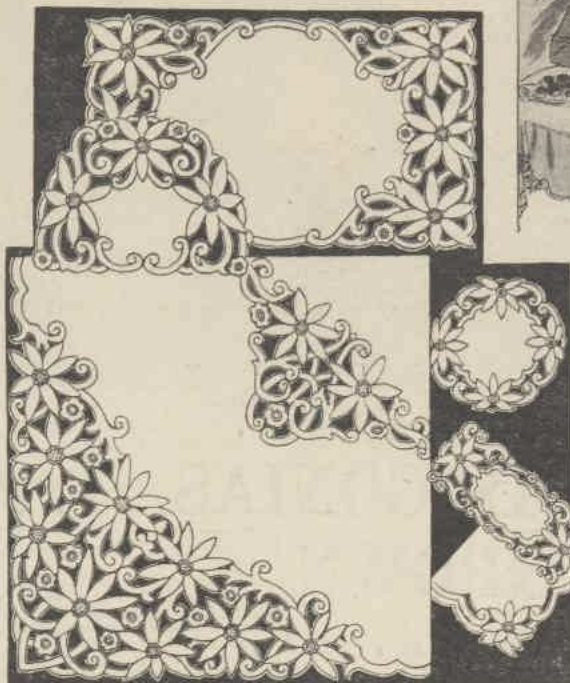
A complete luncheon or supper set, or individual pieces as you desire, traced with an unusual poinsettia design, is now available from our Needlework Department.

In rich, conventional outwork design, with poinsettias clumped in the corners of each piece, these cloths and accessories are excellent show pieces, for without entailing too much work they achieve a fine, luxurious effect and show off to perfection the careful needlewoman's work.

They are obtainable in best quality linen in white, cream, blue, pink, or green, at the following prices:

36 x 36 inches cloth. Price . . . 7/6
45 x 45 inches cloth. Price . . . 8/9
54 x 54 inches cloth. Price . . . 11/6
11 x 11 inches serviettes. Price . . . 1/-
13 x 10 inches tea-cosy. Price . . . 2/6
14 x 25 inches traymobile cover. Price . . . 4/6
8 x 8 inches d'oyley. Price . . . 1/-
9 x 11 inches d'oyley. Price . . . 1/-
Postage is free.

The flowers are worked in satin-stitch (pad well before working). The bars are done in double buttonhole, and the centres of the flowers in french knots or eyelet holes. The edge is buttonholed. Press well, then cut.



ABOVE: The poinsettia design traced on serviettes, tea-cosy, traymobile cover, d'oyleys, and corners of supper-cloths. These cloths are now available from our Needlework Department. We regret no C.O.D. orders.



THIS LOVELY supper or luncheon set, traced with poinsettia design, gives a luxurious finish to the most distinguished table.

Mothercraft Advice Coupon

IF you wish to get advice on your mothercraft problems, fill in the following particulars and post the form, together with a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4299Y, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. Endorse your envelope "Mothercraft," and the letter will be forwarded, unopened, to Miss M. Truby King.

Baby's Age
Birth Weight
Present Weight
(without clothing).
Have you written before? (Yes or no)

FOR YOUNG WIVES and MOTHERS

YOUNG mothers who wisely delayed weaning their babies until the worst of the heat was over are inquiring how best to introduce new foods and new methods of feeding.

Just as there must be wise preparation for motherhood, so there must be wise preparation for the weaning period.

A little forethought, tact and patience on the part of the mother, in early preparing her babe for the time when his dependence on her for his natural food will have to come to an end, will save many tears and troubles later.

The first step in the preparation is in the early days, when some boiled water should be given daily by bottle.

Then later fruit juice can either be given by bottle or baby can be taught to take it by cup and spoon, and soon be taught to drink quite nicely from a small thick glass or egg-cup.

It is often found later, when weaning is begun, that whereas water and fruit juice are taken readily from a bottle or from a cup, milk will be stubbornly refused.

A wise mother can usually avoid this battle with baby, by giving him, from six months and onwards, small amounts of milk by bottle or by cup as well as the water and fruit juice.

This small drink should not be given in the mother's arms. If possible, weaning should be begun at 9 months. If the weaning period occurs during a spell of very hot weather, or during a difficult teething period, it can be delayed for a time. The younger the

Weaning Without Tears

By A TRUBY KING EXPERT

baby the more risks attend the process.

There are many cases of early weaning when complete or partial breast-feeding could have been continued had the mother been well advised.

The use of the dummy in the early weeks of life is a prolific cause of early weaning, and sometimes babies are unnecessarily weaned through the temporary illness of the mother, when, if the breast-milk had been expressed regularly, and if baby had meantime been given a suitable modified milk-mixture nursing could have proceeded again when the mother was convalescent.

Substituting one bottle-feed for a breast-feed in the early days when the supply seems a little short, instead of always giving the breast first at every feed and making up any shortage with small complementary feeds, often causes a premature weaning.

Reasons for early weaning: (1) If the mother has tuberculosis, on account of the danger of infection. (2) If pregnancy occurs again before the end of the nursing period. A mother should immediately consult her doctor if she suspects that she is pregnant again.

3. In addition to these two valid reasons for early weaning, if a mother is very anaemic or in poor health, or in cases where a woman's nerves are "all to pieces."

In these cases a doctor's advice should be sought.

Time required for weaning: The change from complete natural feeding to complete artificial feeding should never be made in less than two weeks, except for urgent reasons.

If baby has not already been accustomed to taking a little milk by cup and spoon, it is asking a lot of him to expect him suddenly to take a full feed of 8 ounces of entirely strange food without any fuss.

It is therefore a good plan at first not to cut out one complete breast-feed, but to make a small quantity of milk-mixture and to give a little (perhaps only one ounce) before the 10 a.m. feed, and daily at this feed to give a little more of the milk mix-

ture and a correspondingly shorter time at the breast.

Having accustomed baby to the new food, first one complete breast-feeding should be omitted, and a complete feeding of properly modified milk suitable to the baby's age given.

Next two breast-feedings should be omitted, then three and so on until baby is completely off the breast.

From three days to a week or more should be allowed for each change.

If weaning is begun early, before the 9th month, it is best to give the milk mixture from a bottle, as this ensures more active exercise for mouth and jaws (thus making for good dentition) than does the more passive drinking from a cup.

In any case after 9 months he should be taught to drink from a cup, and the bottle be gradually discontinued. If baby is fully up to the normal standard, discontinue the 10 p.m. feed when finally weaned. He should sleep from 6 p.m. to 6 a.m.

Fat Covers Up Good Looks

AND PUTS YEARS ON YOUR AGE

It is vexatious to find the good features of your face and lines of your figure disappearing under layers of unhealthy fat tissue. Fat cheeks and double chins are ageing and destroy attractive youthful looks. Unhealthy fat causes unfitness, too, and often it is due to constipation. Food wastes accumulate and seep into the blood stream, forming sagging tissue and causing sick headaches, biliousness, pimples and unpleasant breath.

To banish fat and regain your fitness you should correct constipation by taking Pinkettes. These pleasant, effective laxative and liver pills cleanse the food tract and unload the liver, dispersing waste accumulations and restoring the healthy habit by exercising lazy bowels. Watch your pimples, sick headache, bad breath, and unhealthy fat disappear after Pinkettes. At chemists and stores. 1/3 bottle.

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TUBEROUS-ROOTED BEGONIAS, with their rich, glowing blooms, are splendid for decorative purposes, and look most effective in pots set about the home. Seed should be sown in May for a spring flowering.

EXOTIC BEGONIAS Are Easily GROWN

The tuberous-rooted begonia can be successfully raised from seed. Follow these suggestions and you'll have a glorious show . . .

—Says THE OLD GARDENER

MANY people are under the impression that the tuberous-rooted begonia is very hard to cultivate, but this, of course, is not the case.

Gracefully drooping and colorful, they are among the most beautiful of garden flowers, and in conjunction with their handsome foliage make up a veritable floral feast for decoration.

The plants are easy to grow, if provided with good drainage and situations sheltered from severe winds and the hottest rays of the sun. On no

account must the sun's rays shine immediately upon them. Good, rich friable soil must be provided, but remember that it is unnecessary to coddle them, for they are quite hardy if grown in this way.

Raising from seed can be done very easily. As the seed is very fine, they must be watered carefully, otherwise they will be washed away altogether.

A good plan is to make the compost of equal parts of light, loamy soil and leaf mould, with some well-decomposed cow manure added. Mix thoroughly together, and pass through a very fine sieve. Many people use organic peat in place of leaf mould, which is not always available.

The best vessels in which to raise the plants are shallow seed pans, al-

though small, shallow boxes can also be used.

Be sure that there is sufficient drainage in the bottom of each box. Shell grit, charcoal, cinders, or broken pieces of brick or stone are all suitable for crocking these vessels.

Place on top of this the compost already made, and press firm and level. Put the boxes in a vessel of water, and saturate thoroughly. Lift the boxes, and drain well in order to get rid of all excess water.

Sprinkle the seed evenly over the surface, and press into the moist soil. There is no need to cover them with any further soil.

Place over the box or pan a sheet of paper, brown for preference, and over this a sheet of glass. When the seed begins to come through, tear a hole in the paper and raise the glass a couple of inches. As the plants grow, tear the paper a little more each day, and raise the glass accordingly. In this way, plenty of light and air will pass through, and the plants harden off.

Another good plan is to place these pans or boxes in a larger box and cover with a sheet of glass. This acts as a miniature glasshouse.

Growing Period

DURING the growing period it is necessary to keep the soil moist, but not too wet. Stand boxes in a vessel so that sufficient water will be soaked up by capillary action.

As soon as the young plants are large enough, they should be pricked out and placed in rows in other boxes in similar compost to that used for the raising of the seed. And the treatment of the growing plants in general is similar to that of the seeds.

The young plants will need to be partially shaded. As they grow they can be moved into larger boxes, giving a little deeper soil, and they can remain in these boxes until large enough to be placed in pots or in the open ground.

In many of the warmer climates throughout Australia they can be grown out of doors, under trees or shrubs, provided that the direct rays of the sun do not shine upon them. When potting the young begonias, secure pots just large enough to accommodate the roots which have been made in the shallow tray.

They are generally left for about three weeks in these pots after the first move. As soon as you notice that the roots during these few weeks are turning downwards, shift the plants immediately to a pot which is two sizes larger.

If this potting method is followed out the plants will produce flowers of an enormous size.

When they are beginning to flower it will help the plant if the side flower buds, which appear next to the large central ones, are removed. Constant applications of weak liquid manure are advisable.

Some of the best types of begonia to grow are the double-crested and basket varieties. Begonias love a cool atmosphere and moist conditions, make wonderful bush-house plants, and if you have a shady border in your garden they do well there also.

The seed is usually sown in June, July and even in August. The begonias will then flower the same season. They are a bulbous plant, and after the flowering period is finished, and the foliage dies down, they should be placed away in a corner to await the next planting season.

Rheumatism

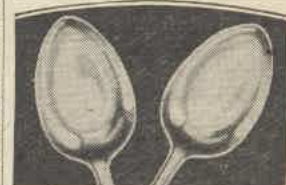


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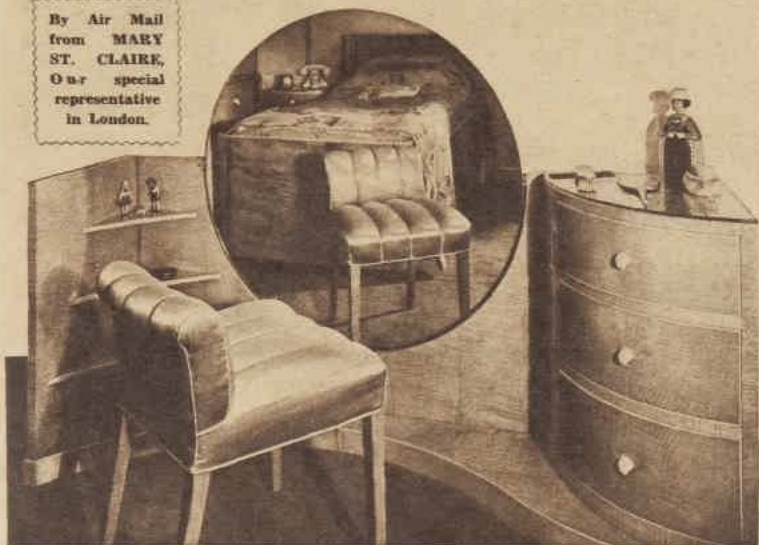
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VERY LATEST *Furnishing* NEWS

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Our special
representative
in London.



CLEVER, dressing-table providing useful drawers at the right and shelves for perfume at the left.

LONDON'S foremost decorators create beautiful furniture from Australian woods, prefer rich satins to coarse fabrics, introduce new color harmonies, use much quilting.

"WHAT'S news in home decoration?" is a question to be answered by the experts, and no one can do it better than Betty Joel, foremost stylist, whose impressive salon in Knightsbridge sees the origin of many of London's smartest furnishing schemes.

FURNITURE: There is a continued tendency away from the ornate and towards simplification. Beauty in furniture should be expressed through the material it is made of and its line.

Betty Joel is a specialist in woods, and takes great pride in the beautiful grain of her carefully selected veneers. She uses lots of Empire woods, more especially Australian silky oak, walnut and maple, and English sycamore.



Sycamore is a pale honey color in its natural state, but takes on a deeper, richer, pinky-beige tone when it is steamed—a shade which is admirably suited to modern color schemes.

In line, the new furniture has become more coherent and less stark. Lovely curves and delicate shapes are no longer sacrificed to mere utility.

FABRICS: Texture is the important requisite of the new furnishing materials. Coarsely woven—"dish-cloth"—types are going out, and luscious satins, silky chintzes, and carefully woven linens are more important than ever.

There is an increase of quilting, especially among the satins and chintzes, quilted fabrics being used wherever there is the least excuse for them.

Even doors are being covered with satin or velvet, quilted or padded—a clever method not only of covering up an ugly door and bringing it flush with the wall, but of making the room more sound-proof.

Carpets are plain or patterned, according to the scheme of the whole room, and new color combinations are being found under our feet. Hand-tufted carpets are enjoying a great vogue right now, and carpet squares and rugs, dyed and woven specially to go with individual decorative plans, are increasingly popular.

COLOR SCHEMES: Although there are many attractive rooms with dark-painted walls to be found in smart houses, the majority of decorators prefer light washes. With these as backgrounds any scheme looks well.

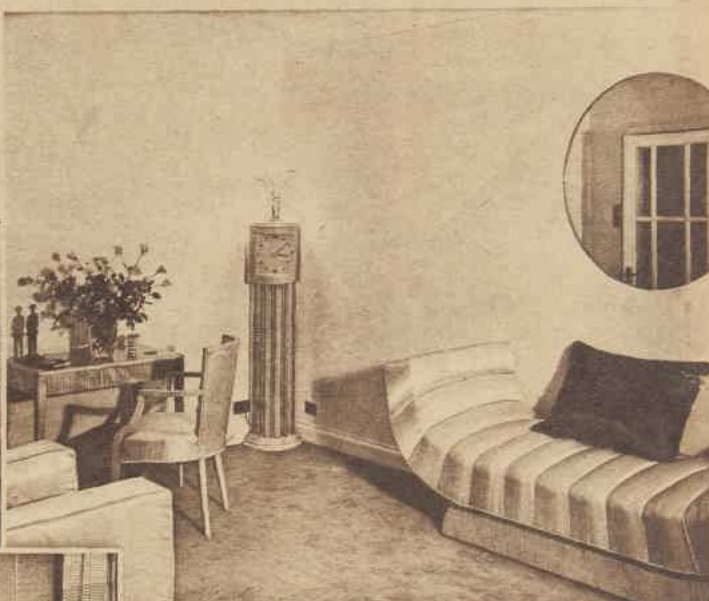
Betty Joel has always been an advocate of lots of color, and no room of hers is found lacking in the dramatic accents that bespeak individuality. Her newest printed fabrics show a tendency towards large figures, widely spotted, and her upholstery materials provide rich new shades.

There is a prevalence of a lovely burnished copper used with slate-grey and white just now, and coral and blue are used in one of her newest plans, turquoise and gold, in another.

ACCESSORIES: Rules for lighting effects are more elastic than ever. Indirect lighting is growing in popularity, and is used in new ways—behind curtains and pelmet, for instance, and in back of screens.

Floor lamps are tulip-shaped, table lamps have special bulbs for throwing light upward, or downward, as desired.

There is an increasing use of glass, not only for lamp bases, vases and ornaments, but for such furniture as small stands, cabinets and even dressing-tables as well.



ABOVE: Corner of a small Mayfair drawing-room featuring pale peach walls, turquoise carpet, peach satin Vienna divan with nigger cushion, turquoise-colored chair. Note modern version of grandfather clock.

LEFT: Dining-room in a London flat, decorated by Betty Joel. The walls are papered with silver and the carpet is of coral. The table and chair frames are of pale honey-colored sycamore, and the chair covers of blue mohair. This scheme shows excellent treatment for the small room.

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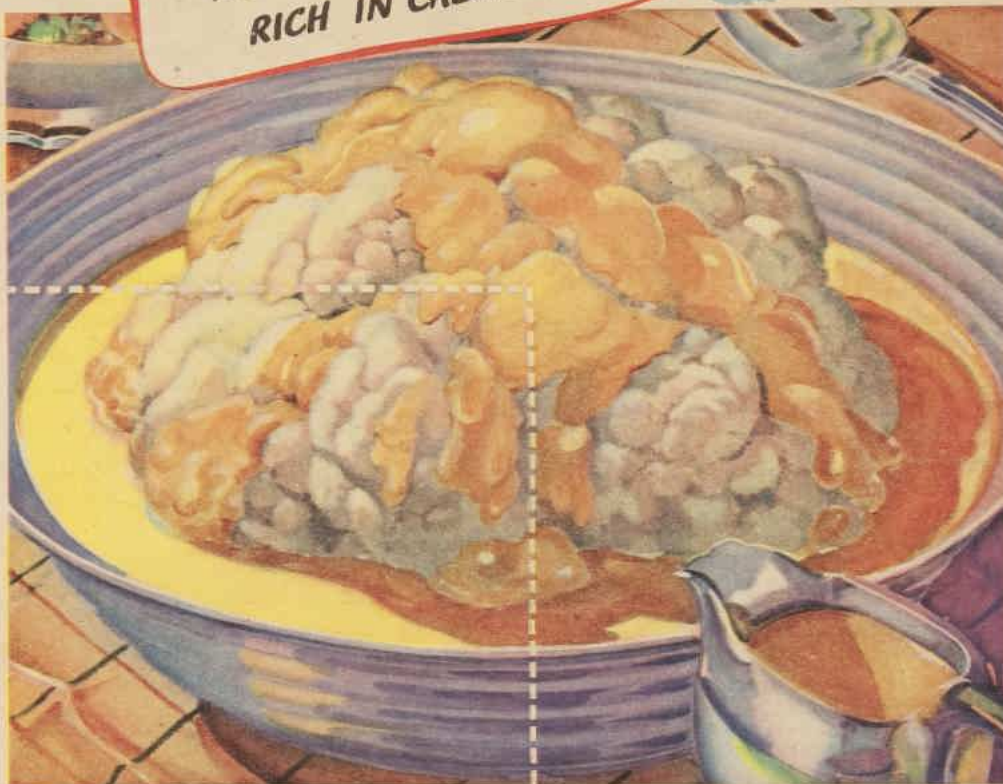


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CAULIFLOWER DE LUXE

1 medium-sized cauliflower, 8 oz. packet Kraft Cheddar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, Salt, Pepper.

Cook the whole cauliflower in boiling salted water until tender. Drain well and place in serving dish. Make a sauce with the cheese and the milk, cooked very slowly in a double boiler until the cheese is melted. Season to taste. Pour sauce over cauliflower and serve immediately. And that's all the magic there is in making vegetables a big favourite with the whole family!



SPINACH MOULD

8 oz. packet Kraft Old English Cheese, 3 tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons flour, 1 cup milk, 1 cup cooked spinach, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups breadcrumbs, 3 beaten eggs, Salt, Pepper.

Make white sauce with butter, flour and milk. Add shredded cheese and continue cooking till cheese melts. Add spinach, breadcrumbs, eggs, salt and pepper. Put in buttered mould and bake in moderate oven 45 minutes. Unmould on serving dish. Fill centre with mashed potatoes and surround with radish roses, beetroot slices or carrots. Enough for six servings.



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A *Man* THERE WAS...

By

Agnes Louise
PROVOST



A COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

A MAN THERE WAS

By Agnes Louise Provost



IN a reclining chair by an upper window Nicholas Varick sat propped among many pillows, defying the physicians who had ordered him to the huge carved bed back of him, indomitable, grim, yielding his ground inch by inch and no more.

"Old Nick" he had been called in the days when he had been a power in the Stock Exchange, and the name still clung. Even to many who had never seen him he was an outstanding figure, an eccentric millionaire who owned one of the most beautiful country estates in the east yet lived alone there, almost a recluse, among his books and his treasures.

Now at Lynnewood the servants moved softly. Nicholas Varick's relatives had gathered there, uninvited to be sure, but astonishingly attentive, and had established themselves with an undeniable air of permanency in the big house which must so soon belong to at least one of them. Outsiders wondered what Old Nick thought of it all. It was fairly well known that the taciturn millionaire had not been on the best of terms with his family.

The window where the invalid's chair was placed gave glimpses of a long, gracefully sweeping drive that presently lost itself in a dark line of woodland. The sick man, watching it with unremitting intentness, seemed to grow restless. He spoke to Jennison, who had been the Varick butler for twenty-six years.

"Jennison, are you sure Spencer said he would land to-day?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Spencer was quite certain of that. He said that the boat would dock about noon, and that he would have one of his young men meet Mr. Bradshaw with precise instructions. I should say that Mr. Bradshaw would arrive on the four-ten, sir."

"Is Hollis at the station?"

"Yes, sir. Hollis has met every train since two o'clock. I thought it best to be sure."

The sick man turned back toward the window, looking out at the beautiful, park-like reaches of the place that was his, and must soon pass into other hands.

"I don't see how it can help being one of us," Claire Varick murmured thoughtfully. She was a pretty, rather effusive woman in the late forties, without an idea in her fluffy head beyond the last word in fashion and the latest bit of scandal.

All of her married life she had been struggling to present a million-dollar front on a beggarly ten thousand dollar income and expecting "Uncle Nick" to make up the annual deficit. To accomplish that was no trifling achievement, for Uncle Nick had a

rasping tongue, and a habit of asking embarrassing questions. She stood now on the terrace outside of the library with her daughter Lella and her son, Nicholas Varick II, commonly called Nicky, a young gentleman of twenty-two who had been expelled from one preparatory school and two colleges, and who now spent most of his waking hours and more than his allowance in having a good time, as irresponsibly as possible.

"You and Lella ought to get the bulk of the estate," continued Mrs. Varick hopefully. "After all, you two are Varicks, and I'm certain that he dislikes Oliver."

"He can't dislike him any more than I do," retorted her son glumly. "Don't underestimate Oliver; he's poison. You should have heard the old snake last night. Shook out his rattles at me, and blandly inquired how I was getting on with my plans to lay out a squash court by the south wing. Politely suggested that it might be well if I postponed my alterations to Uncle Nick's house until after he had died. Right before Jennison, so the old boy would run and tell Uncle Nick. I passed Jennison ten bucks, but I don't suppose it did any good."

"Not getting nervous about anything, are you, Nick? The wicked fee, and so forth?"

Claire smothered a squeak of alarm and Nicky reddened angrily as a bland voice spoke behind them. A dapper, rather good-looking man of about forty sauntered out from one of the long French windows of the library. Oliver Ennis was medium in height and medium in coloring, with watchful, light grey eyes.

How long he had been standing there and how much he had heard they had no means of knowing, unless something might be guessed from a certain coldness of eye. Nicky started a wrathful mumble, but it was Lella who answered, quicker of tongue than the others. She widened her dark eyes at him.

"Oh, dear, no! Why on earth should Nicky flee, if that's what you're getting at? You're not very subtle to-day, Oliver."

"Not subtle at all. Completely stupid." Oliver appeared to smother a yawn. "It's the result of riding up from the station in the family equipage. Very stately, but soporific. I'm beginning to realise how deadly bored a king must feel, clop-clopping solemnly along in a gilded coach to open Parliament or something."

Oliver's regard focused for a moment on the long, dignified lines of a building just visible beyond intervening masses of shrubbery.

"If that old boat of yours is in commission, Nick, what about going over to the country club? Bebe Van Dering's new tennis prodigy is there. He plays a smashing game."

Nicky looked suspicious, but he was glad

to escape, even with Oliver. He grinned cynically at his mother, favored his sister with a faintly lowered eyelid and started off to get the super-charged roadster which Nicholas Varick II must have, whether it could be paid for or not. Oliver sauntered after him.

DICK BRADSHAW

stepped from the four-ten train at Lynnewood Manor and found a dignified manservant awaiting him. He had been surprised at the wireless which had caught him on shipboard, a day out from La Guayra, and he had wondered still more when a spruce and obliging young man from the law offices of Spencer and Hardiston, Nicholas Varick's attorneys, had met him at the dock and given him explicit instructions to proceed at once to Lynnewood. The young man had even hurried matters along by taking Dick's modest luggage in charge and offering to have it left at the hotel where he intended to stay.

It was odd to receive this urgent summons from a man he knew only slightly. His parents had known Nicholas Varick years ago, and his grandmother, in her reticent way, had occasionally spoken of him, but his own meetings with this imposing figure of finance had been brief and far-apart, although on those rare occasions the old man had manifested a shrewd, curt interest in whatever he had been doing.

From all that he had heard of the Varick wealth he had expected the finest model of purring limousine to meet him, but the footman led him instead to a carriage with a pair of sleekly-groomed chestnuts, showing fire and spirit in every line, from the small pricked ears to the dancing feet. The carriage door was held open for him; he swallowed astonishment and stepped in, with a dizzy feeling that he was moving through a costume picture.

It was half a mile from the lodge gates of Lynnewood to the house, and the woods covered two-thirds of the distance. Then open spaces came, acre upon acre of emerald lawns, with old trees or massed shrubs here and there and a dangle of color where gardens lay. Crowning it all, the long, massive house of grey stone.

Doors were already open to receive him, and an elderly butler stood waiting. Dick stepped into an entrance hall that was a spacious room in itself.

"Mr. Varick is expecting you."

The elderly butler did not take him up by way of the staircase. The touch of an almost invisible button brought an elevator to the lower level. They stepped in, and the elevator hummed softly up to another floor.

As Dick stepped out he noticed a striking looking girl, slim and smartly dressed, whose large dark eyes took account of him with a

cool stare. Leila Varick knew her uncle's physicians and his lawyer, but this stalwart, good-looking young man was a stranger. She turned her head when he had passed, and her eyes followed him curiously.

Jennison opened a door into a long, pleasant room with deeply recessed windows and many books.

"If you will wait here, I will announce you to Mr. Varick."

He disappeared and Dick waited. The room seemed to be a sort of study.

Through an open door into a smaller room he caught sight of a copper bowl of roses, and beyond them a girl's head, her profile clearly outlined against a window. Evidently the room was a secretary's office, for she sat at a desk there, with her head bent over her work and the sunlight glancing over her hair.

He wanted to know that girl. He wanted to go in there right away and ask her who she was. Not that it really mattered who she was. He wondered what her voice was like, and how she looked when she smiled.

"Mr. Varick will see you at once, sir," Jennison had returned. He dropped to earth again.

INVOLUNTARILY he found himself walking more lightly as he entered a room of decorous hush and subdued light.

"So you are here at last."

The greeting was clipped and dry, but in his peculiar way Nicholas Varick seemed glad to see his visitor.

"Sorry to be late, sir, but my ship was detained at quarantine. I hope it hasn't inconvenienced you."

"I have no use for my time but to wait."

The old man said it with a grim finality. Jennison was moving softly about, setting a chair for the visitor at a careful angle, and drawing back a curtain to let in more light. He did it so that the light fell full on Dick's face.

"You may wait in the next room, Jennison." There was an ironic gleam in Varick's eyes as the butler left, closing the door after him. "Jennison is my sentinel. He spares me the solicitations of my too-anxious family."

The cynical reference to his expectant heirs was too obvious to be ignored.

"Most people like attentions," Dick suggested cheerfully, but the ironic humor had vanished.

"Where the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together. I have no illusions. You also will learn to gauge the attention by the motive. . . . But enough of that." He dismissed the subject curtly, with a gesture which plainly showed the habit of power. "Tell me something of yourself," he commanded. "Your work, your early life. My affairs are ended."

Undoubtedly he deserved his reputation for eccentricity. For the hundredth time Dick wondered what this strange old man wanted of him. Even eccentric millionaires do not order a man to come several thousand miles for a casual chat.

"Why, there isn't much to tell," he said with the boyish grin that most people found rather engaging. "Most of it you probably know already. I was just a regular kid—never did anything extraordinary. I never knew my parents, for my mother died soon after my birth and my father had died two months earlier. My grandmother brought me up. We lived in an old white house, a bit shabby, just outside of Charleston. There wasn't a lot of money, but she managed, and she put me through college. She died during my senior year, and there was just

enough money left to see me through until I had graduated. Since then I've been knocking around the world. I suppose I've been lucky, for I've usually managed to have some kind of a job, and some of them have been pretty good. Maybe my head is a little too big for my hat, but I'm aiming not to work for other people all my life. Some day—the friendly grin came again—"I'm going to make my pile."

Nicholas Varick listened in his brooding, withdrawn fashion. Once or twice the hollow eyes kindled. When the young man finished he was silent so long that he seemed to have forgotten Dick's presence. Then he roused himself. "I knew your mother," he said abruptly. "She was very beautiful. I wanted to marry her."

Light came to Dick Bradshaw. It touched several seemingly trifling things in his infrequent intercourse with this man, which at the time he had dismissed as belonging to Nicholas Varick's known peculiarities. But the old man was speaking again, clipping out each sentence with curt emphasis.

"Meddling tongues came between us, one in particular, someone who was not averse to seeing me stay unmarried and without a family. The method was old enough—scandalous whispers of my attentions to a woman in another town, and in those days scandal really meant something. Intercepted letters. Things which might seem ridiculous to your franker generation. In my day pride meant suffering—in silence. I wrote once, asking the right to see her—your mother—and clear myself, but received my letter back with the single word 'No' written across the bottom. After a few days I went away, only to find that she had left town. Her home, as you know, was in Charleston, and she never came back. Within a year she married, a man much younger than I. He was a good man and I know she was loyal to him. That is all I need to say to her son."

Months later a servant, discharged from another family, brought me a letter which he had found in that house. It was from your mother, telling me that she had heard these stories of my alleged double life and giving me an opportunity to explain if I could. But I had never received that letter, and she had never received mine, although someone else had. My silence had seemed to admit guilt.

"The man had probably stolen the letter, but I bought it from him at his own price. It is still in my possession. But it was too late to remedy the wrong that malice and cupidity had caused."

Dick stirred uncomfortably.

The steady voice went on:

"I kept silence. But your mother knew—before the end. In the meantime she had known sickness and trouble. Your father had been my friend, and he wrote me not long before he died. He was on the edge of bankruptcy then."

"But—" Dick interposed quickly, and hesitated. A vertical crease came between his brows. More memories were flickering back. Certain veiled things that his grandmother had said, about his father having been saved from a last financial crash by a friend. She had always been reticent about his father, but Dick had gathered that he had been definitely a failure in business. A lovable, impractical man, who had run through an inherited fortune and then had plunged into ambitious, chimerical schemes in the effort to make a new one.

But if his father had faced bankruptcy so soon before his death, how had he left the small estate which had supported Dick and his grandmother, modestly but ade-

quately, and had given him his education?

"I thought," he said slowly, "that my father left some funds—"

"Deposited to his credit a short time before he died," was the curt reply. "I could not see your mother suffer. She never knew. And in two months she had died also."

"I hated the thought of you at first, not only because you were another man's son, but because she had died when you were born. Later I felt differently and would have adopted you, but your grandmother refused. She was a strong woman. She did not want you to grow up a waster, a spender, with no better ambition than to step into a dead man's shoes. She meant to build you of sterner stuff. Time will show how well she succeeded. But for your sake she let me provide for you, since she had nothing of her own, and for every penny spent she rendered scrupulous account. Here it is. Take it with you."

He indicated a thick packet tied with red tape, lying on a low table beside him. Emily Bradshaw's son took it, staggered by the weight of his long obligation to this aloof, eccentric man.

"I owe you an overwhelming debt," he began, but a peremptory gesture cut him off.

"The money has meant nothing to me, but you will have an opportunity to pay. There is something else. For what I have done, I want one year of your life."

Fatigue and the strain of a driving purpose showed in the shaking, upraised hand, but the piercing old eyes held him.

"I have watched you for twenty-six years, and I am trusting you now. You also must trust me and ask nothing, only give." The tremulous hand drew a sealed envelope from under the cushions and thrust it into the young man's grasp. "I have written here what I want of you. Read it when you hear that I am dead. Not before. And promise that whatever happens you will fulfil—to the end—no matter where it leads you—and abide by the result—"

THE voice trailed away huskily; he stopped, exhausted by the effort he had made, but the piercing eyes still searched and bored. The younger eyes looked back at him, puzzled and a little wary.

"It's a bargain," Dick grinned faintly; a brown young hand went out and gripped the old one. "The year is yours. What you have done for me, all my life, and for my family, is too big for thanks. But I hope that it will be a long time before I need to read that letter."

"It will be soon. Will you call Jennison?" He lay back among his pillows, limp and tired. Jennison came, looking anxiously at the greyed face.

"Make the bed ready for me, Jennison. I am tired. If you will excuse me—" He inclined his head towards Dick with a formal courtesy.

"Let me carry you over there first, sir." The impulse came suddenly, with an odd stir of feeling. He wanted, inarticulately, to do something near and personal for this strange and lonely old man. Tired eyes gleamed at him for a moment; the head moved in a slight assent.

"Ready, Jennison?" The old man was a feather in his arms. Dick carried him to the huge bed and laid him down gently, with the competence of assured strength.

"All right, sir?"

A MAN THERE WAS

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

"All right. Thank you. Good-bye, Richard—my boy. I wish—"

Whatever he wished trailed aimlessly into silence. He was very weak, and five minutes later he slept, more peacefully, Jennison whispered, than he had for days. Jennison, it appeared, was nurse, the old man refusing flatly to have any other. Dick nodded.

"I'll go now. You needn't come if you'd rather stay with him. I can find my way down."

But as the carriage went down the drive, taking him back to the station, he turned for a lingering backward glance towards the windows on the second floor, searching for the one where a shining gold head might show.

The girl was standing there, looking down at him. She showed no confusion as his upward glance found her, but let her composed eyes meet his and drift tranquilly past him. Dick Bradshaw's normally steady pulse, that no mere girl had ever seriously disturbed before, began doing fantastic things without a second's warning. He drew a long breath.

"I like that girl," he told himself firmly. "Some day I'm going to marry her."

THAT night Nicholas Varick died. It was a sudden passing after all, and his family was not there. Claire Varick was in her room, trying the effect of a new blend of rouge. Her daughter was stretched gracefully at ease on a chaise-longue nearby, absorbed in the latest issue of a venomous little scandal sheet that called itself a society journal. Nicky and Oliver Ennis, who disliked each other both as individuals and as rivals for the Varick fortune, were listlessly knocking about balls in the billiard-room.

When they reached the room of hush and shaded lights the man they had courted and flattered and quarrelled over lay dead, and Jessamy Landon, the young woman secretary with the Roman-gold hair, sat close beside him with one thin hand between both of her own, as though he had died that way. She looked at them as they hurried in, and in that level gaze there was something so nearly like contempt that Claire Varick flushed angrily under the new rouge. She had said from the first that Miss Landon did not know her place. Well, she would be sent about her business now, and with scant ceremony.

Beside her old Jennison stood with bent head, two slow tears creeping down his cheeks, but on the face of the dead man was peace.

In the library of Lynnewood a group of people waited for the reading of Nicholas Varick's will.

The three Varicks were there, and Oliver Ennis, and a little aside was the young secretary with the tawny hair and grey eyes. She had come in quietly, ignoring the upraised brows of Lella Varick and her mother. Henry Spencer, senior member of the law firm of Spencer and Hardiston, had arrived early and now sat at the head of the huge carved table, apparently waiting for someone else. The room was quiet, but it was impossible not to sense the nervous expectancy beneath the outer calm.

Through the open windows came the gritting of wheels on the drive, and a moment later Jennison ushered in a tall, sun-browned young man.

Spencer greeted him. "How do you do, Mr. Bradshaw."

Lella flashed a quick look at her mother as Jennison placed a chair for the newcomer at Spencer's right, and Claire's hands

futtered nervously in her lap. Oh dear, what was coming now? Bradshaw! Her memory flashed back anxiously to days when she had known that name. Oliver frowned. He had seen the fellow at the funeral services. What was he doing here now?

From his brief-case the lawyer took the precious document on which all their hopes hung. There was an electric stillness as he read. They listened tautly to a tangle of legal verbiage and to minor bequests to servants and to charities. The sum of ten thousand dollars was set aside "to complete and publish the descriptive catalogue of my library of books and manuscripts, my secretary, Miss Jessamy Landon, to be retained for that purpose at the salary she now receives, and a further bonus of ten thousand dollars to be paid to her when the work is completed."

Jessamy Landon took the news of her legacy calmly. There was a touch of surprise and appreciation, perhaps a slightly longer breath. After that she sat quietly, with lowered lids, listening. Dick felt sure, for whatever else might come.

Spencer was reading again:

"The residue of my estate, real and personal, I give, devise and bequeath to Richard Bryce Bradshaw, only son of my friends, Richard and Emily Bryce Bradshaw, in the following manner and under the following conditions:

"1. The sum of one million dollars, tax free, to be paid to the said Richard Bryce Bradshaw as soon as possible after my decease;

"2. The remainder of my estate to become his on the first anniversary of my death and not before, on condition that on that date he shall be solvent and free from debt of any kind whatsoever. If he shall fail to meet this requirement, then I direct that the remainder of my estate shall be divided among those of my relations who were in my house at the time of my death, or who may have visited me during my last illness;

"3. The full use and enjoyment of my home, Lynnewood, together with all of its furnishings and other personal property, to be at the disposal of the said Richard Bryce Bradshaw immediately after my decease, but without title or the power to sell, rent, mortgage or otherwise encumber or dispose of the said property for the period of one year after my death."

That was all, save for a few legal details and the fact that Spencer was the sole executor. Nicholas Varick's relations were practically disinherited, after years of complacently waiting for him to die.

Throughout the reading Nicholas Varick's heir had sat with bent head, looking at the little pencil that he absently twirled between his fingers. He looked up now in a silence charged with hostility. His eyes went quickly from one coldly averted face to another. Only in the eyes of Jessamy Landon did he catch a warming gleam, and his own answered it. Spencer was extending his hand.

"My congratulations, Mr. Bradshaw. Please consider me entirely at your service."

"Thanks, that's good of you. I'll probably need a lot of advice."

Dick arose, his smile a little nervous. This first step was going to be hard. He looked hesitantly, almost apologetically, at the hostile faces, and there was a boyish diffidence about him as he spoke, including them all.

"I want to say first how much I appreciate this extraordinary thing that Mr. Varick

has done for me, and that I hope I may be worthy of the trust he has placed in me. That's my side, but I'm not forgetting yours. It's only natural that you who were related to him should feel that you have been unjustly set aside, and that I am a rank intruder among you. I can only beg you to believe that however advantageous this situation is to me, it was not of my own seeking. I hope we may be friends."

The overture of peace was not very graciously received. It was young Nicholas who angrily blurted out the thing they all were thinking.

"That's easy for you, but you've got to admit that this is an outrage on us. You're dead right we think it's unjust. We're his family and we're entitled to inherit. I mean legally entitled. We'll contest the will."

"Of course you will do whatever you think best about it."

They looked at him suspiciously, but apparently it was no more than a conventional assent to bridge over an awkward moment. A brief diversion came from outside. During the reading of the will the sky had been rapidly clouding over, and now a roll of thunder was followed by a gust of wind which blew Spencer's papers about, and a spiteful dash of rain. Jessamy Landon jumped up to close the window by which she sat. It was a double window and ran to the floor, its doors opening inward, and the wind, gusty and strong, beat them back at her as she tugged at one side and tried to reach for the other. Nicky Varick forgot his sulkiness long enough to start towards her, Oliver stirred languidly, but Dick was well ahead of them.

"Let me!"

Rain was tossed in on a gust, beating on their faces, and their hands met over the obstinate fastenings. They looked at each other and laughed as she shook glistening drops from her hair.

"THANKS," said Jessamy Landon. Her voice lowered. "Congratulations, Mr. Bradshaw."

She inclined her head with a prettily formal gesture. A footman had come in to close the other windows, and she went out, quietly and composedly. The Varick heir looked after her, and went back to his seat. He had heard her voice. It was low and musical—just as he had expected.

Spencer meanwhile had recovered his papers and was taking two letters from his brief case, each addressed in Nicholas Varick's handwriting. One of them he handed to Mrs. Varick, the other to Oliver Ennis. The tingle of expectancy began again. There might be hope yet—something substantial put aside for them. Claire tore hers open hastily, utterly incapable of waiting. She read at first eagerly, and then with a heightening color which presently faded and drained white. It was almost too dreadful for belief.

"My dear niece: You have now heard the terms of my will and are doubtless both surprised and disappointed, but if you will give careful thought to the events of the past twenty-five or thirty years I think you will be convinced that its provisions are justified. In case you are not, and feel inclined to contest the will, I have left certain interesting documents which will be made public, both in court and in the Press, in support of its provisions, namely:

"1. Receipted bills and begging letters, covering twenty-five years, with copies of my answers, showing that you and your family have already received from me sums which would aggregate a substantial legacy,

"2. Letters, affidavits and cancelled cheques in connection with certain unsavoury episodes in your son's college career, which against my better judgment I have paid to have hushed up for you."

"3. An even more unsavoury occurrence during your daughter's last year at finishing school, which I think both of you would regret to have made public."

"4. Certain letters sent by Emily Bryce to me, and by me to Emily Bryce, twenty-eight years ago, and intercepted by you, thereby causing a misunderstanding and estrangement which was very convenient for you; together with my affidavit covering all the circumstances, and the affidavit of the person who found one of these letters in your possession and sold it to me."

"These documents are sealed and will be held in safe keeping until the expiration of the time limit in which my will may be contested. Gratitude I have ceased to expect; a decent respect for my last wishes I now demand. If they are violated, my hand can still reach out and stop you."

"If these matters give you any real regret you may prove it by adopting a different attitude towards the young man who is my heir and who should have been my son."

"NICHOLAS VARICK."

There was a hunted look in Claire Varick's eyes as she finished reading.

It was late, and the rain had become a downpour. The stranger who had displaced them from their snug security turned to Spencer, with the slight diffidence which made him seem younger than he was.

"If I am host, a I seem to be, won't you let me put you up for the night? It's rather bad going, and the telephone is at your disposal for any messages that you'd like to send."

"Thanks. I'll be glad to stay. And by the way, I took the liberty of having your luggage sent here after you. I thought you wouldn't be going back to your hotel."

There was a gleam in Spencer's eyes, as though he found the situation entertaining. He had known the Varick family for a long time.

It was a jarring reminder of changed relationships. They did not belong here any more, not even for a night. There was a faint stir. Claire looked around in a startled way; Oliver's pale face colored dully.

"Of course the invitation includes you all." The new master of Lynnewood addressed them pleasantly. "I hope you won't think of leaving in this storm. Please consider yourselves my guests."

Guests not masters. It was very courteous and friendly, but it had its sting.

Their emotions were far from pleasant as they watched him go.

DICK felt better as he left those inimical faces behind him. The enmity was natural, of course—this must have been a ghastly shock to them.

Under his roof there were four people who for years had looked forward to the day when they should inherit all this. How they must hate him!

And Jessamy Landon was to stay. Jessamy. That was a beautiful name. He went out quickly and made his way down the hall to the study and the little office beyond. She was still there, although the desk was neatly cleared of all papers. An impudent little hat lay on it.

"You're not thinking of going out in this storm!" he protested. "I thought you lived here?"

"Not very far from here." She was looking at him in a level, considering way, as though she knew more than she meant to

tell. Or perhaps she was taking his measure and wondering what he would make of his new possessions.

"The village is nearly two miles away, so I have a room in the head gardener's cottage." She laughed suddenly at his involuntary snort, and the sound was clear and silvery in that house of strife and dark schemings. "You'd be surprised to know what a nice house your head gardener has. But after Mr. Varick grew worse I did move here, temporarily. He liked to pore over his notes and dictate to me in the evenings."

"Notes?"

"For the catalogue. It's to be quite an elaborate affair, you know, with plates and things. He had a wonderful collection of old books and folios, and other things as well, and he wanted them all listed and the catalogue published beautifully, before the collection could be broken up and sold. He has been making these notes for years, on odd scraps of paper, and my job now is to sort them over and check them back, and edit them as nearly as I can in the way he would have done it, and then fit the pieces into the rest of the catalogue. And there's the cataloguing itself to be finished." A very small dimple showed for an instant at the corner of her mouth. "So you see the estate is likely to have me on its hands for some time."

"A year or two at least," Dick said firmly. He felt quite cheered about it. "Anyway, there's no need for you to go back to the bosom of the head gardener's family. Certainly not to-night. This house ought to be big enough to accommodate one secretary."

"It might." The grey eyes were certainly laughing at him. Then they became contemplative, and she was bending over the desk writing cryptic-looking numerals on a slip of paper.

"That's the combination of your safe—the big one in the library. Mr. Spencer might like to leave his papers there."

He said "M'm." The suggestion opened out some interesting vistas of conjecture.

"I merely thought," she explained hastily, "that wills are rather important things, and he might have other valuable papers with him. A house like this must be awfully tempting to burglars."

Warning him, was she? He folded the paper slowly.

"Thanks, I'll suggest it to him. But I don't remember seeing a safe."

"It's built in the end wall and covered by the panelling. Shall I show you where it is?"

"Excellent idea. Let's go."

They went down by way of the sweeping staircase instead of the elevator, and met no one by the way. It was very dignified and imposing, and involuntarily they quickened their steps down the last flight to a gayer and livelier tempo. The library also was empty. Dick followed her to the far end, where there was a wide space panelled in carved oak, black with age. Jessamy touched it softly.

"Beautiful, isn't it? The panels came from the banquet hall of an old Welsh castle. The whole house is full of precious things like that. I love it. The safe is behind this one. All this end of the room is a steel wall, panelled over to match the real, and the safe is built in the middle. The panel opens here. It's rather clever—you'd never guess if you didn't know."

She indicated a small grinning face in the carving. It turned under her hand like a knob, pressed, and the panel vanished, sliding at the back of a bookcase. Behind it was another door, this one of solid steel.

Her finger tips rested lightly on the steel dial, turning it this way and that.

"There!"

The heavy door swung open. Jessamy Landon reached in and snapped on a light, flooding the little room with brightness. It was more than a safe. It was a narrow steel cell, fitted like a safe deposit vault on a small scale.

"Mr. Varick used it for private papers and for some of the overflow of his collection. There's another safe for the plate, and things like that."

Dick walked in and stared around at the dully gleaming walls. "It looks as efficient as a submarine. What a handy little spot it would have been a few centuries ago, when the lord of the castle wanted to shut up somebody he didn't like. Air-tight and nearly soundproof."

"What nice ideas you have!" She wrinkled a delightful nose. "But before you do it, you'd better change the combination. That's another thing you ought to know. This was an expensive trick installation, and this dial will throw any one of three possible combinations into play. Mr. Varick kept the numbers of Combination A on a slip in his pocket, but unless Jennison noticed it and put it away, a number of people may have seen it in the past few days. I'm certain he never used either of the other two sets. They were kept in here."

SHE stopped, her brow creased in a thoughtful pucker as her eyes ran along the upper tiers of steel drawers. "There, in that one." She reached high and tapped the gleaming surface. "That's where it ought to be, in an envelope with seals."

"Thanks a lot; it's a good suggestion. Not that I have any valuables of my own to protect. At least," he added with a sudden grin, "not outside of a million dollars and a house full of practically priceless stuff. You know, I keep forgetting that part. But I'll wake up presently. And I'm taking your advice about the combination. I'll see that you get the new one as soon as it is changed."

"No thanks, I shan't need it. I only used it after Mr. Varick was too feeble to come down himself. I don't want to know what it is."

There was no mistaking the definiteness of that. Dick realised that the suggestion had been thoughtless, no matter how much he might trust her himself. "All right," he agreed cheerfully. He closed the steel door and the panel and they went upstairs again. At the door of the study he lingered.

"I'll be seeing you at dinner."

"Oh, no, I have a tray brought to me here. A very nice tray. Jennison even brings it himself."

"I see." There was a pause. "Exclusive, aren't you? But after this you're coming down to the dining-room. If you don't," he added firmly as she seemed about to speak, "Jennison will have to bring two trays instead of one. You might have some consideration for his poor old arches."

"Well, if you put it that way . . . I'm really quite fond of Jennison."

She leaned back against the door jamb, smiling a little as though enjoying her secret thoughts. She was. She was thinking of Lella Varick's face, and Claire's, when she should present herself among them before dinner. It would be fun.

There was a stormy scene in Claire's room. Lella and Nicky had gone up with her from the library, impatient to know

what the letter had contained and angrily demanding that immediate steps be taken to break the will. With tears of rage and humiliation she had to admit that they were helpless.

"We can't," she finished frantically. "Those dreadful things would be published immediately, and brought into court to show why he wouldn't leave us anything. We'd never be able to hold up our heads again. It isn't even as though it were just one of us, and the others could get something. It's— Oh, it's too ghastly to believe!"

"It's blackmail!" Nicky stormed. "The two-timing old devil!" He tramped restlessly up and down the room, but Lella sat in a flaming silence, her eyes hard and her full under lip thrust out resentfully.

A tap came at the door. Oliver was joining the family conclave.

"We can leave it to Oliver," Lella said maliciously. "You're really the one to contest it, Oliver. Mother is only an in-law."

"As you doubtless already know, my dear little cousin, our devoted uncle has succeeded in making his will practically ironbound. But if you feel like bringing suit to break it, I'll willingly resign my seniority privilege in your favor."

"That's sweet of you, but it takes money to bring lawsuits. We're broke, as usual."

"Personally," said Oliver blandly, "I intend to make the best of a bad job and be civil to Bradshaw. There's no use in knocking your head against a stone wall."

Lella was looking at him speculatively. She never made the slightest pretence of believing anything that Oliver said.

"In case you'd like to know, Oliver," she suggested sweetly, "Uncle Nick gave the Bradshaw person some papers the day he died. I saw him come, empty-handed, and leave with a flat package in his hand. It was tied with red tape."

Claire stirred uneasily. An unbecoming color was mounting in her cheeks. She looked terrified.

"How perfectly abominable of Uncle Nick!" she gasped. "To hand over such—such strictly private papers to a stranger! Do you really think he did, Oliver?"

"I rather doubt it," said Oliver thoughtfully, but his eyes had clouded. "He was a stickler for the family name, you know. Probably Spencer has them. He'd be the logical one. . . . Still, there's no telling; they'd be a nice little weapon for the heir to hold. But in any case the papers were sealed."

"Oh, yes," Claire looked momentarily relieved, but there was a half-scared, half-excited look in her eyes. "Of course," she added breathlessly, "they really belong to us, anyway."

Oliver smiled. He knew the workings of that furtive little mind.

"Unfortunately," he said coolly, "the papers are not in our possession, and burglary doesn't appeal to me."

WITH all the materials for a first-class explosion at hand, dinner passed off with an easy calm, or at least a surface calm, that was surprising.

There was, to be sure, something plaintively subdued in Claire's manner, and Nicky, for the first two courses at least, devoted himself rather glumly to his food, but he thawed presently, and the general effect was one of tactfully ignoring a painful situation. Lella was cool and decorative, her usual aplomb restored. She gave most

of her attention to Dick, talking in a lazy drawl and listening well.

He talked well, better than he knew, and listened with an attentive courtesy not common with his own generation, but ingrained since the days when his stern old grandmother in Charleston, shabby but stately still, had taught him what the manner of a gentleman should be. The atmosphere lightened perceptibly; the wheels, he felt, were running more smoothly.

He pushed back his chair with a feeling that the first hurdle had been taken successfully. Two hours later, when the last Varick had drifted upstairs or off to the billiard-room, the feeling was still there, but he was ridiculously disappointed that it was Spencer, and not Jessamy, who had lingered to talk with him in front of the fire which Jennison had lighted in the library.

The house quietened at last. Dick shut himself in his room with an immense sense of relief. What a day it had been! Difficult, full of tensions and antagonisms—and dynamite. This being a diplomat tired a man like a week of hard-rock mining. He snapped off his light, and in ten minutes was lost to all of it in healthy sleep.

How long he slept he did not know, but he awoke abruptly, with the feeling of a stealthy presence in his room. Perhaps there had been only a slight sound—he had not camped so often in lonely places without learning to waken suddenly, with a quick sense of danger.

He felt for the light switch at the head of the bed, but the room was still strange to him, and his groping hand struck a glass on the night table and it tinkled lightly against something else. Idiot! He cursed his own clumsiness, straining his ears for the next sound. When it came it was like a quick, padding footstep; a curtain whispered in a sudden draught. Dick found the switch and the room was plunged in light.

There was no one in sight, no flickering end of movement. The room was empty, save for himself. So was the narrow balcony beyond the window, where the hangings stirred softly in the cool night wind. So was the hall, where a night light burned low. Other doors along the hall were closed.

He returned from a light-footed exploration of the hall and stairs. He looked at his watch before he snapped the light out again. It was after three, and daylight would come soon.

DICK was up betimes the next morning, in order to breakfast with Spencer, who was returning to town by an early train. Just before he left Spencer drew Dick aside.

"I'm glad you suggested that I put my brief-case in your safe, Bradshaw. My room was ransacked while we were downstairs last evening. I thought you ought to know."

"I'm sorry," Dick looked thoughtful. His own rooms had been locked during the evening, because the summons to dinner had found him with some of his personal papers, with no reference to the Varick estate, strewn over his bed. "I'll look into it. Nothing taken, I hope?"

"Nothing to take," said the lawyer drily. "Whoever did it was after something that Nick Varick was entirely too smart to leave around. It's in a safe-deposit box. Well, good luck, young man, and keep your eyes open. Also, be careful of that million—when I turn it over to you."

"I've every reason to!" Dick laughed. He was the personification of confident youth

as he stood there, shoulders squared and the quick smile flashing in a brown face. "No danger there, Mr. Spencer. A million is a lot of money."

"It is while you have it," said the lawyer sententiously, and went towards the waiting carriage.

The shining brougham with its high-stepping chestnuts went glinting out of sight. Dick stared after it thoughtfully. The whole world was running gold for him, showering jewels. And down a box-bordered path came Jessamy Landon, with roses in her arms.

He cut across the lawn to meet her.

None of his guests had yet appeared, but in a room only two doors down the hall from his host's Oliver Ethnis, sleepless and irritable, was tearing into bits a slip of paper which bore a cryptic set of numerals in the precise writing of an old man. It had looked very much like a safe combination, but apparently Oliver had not found it satisfactory.

"Changed it already!" he muttered thoughtfully. "He's too smart by far. And sleeps with both ears open! . . . I wonder if Nicky lied when he said he didn't raise anything in Spencer's room?"

ALL of which seemed to indicate that Oliver had not passed a restful night, and that disappointed heirs-expectant, even Varicks, cannot be counted on to behave themselves nicely.

Down on the box-bordered path, all unaware of what was going on indoors, Dick was making the most of a Heaven-sent opportunity.

"Don't tell me that you're coming back when I'm just starting out. You know you don't want to be in the house on a morning like this. I want to look over this imposing demesne, and how can I find my way around unless you show me? I might get lost."

"You probably," she told him, "would get lost about as easily as an Indian. And if you did, the place is full of gardeners and stable boys and minions generally to put you on the right path again."

"I don't want a minion. I want a girl with the most astonishing yellow hair. I like to look at it. Come on! It's early and a swell morning. I want to explore the place before Jennison catches me and turns it into a royal procession. I've promised him that I'll review the domestic troops at ten o'clock, but I'd like to rummage around first and see things for myself."

She giggled. "I love the way you take it. All right. Let's go."

They went like two children. Everywhere they went, interested faces appeared for a look at the new master of Lynnewood.

He was alertly interested in everything, asking innumerable questions of Jessamy, of the head gardener, of his helpers, of the head stableman and the farmer, being nice to old Hollis about the carriage horses, and listening to suggestions about blights and sprays and strains of cattle. He seemed to enjoy it immensely. In that one tour of inspection he was finding out more about the details and management of this big estate than Nicky Varick and Oliver had learned in all their years of expecting to inherit it.

Claire Varick was at no time an early riser, but she had some weighty problems on that feathery trifle she called her mind, and they had not invited sleep. She heard Spencer leave, arose to peep out of the window, wondering if young Bradshaw could have gone with him, and presently saw her host going off through the gardens

with the Landon girl. Claire frowned slightly, decided that she might as well get up, even at this insanely early hour, and made a careful toilet.

The morning light was cruelly clear. Claire shuddered as she saw her reflection in her dressing-table mirror. She was looking positively haggard.

Claire knew that she had every reason to be worried. Her affairs were in a bad way. She was deeply in debt and so was Nicky.

She gave a last despairing pat to her hair and went in search of her children.

Lella, cross at being awakened, was sharp but helpful.

"Why don't you see him and try a sob or two? He's sorry for us now, and if you take the right line he might do something for us. You ought to try, anyway. The least he could do would be to invite us to stay here a while."

Nicky, tactlessly blunt, said practically the same thing.

"GOOD idea, if you think you can swing it. If he's soft enough to hand out his money to us, go ahead and encourage him. Anyway, he might let us hang around here a little longer."

"I suppose it's the only thing to do," sighed Claire. She trailed back to her own room, feeling better already, and prepared for her campaign.

An hour later she drifted gracefully into Dick's range of vision as he stood on the terrace outside of the library, and he promptly joined her. She smiled brightly, sighed and looked deprecating.

"I'm going to ask a favor of you. Would it be imposing on you too much if we couldn't get away until to-morrow—or perhaps the day after?"

"My dear Mrs. Varick, of course not!" The implication was inescapable that they were being thrust from his house. "Please don't feel that way about it. You are my guests. There's not the slightest need for haste."

"That's awfully sweet of you," she smiled and sighed, with a return of her plaintively subdued air. "Things have happened so unexpectedly that I scarcely know what to do. You see we gave up our apartment in town in order to be with Uncle Nick, and it's almost impossible to get another on short notice, except the terribly expensive ones. And I don't feel that we ought to go to hotels any more, even for a few days. We simply can't afford it. We've had so many losses, but Uncle Nick was always so generous about such things. . . . I can't understand why he turned against us so suddenly. Unless it was his illness—his mind, you know."

"I suppose," said Dick sympathetically, "it is difficult to find new quarters on such short notice. But there's no reason why you shouldn't stay on here until you can make your arrangements."

"Oh, that's so kind of you!"

The quick acceptance was like the soft pounce of a cat. She did not even demur. Dick smiled, very slightly.

"Then we'll consider it settled. There's more than enough room here for all of us, and you can look over the ground at your convenience. . . . Oh, please don't!"

He was as uneasy in the presence of tears as any man, and Claire was pathetically dabbling at her eyes with an extravagant bit of handkerchief.

"I know I shouldn't give way like this. But you don't know—I'm ashamed to tell you what that little respite means to me. I haven't even dared tell the children how

desperate things are with us. My income has dwindled until it isn't enough to live on any more, and I had to raise money on our home. We've been renting it, because the upkeep of a town house is so heavy, even a really tiny one like ours, and now the interest and taxes and repairs take nearly every cent I get out of it. But Uncle Nick helped, and he told me that he had looked after us in his will. And when we found yesterday that we would get nothing it was a simply shattering blow. I'm frantic, wondering what we shall do."

The young man of millions listened thoughtfully.

"I'm sorry," he said simply. "I know it must have been a great disappointment, and I hope you will believe that whatever Mr. Varick chose to do, I had no hand in it nor any previous knowledge of it. I'm sorry that any advantage of mine should put you in such a position, and"—he hesitated, and went on more slowly—"I am willing to show the sincerity of my regret by doing what Mr. Varick might do for you himself if he were here. If you will accept it, I will pay off that mortgage, so that your property will be clear. Or I will give you my cheque and you can handle it yourself."

"It's—it's forty thousand dollars," she said breathlessly, genuinely scared lest the amount frighten him.

Dick repressed a hasty impulse to whistle. A mortgage, or probably mortgages, of forty thousand on a "tiny" home! Standards evidently differed widely.

But he had promised and he was going to see it through.

"You will get the cheque as soon as Mr. Spencer places the money to my credit. Call it a fresh start. . . . Here comes Jennison; I believe I'm wanted in the hall."

BEHIND closed doors Claire excitedly told her children of the windfall that had come to them. Nicky whistled.

"I never thought he'd be as easy as that," he commented. "It's one of those things that are too good to be true, but you seem to have landed it. And a cheque, too. Instead of asking you for the mortgages and having Spencer attend to 'em! What's the matter with him? Unless my memory is slipping, the last time we talked about those mortgages they totted up to thirty thousand, and you took him for forty. Gosh, what luck! He ought to be good for a touch now and then."

The young man whose golden wand had brought this miracle about stood for a few moments where Claire had left him, his hands plunged deep in his pockets—possibly to protect them from further assault. A wry grin pulled down the corners of his mouth. Then he took out a notebook, opened it at a fresh page and made a neat entry.

"June 21. Mortgage on the old home, C.V. 40,000dol."

"That's a pretty stiff item for the first day. And I want to get a car or two, as soon as I can get to town. But a lady in distress. Oh, well! They probably think I'm a robber anyway."

He returned the notebook to his pocket, whistling softly.

Comment and conjecture ran high when the provisions of Nicholas Varick's will became known. The Varick fortune had been left to a stranger and every member of the family had been cut off without a penny, except for a contingency so remote that it seemed only a grim joke. Even the ghostly echo of a long-vanished romance, recalled now by a few of

the older generation, did not quite account for that will. If Old Nick had wanted to disinherit his relations—and some hinted that there was nothing surprising in that—why had he not left the estate outright to Emily Bradshaw's son?

"To tantalize the family for another year," suggested young Jack Van Dering. The Van Derings' country place, The Ledges, adjoined Lynnewood on the south. "I wouldn't put it past the old boy. Shouldn't wonder if he had a few old scores to settle with them. This being Santa Claus isn't all that it's cracked up to be."

"Possibly he did it to test out his heir," said his father. Judge Van Dering had known Nicholas Varick for years. "Nick Varick at one time was rated in the million a year class."

"How he must have loved his relations!" A pretty girl with a mop of curls and an impishly tilted nose grinned disrespectfully at her father and tossed in her own comment, but a third voice broke in. It belonged to Pinckney Galnes, a promising young bond salesman, blond, rosy and cherubic, who never missed an opportunity to go any place where Bobe Van Dering might be. He answered to the nickname of Pink and had a roving blue eye which was at once guileless and alert.

"But it isn't a real test," he protested earnestly. "Bradshaw would be a lunatic to put his head in a noose that way. If the preliminary legacy were smaller, there might be some risk, but a million! Why, he could squander nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand and accrued bank interest and still have a good safe margin. A million-plus is a lot of money to spend in a year."

"I'm not so sure about that," Jack shook his head dubiously. "Spending money isn't such an awful exertion. Oliver Ennis could do it, and no one would ever know where it went, and as for Nicky, he could go through it in half the time. Even if you're not a swift spender yourself, you can always find plenty of friends to help you. I don't get the point at all. I'll bet there's a joker in it somewhere."

New life had come to Lynnewood. Jennison bustled here and there, inspecting long-unused silver and china and guest-rooms, in anticipation of coming splendors which would revive the Varick tradition. Sleek, glistening motors had appeared, so diplomatically introduced that even Hollis, the taciturn coachman, was reconciled to the change. The staff was more or less on tip-toe with expectancy. Anything might happen, any day. The only thing which caused really serious debate, at Lynnewood or outside, was the assured way in which the dis-inherited relations were continuing to live there, hanging on by some unexplained finger-hold in Dick Bradshaw's house. It had exciting possibilities.

The new cars had been Dick's first purchase. The subject had been broached just before lunch, when Nicky had come roaring up the drive in an exceedingly snappy roadster. Dick was outside when he arrived.

"Good-looking car," he commented as Nicky slid from his seat. "I must get one myself."

"Of course you will want cars," Lella had appeared at his elbow, cool and graceful, looking at Nicky with an odd gleam. Her lazy voice quickened with interest. "You'll really want a number of them for an establishment like this. A limousine first—"

"Oh, he wants a couple of good sports models," her brother interrupted. "With plenty of speed in them, a limousine is all right for town use, but it isn't a young man's car." He paused and seemed to recollect

something. "Of course," he added hastily, "you'll need a limousine anyway. I saw a new Rolls the other day—see here, Bradshaw, if you're interested, I'll introduce you to a couple of fellows who have the agencies for the finest cars that come. I'll drive you down to-morrow morning if you can stand my old boat."

"Glad to. It looks to me like a pretty good boat."

They started the next morning and spent the day in town, mixing pleasure with business. Business filled all of the morning, but after that Nicky insisted on introducing the stranger to a place or two that he knew, and also, with watchful selectiveness, to three or four of his more presentable friends. It was, Nicky felt, a good start. Dick grinned to himself, paid the bill and made himself agreeable. He seemed to be doing a great deal of that in the past few days.

The main point was that when they returned to Lynnewood that night he was the prospective owner of three cars instead of one, an imposing limousine, a big sedan and the long, rakish sports model that he had favored for his own use. All of them were the imported makes whose agencies paid Nicky that nice little percentage for bringing the prospect in. The total cost ran well into five figures, and Dick grimaced slightly as he put the figures down in the little notebook. It was much more than he had expected to pay, but perhaps no more than the standard of Lynnewood called for. They were beauties, all of them.

The days slipped into weeks, and Dick was still an amiable host to Nicholas Varick's family. Claire had not made any visible effort to find an apartment, and there was no further mention of departure. It seemed to be understood that they were there for the summer. Oliver stayed also, by the simple expedient of accepting his host's very slight demur when he had spoken of leaving.

"Very decent of you, Bradshaw. I'm awfully fond of the old place, and it would be rather pleasant to stay around a bit longer—sort of a swan song, you know."

This was the attitude—a philosophic shrug—that Oliver assumed before his host and before the world.

The only one who had not stayed was the one he wanted most. Jessamy Landon had quietly packed and gone back to her room at the head gardener's cottage. He had been angry and hurt about that.

OLIVER was spending the day in town. No one ever knew where Oliver went nor how he spent his time, but business of some kind must have brought him, since the latter part of the morning found him making his way down a corridor towards a quiet office suite in the rear of a tall building so swarming with similar rooms that one more name on a ground-glass door was lost in an endless maze of other names.

The legend on the door was brief:

JORDAN & COMPANY

Investment Securities

At this door Oliver paused and looked casually down the corridor.

There was no one in sight. Oliver slipped in quickly.

The outer office held a table, a typewriter desk, a telephone and two chairs. There was no clerk at the typewriter desk, but Oliver went on to the inner room, gave a slight preliminary tap and went in. He closed the door after him.

The inner room was smaller, and its one broad window opened rather conveniently,

on a fire escape. Here again the room was decorous and neat, with no untidy litter of work. There was a flat-topped desk, with a telephone and a few precisely arranged papers on it, a safe in one corner, a steel filing cabinet and two office armchairs, in addition to the revolving chair at the desk. In the revolving chair sat a big, ruddy-looking man, slightly grey, with full brown eyes and a straight but mobile mouth.

This was Jordan and Company.

"Hello, Oliver. You've kept yourself scarce and exclusive lately. I'd just decided that Uncle Nick's will must have panned out better than the papers said."

"The Press accounts were correct."

The rejoinder was slightly chill and discouraged further comment. Jordan had more than once been useful to Oliver Ennis; in fact, he had become painfully necessary, but the big man's familiarity, his "Olivers" and his thirst for introductions to Oliver's better-placed friends had sometimes irked his business associate exceedingly. At such times it was unpleasant to remember a transaction when Jordan, on a fifty-fifty basis, had disposed of certain worthless securities which Oliver had held, doing it so neatly that neither the name of Jordan nor Ennis appeared in the final transfer. To be sure, Jordan had been the active agent, but Oliver had much to lose from publicity.

"Going to contest?" Jordan's voice was smooth.

"No. He's tied it up too tight."

"Too bad." The big man's eyes were as expressionless as polished agate. "Then you're out for good, unless you can persuade this Bradshaw to blow his first million within the year."

"No chance of that." Oliver's shrug put the matter beyond discussion. "He seems to be a pretty loose spender—sudden fortune does go to people's heads, you know—but he'll scarcely be fool enough to throw away his chances like that."

Jordan grinned. He knew quite well what Oliver was driving at. Devious bird, he was. Circled around things until the other fellow came out in the open.

"He might with assistance. High living and handsome presents to his friends, for instance. Or maybe he'll follow the ponies or get on the wrong side of the market. I can't see you grieving if he goes broke."

"Naturally." The shrug came again. "I haven't anything against Bradshaw personally, but it would mean no more than I'm rightfully entitled to."

Jordan waited. Oliver lit a cigarette with careful deliberation.

"Why don't you go after him for some business?" he suggested casually. "I dare say he'll want to salt down some of that million to keep the wolves from getting him."

"Good idea. The usual introduction?"

"Well—if it can't be worked any other way. But you understand that I must not appear in this. In the peculiar circumstances—"

"In the peculiar circumstances," Jordan finished with a grin, "he might get the idea that you were out to skin him, and even if he fell for it there might be some nasty comment later—say a year from now. Oh no, we can't be raw about it. We'll get his hide if we can, but our motives are going to be pure."

A cold glitter showed in Oliver's eyes.

"Never mind that. He's wormed himself into the old man's favor and bilked me out of an inheritance that I've looked forward to all my life. I had a right to ex-

pect that money. If my uncle had died intestate his property would have gone to his surviving relatives without question."

"Of course it would." Jordan was soothing now. Golden prospects were shimmering before his eyes, and Oliver could bring them within his reach. "Any suggestions?"

"Oh no. You're the broker. But play safe."

Oliver was calm again; his neat gesture disclaimed all personal responsibility. Jordan smoothed out another grin, went over to the safe and presently brought out a large red envelope.

He had not lived by his wits for years without sharpening them to an exceedingly fine point. He knew the terms of Nicholas Varick's will, and he knew Oliver Ennis. That envelope had been ready for the past three weeks, waiting for Oliver to come.

"This might do. It's a big tract of timber land in Oregon, owned by a fellow named Harvey."

Photographs lay before them, views of densely-wooded slopes, or groups of standing timber, of huge felled trees, with figures and cabalistic signs neatly written on the margins.

Oliver frowned. "It's too good. I don't see the point."

"FOREST fire," said Jordan succinctly. "Three years ago. Nothing there now but scrub and rocks and landslides."

Oliver sat back in his chair with a gesture of impatience.

"And all he has to do is to go out there and look at it, and the whole game will be up."

"In the winter," said Stacy Jordan, "that place is practically inaccessible, buried under ten feet of snow."

"I'd rather he played the market—there's less risk to us—but he might fool us and win. . . . What's your scheme, a stock company?"

"Lord, no! Outright sale. If we form a company or even sell him timber rights, we leave too much evidence around. I'll sell him the whole tract, outright. He'll get a perfectly valid deed, too—no tricks there." Jordan grinned again. "I'll ask half a million for it."

"Too much. It would make too big a hole in his capital and scare him off."

In the end they compromised on an asking price of four hundred thousand dollars.

"Dirt cheap," said Jordan.

"I assume," said Oliver smoothly, "that Mr. Harvey and Mr. Jordan are identical? You'd scarcely be at such pains to oblige a mere client."

Jordan's eyes flickered like heat lightning. Oliver was too smart by half. "Maybe," he admitted.

"And since four hundred thousand is about three hundred and ninety-nine thousand and more than the tract would bring you without my help, I take it that we're working on a fifty-fifty basis?"

"Fifty-fifty! With me providing the tract and taking all the risk? And maybe having to drop everything for a quick getaway while you inherit a bunch of millions? You're too open-handed, Oliver. You'll get twenty per cent., and that's a big take-off."

"Eighty thousand out of four hundred? That's piracy. I'm taking a risk myself."

"Not if you can hand it on to me," said Jordan dryly. "It's twenty per cent. or nothing."

Twenty per cent. it was. And Oliver

knew that he had fared well. If it went through!

"Of course," he added softly, "four hundred thousand won't cancel a million. You'll have other opportunities, if you feel like trying. There ought to be several things—eggs in different baskets. But you'd better be very careful if you try him with your Maricoba fives."

Jordan's face grew ruddier. It was only by a fluke that Oliver had discovered those interesting securities in his possession. It had kept Jordan more civil than he would otherwise have been.

"Oh, they're dead stuff," he said indifferently, but his eyes flickered toward the safe where he kept them.

"Oh, surely," Oliver airily dismissed the subject. "Good-bye; I have to be getting uptown."

Oliver was well satisfied with his morning's work. The ball had been set in motion, and the grade was steep.

DICK was checking up the expenses of his first month. It was a very casual system of bookkeeping, being no more than a succession of brief items in a pocket notebook, but everything was there, page after page of it, even to the trifling expenditures of pocket money that he made in the course of each day. They filled one book completely.

The sum total was staggering. In one month he had spent just 123,832 dollars. At that rate he would run through 1,485,984 dollars in the year. He grinned ruefully as he scribbled the total.

"Can't be done," he murmured. "Not even on a million flat and some bank interest."

He frowned at it. There had been some extraordinary expenses, which fortunately would not occur again. One did not pay off forty-thousand-dollar mortgages for distressed ladies every day, nor buy three imported cars in a morning. And the upkeep of this place was enormous, with its army of servants indoors and out.

Then there had been several checks to charities, five thousand here, ten thousand there, which a man of his means could scarcely refuse. Claire and Leila had both had birthdays that month and had admitted that their dearest wishes were a platinum and diamond wrist watch and—for Leila—a car of her own, just a little two-seater. Neither of them had seemed to want anything less ambitious.

From the dark paneled wall of the library Nicholas Varick's portrait looked down at him with sardonic eyes.

Dick went over and stared back at the portrait, man to man. A deep line had come between his brows, and something of youth and buoyancy seemed to have gone out of him.

Then he turned away, and the serious lines vanished as he caught sight of a tawny head. Jessamy's work often brought her here, for book or manuscript or volume of reference. She was carrying a bulky volume now, and he promptly took it from her.

"Why do you drag these ponderous tomes around? The house is full of servants, and I'm hanging around without a thing to do."

"I like to wait on myself. And from observation I'd say that you're doing a lot of things."

"Nothing that counts much." His face clouded. There were dozens of claims on his time every day, but so few of these included Jessamy Landon.

"I seem to be doing something all the time," he admitted, "and not a darn thing that amounts to anything." He kicked ab-

sently and somewhat gloomily at the edge of a rug.

"So much energy going to waste!" She was laughing at him, but he didn't mind. "Don't let Nicky or Oliver hear you; they'd think you were insane. But you don't have to do all these other things, you know."

"Yes, I do." A wry grin dispelled the gloom. "You get in and you can't get out. It's like shooting the rapids; you've either got to go ahead or go overboard. Everything leads to something else. Of course it's all right—" He broke off hastily. "I suppose you think I've been throwing money around and making a prize fool of myself?"

"That's your affair, isn't it?"

"But it isn't really as bad as it looks." He found himself explaining, anxious for her good opinion. "There were certain initial expenses which won't occur again. The cars, for instance, and—one or two other things."

"The new swimming pool, perhaps?" She seemed innocently interested. "And the garden party with the Russian dancers? And the yacht that you've chartered for the August cruise?"

"Well"—he hesitated, choosing his words carefully—"these bills aren't included in this. They'll come along later. Of course maintenance and entertaining will count up pretty well, but not more than the estate can stand. It's expected of me."

Her air of polite interest was gone; she turned on him in passionate reproach.

"How can you be so reckless? Why should you need to placate Mr. Varick's disinheritance? Don't you see that it's the one thing they want—to have you squander all your money and lose your inheritance, and that you're playing directly into their hands? What need have you to buy your way into their favor?"

He flushed, stung in his pride, but stirred as well.

"I'm not," he said slowly, "buying my way anywhere. Whatever else you may think of me, don't believe that. I'd be willing to chuck the whole thing if—" He stopped, as though checking an impulse.

"Why don't you?" she demanded. "I don't mean give it up. That would be foolish. It's your inheritance, and a beautiful one. But why can't you go away for the rest of the year? Travel, work, explore, dig up ruins, go any place where you won't be subjected to all these extravagant demands. That is, if you can't say 'no' to them."

Eye to eye, grey and steely-blue, they met in silent challenge.

Just an amiable weakling, was he, an easy-going sap who couldn't say no!

"You think I can't stay here and hold fast to enough of that million to see me through?"

"I'm beginning to wonder."

"All right! I'll stay, and I'll make you change your opinion of me. In any case, I'd rather be a loser than a quitter." He was smiling again, but in a tight sort of way.

"If you lose," she reminded him in a chilly tone, "you'll be both."

"Yes, I would." He sobered quickly, the brief flash gone. "But I won't, Jessamy. I'm not going to throw such an inheritance away, just for the fun of burning money. . . . I was thinking when you came in that I ought to have an anchor to windward. I'd like to invest a good part of that million, perhaps as much as half of it. Not stocks or bonds, necessarily. Something more permanent, that I can't cash in too readily—since you think I'm so easy."

A faint cough sounded behind them. On the other side of one of the french windows Oliver had been standing for some

minutes, his face registering subtle changes—so far as Oliver's face ever betrayed his emotions. Jessamy Landon's indictment of himself and the Varicks had narrowed his pale eyes, her arguments had brought a sharp intentness, but Dick's last reply had smoothed him to a catlike complacency.

He looked sleepy and bored.

"Oh, how d'you do. Frightfully hot outside; no breeze at all. Noticed my cigarette case anywhere, Dick? I'm always leaving the thing around."

"No. Haven't seen it."

The answer was short. Dick looked at the small, neat figure with evident distaste. He did not offer to help Oliver in his aimless search, but picked up the bulky volume lying on the table beside him.

"Where does it go?" he asked Jessamy.

"The bottom shelf on the other side. Thanks."

She went out, leaving the two men alone. Dick suddenly restless, wandered out to the terrace and presently disappeared.

OF all the people whom Dick had met since he had come here he most liked the Van Derings.

"They're the real thing," he explained to Jessamy. "Just a regular, nice family. They're not terribly rich, but they've always had money, and they never talk about it. And they've got a fine old-fashioned place that has belonged in the family for six generations and makes you want to stay there yourself for six more."

They were cantering pleasantly along wooded roads as he told her this. He had waited until they were well started before introducing the subject of the Van Dering family.

Jessamy said "Oh!" thoughtfully. "There's a daughter, isn't there?"

"Yes, Bebe. She's a nice kid. My personal taste is for blondes, but I'm strong for Bebe, too. She said she'd seen you once or twice and wanted to know you. That's where we're going now."

"At this hour!" Jessamy reined in Her Ladyship and stared at him. "You're not expecting to walk in on them before breakfast, are you? I won't do it."

"Did I forget to mention that we're invited? And it wouldn't matter if we hadn't been. They ride a lot themselves, and they keep open house all summer and autumn for any other riders who feel like dropping in."

They had come to a narrower road, branching out from this one, the entrance marked by two sturdy pillars overrun with woodbine and rising from a low stone wall which ran along that side of the road.

"Nice," she said softly. "I like this."

They turned in. The road curved and twisted; she caught sight of a long, two story stone house, straggling pleasantly wherever succeeding generations had added wings and eels to the original structure.

Quicksilver and Her Ladyship cantered delicately up the drive. Jack, a good-looking rangy boy of twenty, grinned a greeting at Dick and looked appreciatively at Jessamy. A girl came out also, small and remarkably pretty, with bright dark eyes which danced as she saw Jessamy. She gave Dick no time to speak.

"You're Jessamy Landon, aren't you? It's sweet of you to come; I've wanted to know you. This is my brother Jack. . . . Lo, Dick, I'll get around to you presently. Jack will get somebody to take care of your horses—you're staying to breakfast of course. We're about two generations behind the times here; we have family breakfast

At least we do when we're all up at once. This is one of our brighter mornings."

She tucked her arm in Jessamy's and took charge of her, while Dick followed.

"Come along and meet the parents. They're really rather nice. Here's one of them now."

A solidly built man in the fifties, with a ruddy face under greying hair, watched their approach from the doorway. Perhaps he was far-sighted, for he took a second and more interested look at Jessamy as she came nearer.

"My daughter," said Judge Van Dering, "does occasionally run down. When that happens we take advantage of our opportunities. I am very glad to welcome you to The Ledges, Miss—did you say the name was Landon?"

"Yes, Jessamy Landon."

"A charming name." He bent his head with a slight formal courtesy. "I hope that we may see you here frequently."

A small, grey-haired woman appeared cordially welcoming the unexpected guests. Dick had come up, the rascally boy had returned, and a maid was laying additional places at the table in the pleasant room beyond. Jack dawdled beside Jessamy, full of cheerful nonsense, but Judge Van Dering had moved a little apart. He was looking thoughtfully at the girl Dick Bradshaw had brought with him.

"Hello, here's Pink."

Through the doorway from the hall came a blond young man with a roving blue eye and an air of amiable good humor.

"Good morning. I hope I'm not late?"

"No, indeed. Miss Landon, Mr. Bradshaw, have you met Mr. Gaines?"

"Oh, mother, you're getting it all wrong again! You should say, 'Hi, Pink, this is Jessamy and Dick'."

Mrs. Van Dering smiled at her disrespectful son. "I wonder," she said tranquilly, "what would happen if I really did."

The judge claimed Jessamy's attention. He seemed interested in her. Dick, talking with the younger Van Derings, could not hear what they were saying, but he was surprised and puzzled to see a sudden widening of Jessamy's eyes, as though something had startled her. In a moment's hush he caught her quick answer: "No, I've never been there." He wondered, without much curiosity, what it was about. Then she was smiling and composed again. Light, good-humored chatter ran on, like a flashing brook in sunshine.

SOMETHING unusual was happening. Oliver had asked his host to lunch with him the next time they both went to town. The place he had chosen was quiet, the location being a little out of the march of business or fashion, but the service was good and the waiters moved softly, and there were no chattering crowds. Those who came here were epicures, and they valued its air of seclusion almost as much as the well-considered bill of fare.

Oliver was an epicure himself. He could be entertaining, too, with a light, sardonic wit and a wide acquaintance in his own world. Oliver talked well to-day, and from the other side of the room a large man with full brown eyes watched them unobtrusively.

They had ordered their coffee when the big man pushed back his chair.

"There's a good musical comedy running at the Apollo," Oliver was saying. "How about staying over and— Oh, Lord, here's that man Jordan, and he's heading over here!"

Oliver's drawing annoyance was well done. The big man with the brown eyes was not

only heading for their table; he stopped there.

"How d'you do, Ennis. Haven't seen you in an age. Hope I'm not interrupting?"

Oliver murmured polite things. "Oh, no, not at all. Er—Mr. Jordan, Mr. Bradshaw. Will you sit down, Jordan?"

"How d'you do, Bradshaw. Why yes, thanks, I don't mind if I do." Jordan signalled a waiter. "I'll have a small coffee and keep you company. I've just had one," he explained in his hearty way, "but this is a good excuse to take another. I hate to sit around while other people eat."

It was also a good excuse to keep Oliver and his guest there until Jordan should be served and finish his coffee. Oliver winced slightly; he found Jordan rather trying in public, but a fleeting glance passed between them.

"I tried to call you up," Jordan added, addressing himself to Oliver, "but I couldn't get you. Are you still interested in that timber tract? I got a letter from Harvey this morning. I think he's coming our way."

"I'm afraid you don't read the papers," Oliver's faint shrug was eloquent. "Much obliged for the compliment, but I'm not in the market for half-million dollar propositions."

"Half a million!" retorted Jordan good-naturedly. "It's four hundred and thirty thousand, and cheap. You were keen enough a few months ago. Wouldn't give me a chance to sleep until I got an option on it."

Oliver seemed slightly embarrassed. "Yes, but that was when I had expectations. Sorry, but I'm out of it now. For good. Your option will be just as valuable for somebody else. The Harvey tract won't go begging."

"Lord, no, I'm doing the begging to make Harvey sell. But I think I have him hooked now. . . . Hope you don't mind my talking shop, Bradshaw?"

He turned genially to Oliver's guest.

"Not at all," he said politely. "It sounds interesting. Are you a lumberman?"

"Oh no, a broker," Jordan laughed with jovial good humor. "I'm not rich enough to own a mountainside full of timber. In fact, this is entirely out of my line anyway, but I used to know the owner, and I went over the property myself at one time. So I got an option on it, as you heard me say. It's a great proposition for somebody. Of course I get my commission for selling it, or I shouldn't be taking the trouble. I'm a business man, first and last."

Nothing could have been more candid than Jordan's frank statement of his position.

"Of course, Timberland, you said?"

"The finest in the country," Jordan took a hasty gulp of his coffee, pushed the cup aside, and leaned forward, punctuating his remarks with quick, enthusiastic movements of one hand.

"I saw that tract five—no, it was three and a half years ago, and it was as fine a sight as you ever saw. Big timber and a young growth coming on, a whole mountainside of it. And a strip in the valley water power for your sawmill if you want it, and a stream that's navigable for logs seven months out of the year."

Jordan was fairly launched. Figures and statistics came in a steady stream.

Dick listened attentively. Oliver listened, too, apart and detached, as if this were no longer any concern of his, but with an occasional quick glance at the young man opposite him, and from Dick to Stacy Jordan, eloquent and plausible.

"I tell you it's a great spot," Jordan finished. "You ought to have seen it the

morning I left there. We'd camped at the edge of the valley the night before, and the guide routed me out at dawn. Timber as far as you could see, with the sun just beginning to slant along the tops of it. Big, towering red fir and a belt of spruce beyond that. It was early October, with a tang in the air and the river running low water when you tried to wash, and an appetite that made you want to eat the bark off the trees."

Dick looked over at Oliver.

"It sounds tempting, but more like my kind of life than yours, Oliver."

"I was considering it from the standpoint of dollars, not scenery," said Oliver carelessly. "All that I meant to do was to make a good turnover. I might have hired an expert just to start things going and work up a little publicity, but the main idea was to sell out to people who really knew the game."

He knew that as a "lumber king" he scarcely rang true. Life to Oliver meant hotels, penthouses, French cooking, theatres, evening clothes, smoothly running cars, beautifully-gowned women. Trees were merely things that grew around at country places. He was no sportsman and no pioneer.

"HOWEVER," he added with his resigned shrug, "that's been settled for me. Much obliged just the same, Jordan."

"Too bad," said Jordan regretfully. "I was just getting Harvey worked up to a sale. It's worth three times the price, and I meant to nibble it down a little at that. How about you, Bradshaw? Why not go into the lumber business? It's a big chance."

"I hadn't considered anything like that," Dick thoughtfully tapped the ash off his cigarette. His voice had a cautious note, but they knew that an idea had been planted. "If there's so much in this proposition, why doesn't your friend work the tract himself?"

Jordan took out a cigar and neatly slipped the end. There are times when even a practised liar finds it better not to look his fellow man in the eye. He sighed.

"To tell the truth, he'd like to, and that's why he's been hanging on to it, but he doesn't dare. It's the old story—a good man gone off the rails about a woman." Jordan spread out a plump, deprecating hand. "Only in this case she happened to be married, and her husband was one of those big, slow brutes who look calm but can blow up like dynamite. There was a row and friend husband was shot. It was plain self-defence; Harvey merely happened to be quicker on the trigger than the other one, and if he hadn't been he'd have been the one that was dead. But there weren't any witnesses to prove it, and Harvey left that part of the country in a hurry, between midnight and dawn, and has never dared to go back."

"Tell you what, Bradshaw, suppose you drop in my office some day and look over the prospects. I've a lot of photographs of the tract. Or I'll run out to your place and bring them with me."

Oliver frowned slightly. Trust Jordan to worm himself into other people's houses! He didn't want Jordan coming out to Lynnewood. It was too conspicuous.

Oliver was going to be disappointed. The easy hospitality which had turned Lynnewood into a haven for the Varick relations was smoothing Jordan's path now.

"Whichever you prefer. I'll come to you if it's more convenient, or I'll be glad to see you at Lynnewood. Let me know when

you're coming. If it's late in the day, perhaps you can arrange to stay overnight."

"Delighted to," Jordan was expanding visibly. Oliver, watching him, found difficulty in concealing his fastidious distaste. Their good-natured victim was speaking again.

"Of course I don't say that I'm a prospective customer. I'm interested, and it's the kind of life that I should like, but that's a lot of money to drop in one investment."

Oliver and Jordan exchanged glances. The first step had been taken, and it had been amazingly easy.

IN August Lynnewood was practically closed. There had been some difficulty about the chartered yacht, which was being overhauled after a long cruise and would not be ready until later in the month. Claire, a poor sailor, had accepted the disappointment brightly, but Leila had been angry, and Dick had obligingly suggested Narragansett until the yacht was in commission, and had settled them there in the most expensive suite at the most expensive hotel. That was a way of living which the Varicks always found agreeable, and harmony had been immediately restored.

Oliver had chosen to stay at Lynnewood, very much at ease in spite of an abbreviated house staff, entertaining a friend now and then and in general feeling pleasantly like the lord of a manor.

Jessamy had been away also, but she had not encouraged Dick's suggestion that he might motor over to see her. Somehow she had been less cordial to him of late. There had been no disagreement; she was friendly but more reserved. Elusive.

Whatever had caused her slight change of manner, it was too intangible for discussion, unless he blurted out a demand for an explanation, which would scarcely help matters. Besides, he was away from Lynnewood so much now that he seldom saw her alone for any length of time. There was the postponed yachting trip, slightly shortened because Leila and Nicky wanted to cruise in southern waters and Claire was terrified of the hurricane season, but it had taken nearly three weeks. After that there was a succession of autumn house-parties, and later a hunting trip. Late September and golden October slipped by in a whirl of engagements, November came, with sharpening days and a drift of red and gold leaves in the woodland drive, and at the end of each month Dick counted up his expenditures and entered the neat totals in the pocket notebook which accompanied him wherever he went.

There were a number of these notebooks now, locked in the steel vault behind the panelling. Sometimes he frowned when he put the totals down and sometimes he smiled a little.

Then, like a bolt out of a cloudless sky, another occasion for those extraordinary expenses came hurtling at him.

There was trouble in the Varick family, real trouble this time, and Claire came to him in a panic of fright and indignation. They were genuine tears which she dabbed at now with her useless bit of handkerchief.

"It's Nicky," she sobbed. "Oh, I'm ashamed to tell you, but you're the only one I have to turn to for—advice. Oliver was simply hateful about it. He said Nicky ought to have known better than to commit himself to a girl like that. As if a boy like Nicky had any chance with a mercenary woman!"

"Oh . . . a girl! You'd better tell me about it."

Claire looked up quickly, a trifle scared by the tone.

"It—she says she's going to bring suit," she said in a small voice. "For two hundred thousand dollars!"

"Two hundred thousand! What for?"

There was the same hardness of tone, demanding explanations—demanding them, of a member of Nicholas Varick's own family! Claire took refuge in tears again.

"Why Dick, you sound as if you thought it was Nicky's fault! I know he's dreadfully thoughtless and maybe a little wild, but no more than any high-spirited boy would be. He's just been trapped by this perfectly awful girl. It's nothing but blackmail, that's what it is! And Nicky is so good-natured and unsuspecting. Of course he did say it, right before the other people, and I suppose the waiters, too, but he didn't mean anything serious, only it was an awfully wild party, and Nicky wasn't quite himself, and somebody—probably the girl herself—had just schemed to bring it about that way—somebody suggested that they all go off to that place where you get quick licences, and they'd all get married. Just an utterly silly joke, and now—Oh, I can't stand it!"

Dick looked weary and a little grim.

"Tell me," he said again, and Claire told him.

WHAT it amounted to, shorn of hysterical excuses and accusations against "that girl" and supplemented by omissions of his own knowledge, was this:

Nicky, whose easy affections skipped from one girl to another on an average of four times a year, had been enormously taken by a lively little blonde who had done some good work in a floor show or two and was just coming to the front in one of the current musical productions. This particular infatuation had evidently hit him rather harder than most and had led him finally to give a dinner for Miss Lois La Roche at which he had undoubtedly drunk too much and had lent an original touch to the entertainment by proposing to Lois before all his guests and a waiter or two, and loudly insisting that before very long he would take her to preside over "one of the finest houses in the country." That had been several weeks before Nicholas Varick's death, when Nicky was still a prospective millionaire.

Then someone else, bent on being even more original, had capped this by suggesting that they should be married right away, in fact, that everybody should be married right away, and they had gone speeding through the darkness in two cars to carry this exciting inspiration into effect. At least one of the couples had meant it for undoubtedly they were married now and living in a small apartment like other married people, but what had happened to the rest of them, Nicky insisted that he did not know. They'd just ridden around to a lot of places, and Nicky and this girl with the awful name had become separated from the rest. That was his story, but this girl, this impossible girl, was now saying that she and Nicky had been married that night and that Nicky had deserted her.

Now the astute Lois had notified him that she expected him to acknowledge his wife and support her or she would bring suit for two hundred thousand dollars, with or without divorce.

Dick listened, keeping his face as nearly expressionless as possible.

"Why doesn't Nick see her, and make some arrangement? All that she is asking is that he acknowledge her as his wife and make some kind of home for her. That's the most direct solution, and nobody could say that it wasn't an honorable one. They could"—he hesitated—"I suppose he could bring her here, for a time."

"Why—why Dick!" She gasped in consternation. "How can you suggest such a dreadful thing? To bring a creature like that into the family, into this house, just for—just for a boy's foolishness. Of course she only wants to be bought off. That's all people like that ever want—just money, and their disgusting publicity."

It occurred to Dick that Lois La Roche was not the only one who always wanted money, and that Nicky himself was scant credit to the Varick name. But he said none of these things to Nick's mother, nervously twisting the soft hands that were so delicate and useless.

He knew that reasoning or argument would be futile.

Dick got rid of her as soon as he decently could and rang for Jennison. "Tell Mr. Nicholas that I'd like to see him here." He did not want to give Claire too much opportunity to talk with Nicky before he saw him.

Nicky came almost at once, looking wary and embarrassed.

"Nice mess, Nick."

"You're telling me?" Nicky shifted his glance and mumbled. "Didn't know mother was bringing it to you. But it'll have to come out sooner or later. Fat chance I have of paying two hundred thousand to anybody. I suppose the idea is that if I'm not good for the money she'll get square by landing me in gaol."

"Probably not that bad. Let's hear about it, if you don't mind."

Hearing about it from Nicky called for patient questioning. Facts had to be probed for, details dragged out. The main point was that Nicky, appalled but resentful at these disclosures, insisted that he had not the faintest recollection of marrying anybody. He had, he admitted, with surly reluctance, no recollection of anything that had happened after that dinner.

Dick fixed a thoughtful eye on Nicky's downcast face and put his question. Was Nick ready to acknowledge his wife and bring her here, at least until he could find rooms or an apartment for both of them.

Nicky stared at him incredulously. His eyes shifted again, and he changed his position uneasily.

"Good Lord, Dick, you don't mean that! Why should I—I mean, I don't believe I'm married to her at all. I was tight, and it could be annulled anyway. What would I do with a wife? Look here, why can't you talk it over with her? She wouldn't listen to me."

Dick looked at him reflectively. Nicky was red and shamefaced, but dogged. He had his answer.

He left Nicky, feeling like the grandfather of all the Varicks, and went up to the telephone in his own room, which was a private line. He had to make an appointment, if he could, with Miss Lois La Roche, who just possibly was Mrs. Nicholas Varick.

Two hundred thousand dollars!

DICK was not feeling particularly happy as he waited in the lobby of an uptown hotel for Lois La Roche. Of course, she was probably only a smart little chiseller who had manoeuvred Nicky's crazy infatuation to her own ends, either

because she had overestimated Nicky's prospects or because the prestige of marrying into a charmed circle had turned her pretty head. A Varick apparently was a Varick, even if Nicky was an unedifying specimen of his kind.

A small but noticeable figure had come into view. He did not need to be told that this was Lois La Roche, devastatingly pretty, with yellow hair that curled gaily around her head and eyes as widely blue as a baby's. He had seen her in the musical comedy success which had brought her overnight from the back row of the chorus to an envied place in the spotlight, and once she had been pointed out to him at Nicky's favorite night club. On the stage she was a miracle of joyous grace and impudent gaiety. He went towards her.

"Miss La Roche? My name is Bradshaw. It's awfully good of you to come."

"Yes, isn't it?" She tilted her nose at him. "I almost didn't, but not being in the habit of asking anybody to understudy me in a fight, I came."

"I HOPE it won't be a fight." He tried to keep from grinning and only half succeeded. That was a neat thrust that she had given the absent Nicky. There must be considerable self-reliance under those yellow curls. "This is just a little talk."

She giggled unexpectedly and became sweetly cool again. "Oh, that will be lovely. We'll just talk. But don't tell me any sad stories about poor dear Nicky. I don't think I could stand it."

A little more of this and he would be liking Lois La Roche. He reminded himself that she was probably a hard-bolled little graduate from Broadway's night life, trying to blackmail two hundred thousand dollars from the family of a tipsy young fool.

"Suppose we go in," he said hastily. "I have a table reserved."

Eyes followed them as they went. Eyes naturally followed Lois. She was a vivid dazle of triumphant youth, and she was far from unknown. A young millionaire and a show girl—it was an old story to idlers in hotel lobbies. But one or two happened to remember, and mentioned it later to somebody else, who dropped the news casually to still another, that Nick Varick's spendthrift heir was running around with a show girl, and that the famous million must be running through his hands at a pretty rapid rate.

Dick had chosen a secluded table, and for a time there was no more mention of Nick, nor of secret marriages nor looming lawsuits. Lois was prettier than ever in this mellowed light, a lovely little thing, but a trifle pensive. She called him Dick from the first course, and had said "Lois to you," in a firm tone, when he had tried to be more formal. "A mercenary woman," Claire Varick had called her. She looked scarcely more than a child, with her slight figure and wide blue eyes. He leaned forward.

"Lois, why are you doing this?"

The blue eyes hardened. "For two hundred thousand," she said laconically. "Why waste a lot of language talking it over? You know the story."

"I'd like yours. Nick says he doesn't remember any marriage."

"Isn't that sweet of him? But I do remember it. And I've got the marriage certificate, and affidavits from the minister and witnesses, and some other things like that. Any lawyer will tell you that my proof is good."

"I haven't consulted a lawyer. I'm not

going to. I only thought that if you were willing to talk it over with me I might—"

"Buy me off!" she finished with a flash of bitterness. "No thanks. I can earn my own living. Anyway, it happens to be Nicky that I'm suing, not you. I suppose his mamma came and wept on your coat collar and begged you to save them from the awful disgrace of having me in the family? When it comes to that, you know, Nick isn't any gilt-edged asset."

It was a shrewd thrust, and he made no attempt to deny it. Whatever else Lois La Roche might be, she had plenty of hard common sense and no use for pretences.

... He was relishing this errand less and less every minute.

"I wish you would believe," he said slowly, "that I am here as much in your interest as Nick's."

The blue eyes widened; she studied him. "You'll have me believing you in a minute. Go on, tell me another."

"I will. In the first place, I'm not suggesting now that Nick should keep his word and come back to you—and make some sort of a home for you, as a man does for his wife. I did think that at first but I don't now. Things have gone too far, and it wasn't—I'm sorry, Lois—the kind of marriage that has much chance of turning out right. If you had both picked it up at the start you might have made a fair job of it, but all you have to work with now is a lot of resentment and maybe hate. Neither will a lawsuit do either of you any good, but it will hurt you more than it will hurt Nick. It's not the kind of publicity to get you anywhere in the long run. And Nick hasn't that much money. He hasn't any money."

She listened quietly, her wide blue eyes never wavering from his face. At first there was a faintly contemptuous curl to her small mouth, but presently that was gone.

He stopped, looking slightly embarrassed. He had not meant to say quite so much.

"All that," he said more slowly, "is why I am here. It's why I'm asking you to drop this, before it reaches the newspaper stage. I admit that your proof of the marriage seems all right, although the fact that Nicky was tight might weigh on the other side. Even if you won the verdict would be much less than you're asking for, and you would have some big counsel fees to pay out of that. I'm not here to threaten or call anybody hard names. I am here to try to reach some sort of compromise, if you will meet me half-way. Will you do it?"

The unwavering blue gaze was still on him, but there was a touch of perverse humor in it now. She spoke abruptly, with a clipped briskness.

"All right. I'll compromise for fifty thousand, cash, and take a quiet trip to Reno as soon as the show closes down. You can tell Nicky's precious family that they can buy him back for that."

She watched his next movements with a bright-eyed curiosity. Their table was secluded, the wall on one side, a reserved table opposite; the waiter had removed their plates for the next course. Dick laid his napkin on the table in a loose crumple; it made a slight shield for his hands. From one pocket he unobtrusively took a blank cheque, from another a fountain pen. Lois leaned her elbows on the table and dimpled at him.

"Do you always draw the cheques yourself when you talk over lawsuits for your friends?"

"Oh, that's all right. Nick can settle with me."

"You've got a lot of confidence in human nature, haven't you?"

"Some human nature." He looked up quickly, his eyes crinkling in a smile, then down again, writing in the amount. Fifty thousand dollars. A considerable item for his little black notebook, but less than he had expected. He paused with the pen raised; he had not yet filled in the name.

"To Lois La Roche?"

"Lois La Roche. And believe it or not, it's my real name. At least," she added sweetly, "it was before I changed it to Varick, but I'm still using it. It isn't as much of a handicap as you might think. Any girl who can live down a name like that and make it work for her, is going to get along pretty well."

He laughed outright at that. She was a shrewd little bundle of fur and dimples and bright common sense.

"I haven't a doubt of it. . . . There you are. Thanks, Lois."

He slid the slip of paper towards her and her hand closed over it, concealing it from any passing glance. They were like two cautious conspirators, juggling with secret affairs of state.

They had nearly finished. Dick lit her cigarette for her and sat back and watched her as she drew on it, her eyes thoughtfully following the wavering bands of smoke. Something was on Lois' mind. For a full minute they sat there without speaking. Then she looked over at him.

"Well," she said half-defiantly, "that's over, and I'm glad it is. You know . . . there was a time when I thought Nicky was pretty nice. He wouldn't be so bad if he'd had to drive a truck, or sell vacuum cleaners or wash down cars in a garage. But that family of his is plain poison, and I guess that by this time he's soaked up too much of it to be worth the trouble of making him over."

She stubbed out the cigarette with a turn of her wrist, looking back at him with hard, bright eyes. Dick nodded.

"Thanks. I thought I'd like to hear your side of it."

The bright defiance vanished. An odd expression flitted across her face, and then she smiled again.

"You're a nice boy, Dick Bradshaw. I hate to see the wolves get you. Don't let them. They'll eat you alive if you give them the chance." She pushed back her chair. "I'm afraid it's time for me to run along. I'm due at the Apollo in twenty minutes."

THE waiter came hurrying. Dick dropped a note on his tray, and they went out together. Beyond the arch of the nearest entrance Oliver Ennis moved unobtrusively out of sight.

There was no need to tell Oliver why these two were together. He followed discreetly, loitering, with the air of a man waiting for an appointment.

The writing and transfer of that little slip of paper had been effected quickly and unobtrusively, but a man standing as Oliver stood, letting a narrowing gaze drift over the room, could know without a doubt just what that slip of paper meant. . . . It might be anything up to the two hundred thousand that the La Roche girl had demanded. And that easy fool—that rank outsider—could toss off a check for an amount like that, with the money, that should have been Oliver's! A greenish flicker came into Oliver's pale eyes. All

the repressed rage of months leaped up in that single flash, and then it was veiled again, and Oliver was looking thoughtful. An interesting idea had occurred to him. An hour later Oliver was in a small office talking to a man who sat behind a cluttered desk.

"I don't know the amount of the check, but I saw it pass, and I know that little Lois has been making some ambitious plans lately."

"Humph!" The man at the desk was cautious. "It sounds queer. I thought your cousin Nick was making a star-spangled fool of himself in that direction."

"That's off long ago. I suppose the disinheritance settled him for Lois. I haven't seen her with Nicky for months, and I doubt if she ever did take him very seriously. She's after bigger game. If you want my opinion, and Bradshaw would be easy. He's an unsuspecting sort of chap. Besides," he added craftily, "Nicky in a jam with a show girl would be no particular news, but Dick Bradshaw would be. He was front-page a few months ago, and he seems to be on the way back there. . . . You know how to keep on the sunny side of the libel laws."

"And if I shouldn't," the man said smoothly, "I might call on my source of information as a witness, so it's just as well for both of us to be careful. . . . All right, it sounds like good stuff. Get the exact amount of the check first. You can verify it from his check stub."

"Is that necessary?" Oliver's brows lifted slightly. "A guest in a man's house going through his pockets?"

The man at the desk grunted impatiently. "I'd say it was a little late for you to be squeamish about things like that, Oliver. You get the stuff, or I can't use it."

MR. STACY JORDAN was taking his own time in pushing the sale of the Harvey tract. When Oliver became impatient Jordan gave his reasons with blunt explicitness.

"Don't you worry, I know how to handle this. The big idea is to have him go broke at the end of the year, isn't it, so that the relations can hi-jack his money?"

"What I'm aiming at is to get his confidence and his business and make a little real money for him, so that his investment will be in my hands. And I'm moving carefully. He may be a fool along some lines, but he's no fool all the time. Then I'll spring the Harvey tract on him again at a time when he'll have to grab it or lose it. You leave it to me."

Oliver listened, swallowing his annoyance at Jordan's familiarities and his increasing bluntness in calling a spade by its correct name. He had gone too far to offend Jordan now.

Meantime Jordan had made the most of his casual invitation to come to Lynnewood. He had made the trip one day, shortly after their first meeting, and had seemed both annoyed and disconcerted to find that he had brought the wrong package. At another time he had stopped on his way to some unspecified destination to give Dick a friendly tip about some stocks that were scheduled to go up. Apparently the tip could not be given by telephone, and Jordan had arrived suspiciously near the dinner hour, with a suitcase tucked away in his car, and had needed no urging to remain, but the tip had been a good one and Dick had cleared a thousand or so by the transaction.

"Of course," Jordan said in his genial way, "I'm not doing this for philanthropy,

I get my commission, and a satisfied client is an asset. Besides, I'm always glad of a chance to accommodate a friend."

The visit had annoyed Oliver more than he had dared betray, but if the astute Jordan had detected the slight chill in Oliver's manner he had ignored it with large good humor. Jordan could afford to be good humored. He was getting a foothold at Lynnewood, and no chilly little grey shrimp of an Oliver was going to stop him.

The big man was astute in more ways than anyone knew. He noticed things. Little things. One of the things that he observed was Dick Bradshaw's habit of jotting down things in a pocket notebook. That little black book might contain some useful information. Jordan was inquisitive. That night he lingered until an invitation to stay was inevitable.

"Thanks, Bradshaw, I will." He lowered his voice. "The fact is, I have some valuable securities that I'm taking to an upstate customer, and I don't like to drive on at this hour and risk a holdup. I wonder if you'd look after them until morning? You have a safe, haven't you?"

"Certainly. I'll take care of them, if you like."

It was considerably later when Dick went down to the library to put Jordan's bulky package in the safe, dropping the heavy curtain as he went in. The others had gone to their rooms. Even Jennison had been told not to stay up while they finished a game of billiards.

In the library he switched on a single light near the safe, not controlled by the wall switch. Then he turned the little knob hidden among the carvings, slid back the panel and revealed the big steel door. A moment of silent manipulating and this also swung open. He switched on the inner light and dropped Jordan's package in a drawer.

Something checked him, the faintest possible sound. He stepped out quickly, his hand going to the pocket of his dinner coat, but the big dim room was empty and the dropped curtains at the door were still. It might easily have been a branch of one of the trees outside, scratching with ghostly fingers against the wall. He closed the safe, switched off the side light and went up to his room.

As he dressed the next morning Dick reached for the dinner coat he had worn the night before. He wanted to transfer his notebook, cigarette case and other oddments to the suit that he meant to wear. He had thus far obstinately refused to have a valet, and attended to these small personal things himself.

The cigarette case was there, but it took a quick search through several pockets to locate the notebook. He remembered having it out during the evening, but it was curious that he should have put it back in that pocket. It didn't belong there. He went over to the door and tried it softly. It was still locked, as it had been when he had gone to bed, and no other windows gave on his little balcony. . . . He was getting too suspicious; he'd undoubtedly put it there himself.

In his own room, Stacy Jordan tucked a bit of wire and a slender steel tool under the lining of his suitcase and grinned at a little set of figures which he had recently written in a notebook of his own.

"I may never need it," he reflected, "but you can't tell when a safe combination may come in useful. It looks like the real thing, anyway. I was sure I'd find it there."

He returned the notebook to his pocket and grinned again at his own cleverness. It was one of his maxims that in any game of

chance—by which he meant a chance to fleece somebody else—it was the trifles that counted. And Jordan never overlooked trifles.

In the end it was Dick himself who hastened the negotiations over the Harvey tract. He casually dropped the information that the bond house for which Pink Gaines was a salesman was handling a big issue which looked like a solid investment.

"Pink says it will be snapped up fast," he said to Oliver. "I thought it might be a good thing for me. Say two or three hundred thousand. There's too much of that million lying around loose. What do you think of it? As an investment, I mean?"

Oliver, it seemed, did not think much of it, and the next day Jordan just happened to call Dick up about something else, and before he finished had made an engagement to go down to Lynnewood that afternoon. They would be alone and safe from interruption, for Claire and Lella were in town on a round of shopping and beauty treatments, and Nicky, since the Lois La Roche episode, had avoided his boat as far as he possibly could.

"I've just heard from Harvey," Jordan announced as he laid a brief-case on the massive table in the library. "My cable missed him, but the letter followed him around from Hongkong to Calcutta, and now he's talking of moving on to Cairo for the winter. Poor Harvey, he's restless."

HE talked against time as he opened up the brief-case, and a moment later the photographs of the Harvey tract were spread out before them.

There was no doubt of their impressiveness, even to an eye not trained to recognise meanings and values in that dense mass of trees. It was a whole mountainside, uncut, almost uninterrupted, from valley to timber line.

"That looks like my kind of country."

Dick's laugh held an undercurrent of excitement. He picked up one of the photographs and his eyes travelled keenly over it. He reached for another and compared the two, interested and absorbed. His underlip was slightly outthrust; his brows were drawn level. His whole face had sharpened and grown keen.

"It looks like the real thing." His manner was quiet, but enthusiasm was palpably taking hold of him. "Imagine that on a snappy morning, with the ring of axes coming through the woods and a crowd of big lumberjacks skidding logs down the slope to that dynamo of a river. I'd like to go up and look it over. Come along."

"I'd certainly like to," Jordan agreed promptly, but his palms were wet. "Only we could never make it this late in the year. You see, it's a long trek from civilisation. The only way into it is over Camel's Hump Pass, and the first good snow shuts that off for the winter. If Harvey hadn't been so slow coming across we might have made it."

"What's the matter with going by way of the river?"

"Can't be done. You'd have to run a stretch of rapids the wrong way. No canoe could make it against that current, and a power-boat couldn't make it, either."

He shook his head and spread his soft hands deprecatingly.

"Of course I've been over every acre of that mountain slope myself—I was almost going to say every foot—and I know it like the palm of my hand. And I've got the title searches and all the rest of it complete. I'd jump at it myself, just as it stands, but I haven't that much money to invest."

Jordan paused again, looking slightly worried. "The difficulty is," he explained confidentially, "that my option expires on the twentieth and there's another man after it."

His victim hesitated, looking absently down at the pictured sweep of mountain slope and valley, of red fir and hemlock, larch and pine.

"Of course," he said slowly, "I don't like to sink that much money in any one thing. I wasn't expecting to invest more than three hundred thousand—"

"Oh, he'll come down a little. The truth is, Harvey must be just about broke. He's spent all his loose assets and he needs the money. For spot cash, I believe he'd take as low as four hundred thousand."

There was a lull silence. Jordan wished, uneasily, that he could recall his last words and slice another twenty thousand off his price. Four hundred thousand sounded big; he might have scared his bird away . . . but too big a cut might have made him suspicious.

Dick had looked up. "I will give three hundred and fifty thousand, certified cheque, on the day that the deed passes. That's my limit."

Jordan's soft, padded fingers moved slightly on the arm of the chair. Oliver exhaled a faint, hissing breath.

"Well—it would be giving it away, but I'll cable Harvey to-night."

It had been as easy as that.

THE first snow had blanketed Lynnewood in white. The larger country houses around them were being closed, one by one, and left in the hands of caretakers while their owners returned to city homes or apartment hotels for the winter, and nearly everything that one was invited to took place in town, but still Dick showed no disposition to leave. The Varicks were getting anxious about it.

"I believe it's that Landon girl," said Claire uneasily. The thought that Dick might marry had more than once disturbed the tinkling shallows of her mind, and if he should be insane enough to marry Jessamy Landon—

Leila had gone over to the window. She watched two distant figures swinging along the road toward the woods. A flame leaped up in her dark eyes.

"Dick has the stupidest ideas of a good time!" she said sulkily. "He needs to be trained out of them. I believe he means to stay in this dead place all winter."

"I suppose I might take an apartment in town," her mother said doubtfully, "but—"

"And leave him here with the Landon girl?" her daughter interrupted scornfully. Leila's smouldering eyes were still on the two figures just disappearing in the dusk. "No thanks! But we can do something about it. We might sell him the idea of going south for the winter. All of us. Oliver was suggesting it only this morning—that or a Mediterranean cruise. Not that I think much of what Oliver says, but it's not a bad idea. You could drop a hint or two, mother."

"But he wouldn't stay there, Leila," Claire brightened and drooped again. The expensive winter resort that she knew best was already beckoning her with jewelled fingers.

"Perhaps you're right," Claire sighed again. "Oh, dear, it was simply brutal of Uncle Nick to treat us like this! And it's perfectly plain that the Landon girl is trying to establish herself here, and you know what will happen to us then!"

Leila did not answer. She knew, but it meant much more to her than a polite evi-

tion of all Varick relations from Lynnewood, and the dreary business of living on their own means. A flame leaped up and died, leaving her small face cold and hard. It meant not only poverty but defeat . . . humiliation . . . losing Dick Bradshaw. It must not happen; she would not allow it.

Her fists clenched until the sharp nails hurt her, and slowly relaxed again. There was no sense in letting anything get you like that! The thing was to do something. Her eyes roved restlessly around the room, as though expecting to find an answer there, caught her mother's watchful glance, curious and a little frightened, and drifted away again, more casually. Silly to let people know what you were thinking about. She moved a pettish shoulder and began idly fingering a magazine on the window seat beside her.

It was a slender magazine, very smart and modern, with clever illustrations and amusingly written articles on sports and theatre, style shopping or the very latest rage in night clubs or amusements.

This was a new copy, and Leila had not yet seen it. She drew it toward her and began leafing it over idly. It wasn't a bit amusing this week. Nothing was amus-

ing. She stopped. The stillness of arrested motion held her as quiet as a cat about to pounce. She looked towards her mother, but Claire had gone over to her dressing-table and was anxiously inspecting something which looked like a wrinkle. Leila looked down again, reading swiftly. It was silly.

It was preposterously silly, when everybody knew what a fool Nicky had made of himself over that show girl—at least, they couldn't help knowing some of it. No one who knew any of them would really believe that part. But the rest of it—even the amount was correct! And Dick would probably never deny it, because it meant telling on Nicky.

Her narrowed eyes were calculating as they went again toward that dusk-dimmed path, barely visible now, where she had seen Dick and the blonde girl disappear. Jessamy Landon had some of those queer outmoded ideas also. A prig. There was scarcely a chance that she had heard about the mess that Nicky had got himself into, still less that any of the earlier gossip had come her way. Leila released a small breath and smiled. There was no harm in trying.

THREE days later Jessamy stopped in the lower hall to look over the morning mail. There were neatly separated piles of it, but her share was only a typewritten letter from Spencer and a copy of a weekly magazine that she had seen on newsstands in town. She sighed a little as she looked at them, a meagre showing beside the piles of smart stationery that came for the others. No a single invitation for Jessamy Landon, nor a friendly, gossiping letter from home. There wasn't any home. A few friends, perhaps, who would remember the Jessamy of school and other days if she recalled herself to them, but there were not many even of these.

Some small delightful thought brought a sudden sparkle to her eyes as she took her slender allotment of mail and turned toward the curtained arch which led into the library, and the brisk movement shook off the last touch of depression. There was no time for that, at five minutes before nine on a week-day morning! She would stop here on her way upstairs and get several volumes which she might need during the

morning in piecing together and checking the curious mosaic of Nicholas Varick's notes. It was not exciting, but it was interesting and well paid, and it kept her here.

There was no one in the library, but on the big table lay a familiar coat and hat. She paused by them, smiling a little. They looked just like him. Big and comfortable and protecting. Her fingers touched the coat, and lingered, and as she waited she opened her mail.

The letter from Spencer was quickly read. It merely acknowledged her monthly report on the progress of her work and enclosed a cheque. There was only the slim magazine left.

It seemed to be one of the more sophisticated journals, going in for smartness and the modern touch. Not, she decided, one of the really better ones, although it was rather clever. There were gossip columns, too, amusingly impertinent. She read another line or two, and her brows drew together in a frown. No, that wasn't amusing; it was venomous . . . one of those horrible little scandal sheets.

She wondered who could have sent it to her, and why. She leafed it over, half annoyed and half curious, and came to a marked page.

The frown deepened between Jessamy's eyes. She read at first with surprise, then indignation, and finally with a rush of anger that swept everything else away. There were two items, the one craftily set off against the other.

"There really should be a speed limit for new millionaires. We hear that a certain young man with a high-voltage bank account of recent origin has already reached the breach of promise stage. Or perhaps we should call it a friendly settlement. At least it is being whispered that he recently parted with a cheque for fifty thousand dollars to a lovely lady from the other side of the footlights, and all bets are off."

"Miss Lois La Roche, the blonde bonfire of Twinkle, Twinkle, Solitaire," is denying all reports that she will be married shortly."

"I don't believe it!" Jessamy flung the magazine from her. It was outrageous that such things should be printed! It was outrageous that this slimy publication should be mailed to her—anonymous. Dick ought to sue them—or hunt up their miserable little hole of an office and thrash somebody!

A folded newspaper lay beside Dick's coat. The indignantly hurried magazine struck it and sent it alighting to the floor, carrying with it a shower of oblong slips which had been lying in a neat pile beneath it. Jessamy bent quickly to pick them up.

They were evidently cancelled cheques. One of them stared impudently up at her as she stooped to reach it.

"Lois La Roche . . . Fifty thousand dollars."

She thrust the betraying slip face downward, only to see Lois' dashing signature on the back, and dragged the others hurriedly together and restored them to their place on the table, with the newspaper lying on top. Her face was not hot with indignation now. It looked white and sickened.

Jessamy hastily retrieved her belongings, even the loathsome magazine and its secretive wrapper, and hurried out. She did not want to meet Dick now. She wondered if she would ever want to meet him again.

She had scarcely gone before Dick came in. He reached for his coat, saw the news-

paper and remembered the cancelled cheques that he had left under it. He had recently had his bankbook balanced, and the statement and sheaf of cheques had arrived in the morning's mail. For a young man of his seeming carelessness he had one or two oddly methodical habits. One was the sketchy but nevertheless complete list of expenses that he kept in the pocket note-books, and the other was the custom of having his bankbook balanced once a month, dating always from the day of Nicholas Varick's death.

He swept up the cheques and accompanying statement, opened the safe door and tossed them in. He was in too much haste to look over them now. His car was waiting and he was to be at Stacy Jordan's office at ten-fifteen. Dick was particularly anxious that nothing should interfere with that appointment.

Jessamy, standing at her window and trying to dull a gnawing ache with anger, saw the fast roadster sweep down the drive. That was his life now—confidence, power, speed, display.

She turned back to the work on her desk. She had to stay here until this was done. But she could work at top speed and hasten the day when she could walk out of Dick Bradshaw's house forever, with her precious ten-thousand-dollar bonus in her pocket. . . . Even so, there were months of painstaking work ahead of her.

DICK did some genuine speeding when he drove home that afternoon. He had meant to return earlier, but he had been busy all day. The Jordan interview in itself had consumed considerable time. His mouth twitched in a reminiscent smile. Jordan's friend Harvey had come down to his price and the deal had been closed for three hundred and fifty thousand.

In two weeks or less the deed would pass, in exchange for a certified cheque, and he would be the owner of a whole mountain-side in a distant State. Jordan had wanted the fortunate purchaser to dine with him by way of a celebration, but Dick had declined. He wanted to get back to Lynnewood before Jessamy left for the day.

It was six months since Nicholas Varick had died, leaving him present wealth and golden promise, and an ironbound pledge. Just a day later he had written down a single, unexplained sentence: "On December 19 I can ask her to marry me."

This was December 21. He was two days late, but the house had been filled with a noisy crowd, and this was one time when he meant to make sure that nobody could come dashing in on him.

Early in the afternoon a special messenger had taken a huge box of violets and gardenias out to Lynnewood, and tucked away in a corner of Dick's mind was the knowledge that he had left all his guests in town, where they most liked to be, and that they would not return until late. The way was clear for a little dinner at home, just for two. He would coax Jessamy to stay. He could see her there now, sitting at the head of his table, where he wanted her to be. He often saw her that way, and to-night he could tell her so.

The sharp air of the December afternoon whipped his face, keen but exhilarating. He drove fast, absorbed and serious, but with an expectant twitch of nerves under the outer calm.

Lynnewood at last, with lights glowing softly through many windows. He barely waited until the door was closed.

"Has Miss Landon left yet, Jennison?"

"No, sir; Miss Landon is in her office."

He went directly there, but that light excitement running through his veins prompted him to step softly into the study which led to the smaller room where she worked. For a moment he stood there, looking at her through the open doorway as he had on that other day, when he had answered the summons of a dying old man. She was sitting as she had been then, with her clear profile bent slightly over her work and her hair gleaming warmly in the last light from the window beyond.

The picture was there, and yet it was not quite the same. She was not looking down at those inevitable papers; she was staring ahead of her in a fixed, hard way, and her strong, beautiful hands were still. Then without warning the proud head went down, and he heard the low, racking shudder of a sob.

Three long steps took him across the room. "Jessamy, what is it? What has happened? Oh, my darling—"

She had barely time to raise a startled face before he was bending over her, looking stricken and anxious. Strong hands curved around her shoulders, gently, but almost lifting her out of her chair to face him. He could not endure seeing her look like that without having his arms around her, to hold her close and warm.

"Jessamy, tell me what it is! Let me help. What good am I on earth if I can't do things like that for you? Oh, my dear, I want to share everything with you, the good and the bad. I want . . . Oh, Lord I didn't mean to be so clumsy about it."

His arms dropped suddenly to his sides. For a bare second she had seemed almost to be against him, sweet and yielding, and then she had hastily drawn back and away from him, her eyes bright with something that looked more like anger than tears.

"Oh, no—it's nothing really. I was a perfect idiot to act like that, but I'm all right now. It wasn't anything worth making a fuss over."

Pride dragged her self-control together. It was infuriating that he should have caught her in this way, breaking down and crying—for him. She hurried on before he could answer.

"It's kind of you to want to help, but it isn't as serious as that. I was just tired out, and—thinking of one thing and another, and before I knew it I was going to pieces and feeling sorry for myself. But it's over and I shan't be as silly as that again."

"I was just—remembering something, and I let it get me down. I suppose everybody has things like that."

"I suppose so," he said regretfully. "Everybody has his own little pack to carry along the road."

He knew that it was not a very clever thing to say, but he felt tongue-tied and helpless.

"I've been hoping," he added slowly, "that some day you would let me walk that road with you."

It was out, and immediately he felt an immense load lifted from his mind. His voice was eager, and a little shaken.

"We don't even have to walk it, Jessamy. We'll ride or fly, whichever you like best. If you'll only let me come along . . . You mean so much to me—I don't think I could stand going on alone, now that I've known you. I've been crazy to ask you. That's why I came home early to-day, for a chance to see you alone."

She was not even looking at him. She was staring down at nothing in particular, unless it might be an utterly irrelevant pile of papers on her desk, with the edge of a magazine sticking out from under them.

"You know I love you, Jessamy. You're a part of my life, of every plan or dream that I have and you have been ever since I met you."

She moved restlessly. "It's better not to dream. They so seldom come true."

"They will if we share them . . . Maybe I ought not to ask you now. I meant to wait until the end of my year, and show you that I wasn't quite the crazy fool that most people think I am, but I weakened. I've been so lonely for you . . . I know the first day I saw you here that you were the girl I wanted to marry."

Every word was a torment to her. He sounded so earnest, so desperately earnest and convincing, as though there never had been a Lois La Roche at all . . . She said in a small, cruel voice:

"But you've seen other girls since then, and I'm sure you'd like them much better, in the long run. I'm not your kind, Dick. We've had some nice times, but marriage is different. I don't think that you and I would get along at all."

His brows drew together in a frown, but he looked like a man who had received a blow. The warm, affectionate look had been wiped from his face, leaving it set and a little pale.

"That's hard to listen to, Jessamy. Maybe I've been a fool. Maybe I've counted too much on your feeling the way I do. But I don't get it yet. I don't mean that there might not be plenty of reasons why you wouldn't want to marry me—I'm not such a fatuous ass as that. It's the way it's happening. It isn't like you to talk like that, to me or anyone else. What's the matter? What have I done?"

The tight reins of self-control slipped.

"Does there have to be anything the matter? You've asked me to marry you—that's what you meant, wasn't it—and I said that I really couldn't, thank you just the same . . . Oh, I'm sorry. I'm being horribly rude, but I've had a bad day, and . . . please let it go that way."

SHE moved to pass him, but he stood squarely in her path. He looked hurt and bewildered, but his mouth was tight.

"All right, there's only one thing more . . . I did think you liked me once, Jessamy. Perhaps I was wrong. But I do love you . . . I love you so terribly, I can't give you up. I can't stop hoping that some day you will feel differently about it."

He stopped and drew a sharp breath. "I'm not going to let it go this way," he added doggedly. "You can refuse me. I can't help that. But I'm going to keep on asking you, again and again."

"I don't want you to ask me, now or ever!" The last shred of control had gone. She turned on him in a blaze of scorn that sent the blood tingling to his ears.

"Can't you understand? Do I have to tell you? No matter how long you wait, no matter how many times you ask me, I would never marry the kind of man you've shown yourself to be!"

"Oh—so that's it!" He recovered himself with a slight stiffening of pose and the stung look of one who has been slapped in the face. He smiled in a white, tight-lipped fashion. "Thanks so much. At least we're getting at the truth . . . If it's as bad as that I suppose you'd like me to get out—and as far as possible?"

"Please . . . I'm sorry." Her voice was low.

He hesitated, looking at her with a sort of hurt doggedness, and then went out without a word.

When the Varicks returned, late in the evening, he wandered restlessly out of the library to meet them.

"I think we can take that Florida trip, after all. How long will it take you to pack?"

NO one could say that Dick Bradshaw did not appear to be having a good time as he followed the trail of the pleasure-seekers that winter.

It was a gorgeous winter for the Varicks, but there was a restlessness in his energy that Lella did not fail to note. He was generous and attentive to all three of them—Oliver had remained in the north—and agreed to their lightest wishes with easy good nature, but the restlessness was undeniable.

Now they were established in the "little place" which Claire had persuaded Dick to rent from the Courtneys, a white jewel set in tropic luxuriance, with ten masters' bedrooms and six baths, and a constantly changing procession of house guests. There were gay and exciting things to do, opportunity and a setting of sheer loveliness, but the climax for which Lella had built so carefully did not come.

She was in a bad humor as she lolled idly by a window in Claire's room, looking out at the multi-colored waters of the bay. For six weeks she had kept Dick more or less by her side. They had gone everywhere together. He had been surprisingly easy to manage, agreeably willing to do anything that she wanted, but as cheerfully impersonal as if she had been a boy. And she had gone as far as she dared to go—with Dick. She had used all the age-old methods, all the cleverest tricks to catch a man off guard, the soft, lovely, dangerous things that stir a man's pulses for the woman beside him, but if the stir had come he had not shown it.

From the other side of the room her mother voiced a plaintive protest.

"Lella, I wish you wouldn't tap your foot that way. It makes me nervous."

"Oh, very well." She jumped up tensely and strolled around the room, pausing at another window. From it she caught sight of a tall figure in white, loitering by the wharf.

"Mother, who has the small launch?"

"Nicky took it. He's gone on a trip with Perry Niles. He won't be back until tomorrow."

"And the big launch is out of order." Lella's voice was thoughtful.

"Yes, it's too provoking. Dick and the boatman worked on it all this morning, but something is broken. Nicky had to tow it somewhere to be fixed before he could take out the little launch. He was quite cross about the delay, but we simply have to have it repaired by to-morrow."

Lella's eyes were bright with calculation. One launch out of commission, the other gone and Nicky safely out of the way! It was a combination that might not occur again. Her mother's light voice was tinkling on.

"It's too disgusting to have such things happen when we have a houseful of guests to entertain. Of course it won't matter so much to-day, for we'll motor over to the Thurstons', and we can stop in at the style show, too. Nelly Hyde says it's really fine; the very newest models. Everybody's going there."

Lella only half heard her. At any rate her next remark was irrelevant.

"Mother, have you happened to mention the Warnings to Dick?"

"Why—why no, Lella, I don't think I have. Why? You know they're not—"

"Yes, I know. Has Nicky?"

"Darling, how should I know? I don't suppose he has; Nicky isn't much interested in such things. But what an odd question!"

Lella's next remark was also peculiar, at least in its complete irrelevance.

"Dick will be awfully bored this afternoon."

"I know, but one has to do something to amuse house guests, and Molly Huston and Jim Cushing are both intimate with the Thurstons. Anyway, it's going to be quite an affair."

"It's just possible that Dick and I may slip away for a little party by ourselves." Lella was pursuing her own train of thought. Her voice was softer than usual, and its deliberate quiet carried a meaning. "And mother, if we should be late, awfully late, in getting back, you needn't be really alarmed."

"Lella, what are you trying to say?" Claire sat up very straight, not a little frightened by the look that she saw on her daughter's face. "What do you mean? Why did you ask me about the Warnings? You surely wouldn't—"

"I won't start anything that I can't carry through. And I don't want it interfered with. . . . Mother, listen to me."

For five minutes her steady voice rose and fell. It was calm, but there was a suppressed excitement in it, and Claire listened with frightened face and nervously-moving fingers. She was shallow and vain and not very lofty in principle, but she had none of Lella's hard daring. She murmured scared protests about "what people will say," but Lella battered her futile opposition down.

DICK was bored, as Lella had said that he would be. Somewhere in the great hotel back of him Lella and Claire and the rest of his guests—almost strangers to him—were watching a super style show, staged by a group of astute importers to tempt a restless crowd to whom the opportunity of buying new clothes in advance of anyone else would be an absolutely brilliant way of killing time.

Dick had lived too long in the real tropics to let the lazy days affect him seriously. It would have been great with Jessamy here—he could think of a dozen exciting things that they could do together, but Jessamy was not here, and she was not likely to come. . . . How she hated him! He thought now that he could guess why—or at least that dirty little magazine item might account for part of it, but he would have to endure that now, and hope that she would see the truth when Lois filed her divorce suit in Reno. It was no part of his bargain to run and tell—even on worthless youngsters like Nicky Varick.

A chattering group passed somewhere to the rear, the voices of the women staccato and a little shrill. . . . How quiet Lynne-wood must be at this same instant, Lynne-wood, with its almost royal seclusion. . . . And he was here playing around with the Varicks, rushing from one thing to another, spending his money, killing time and, just at the present moment, boring himself stiff.

In his pocket was one of Jennison's precise reports on the state of affairs at Lynne-wood.

"The weather being heavy I prevailed upon Miss Landon to remove from the head gardener's cottage to the house. She

is at present occupying the blue room next to the study. The remainder of the house is shut off, except for this wing and the servants' quarters."

So she would come to his house for Jennison, but not for him—and when he was not there. He switched moodily at a great spiky bush with waxen blooms and wondered what would happen if he should suddenly appear on the scene, without announcing himself. . . . Nothing, probably, and plenty of it.

"Bored, Dick?" That was Lella's drawling voice, just back of him. He turned and caught sight of her, looking like a detached bit of the style show herself. Lella affected the exotic touch in line and color, and wore the more severe models remarkably well. She was a bright and arresting vision, although not, Dick remembered noticing vaguely, quite so formally dressed as her mother, delicate and expensive in trailing chiffons for the affair at the Thurstons'.

"Just dawdling around. I came out here to wait. Dress shows aren't in my line. Show me some nice machinery and I might wake up."

"You've been looking at the machinery of a disabled launch nearly all morning; I should think that would be enough." She smothered a small yawn. "Oh dear, we seem to have piled up a lot of stupid things to do to-day. Why do we do it?"

"You tell me."

Lella absently inspected the toe of a smart pump, and the lowered lids concealed a flash of irritation. She was always giving him small openings, and he was always so deadly precise about it. . . . She shrugged and laughed a little.

"You're a lamb, Dick, always going places to please the rest of us. You don't really have to do any of these things. . . . and this business at the Thurstons' will be an absolute jam. Let's run away!"

He looked at her quickly. There was a touch of wariness in the look, but it flickered out almost as soon as it had come.

"I'm a cautious man. Where do we run?"

"Oh. . . . anywhere that's entertaining. There ought to be lots of places." She stopped, looking at him with bright, reflective eyes, as though searching her mind for just the right idea. It came almost at once.

"I know! Let's run over and see the Warnings. They have the loveliest place. It's a little island, and they keep it almost as wild as it was when they bought it. They just thinned it out a little and cut some winding trails, leading from the house to the beaches on each side. The house is one of those low, rambling places, awfully inviting and comfortable. You'd be crazy about it, and I know you'd like the Warnings. We'd have to hire a launch, if yours isn't back yet, but that's easy, and it's a beautiful run."

"I'm weakening fast." It did sound interesting, more so than the Varicks plans did to him. "But see here, how am I going to square myself for deserting the ship—not to mention the passengers?"

"Oh, mother will take care of that. There aren't any extra people coming in to dinner, so if we're a little late that won't matter. And we'll be home long before anything else starts. Come on. . . . I'd love to go."

"That settles it. We go. I like the idea myself. But I must send in a message to your mother first."

"No, I'll do that! I have to see her about something else, anyway. Wait for me here."

Her eyes were bright with subdued excitement as she went back into the hotel. . . She had done it! Others might wait and yearn if they wanted to; it took brains and courage to go after opportunity and lay hold of it with both hands.

The launch that they engaged was a shade less smart than the ones which Dick had taken over from the Courneys, but it was roomy and comfortable, and the owner claimed speed for it as well.

It was lastly peaceful and very lovely, lounging back on the cushioned seats, with the rush and lap of water in their ears, an incredibly blue sky above them and a transparent, green-blue sea glistening and flashing around them.

At the wheel was the owner of the launch, a lank, taciturn young man. Leila had given him his directions, with alert eyes watching his face, but he had made no comment beyond a grunt or two of assent. Leila had released a soft breath when it was over. A bad moment had been safely passed; tight nervous tension could relax. A boatman too well-informed could have ruined everything at the start.

Waring's Island—its did not seem to have any other name—was evidently some distance from the mainland, but time and space lost their meaning in this sun-drenched loveliness. Only the boatman, grumbling and practical, found fault with the length of the run. Leila must have miscalculated the distance, and his voice rose in nasal complaint.

"You won't have no time to stay there. This trip's longer'n I counted on, and I'll have to turn right back. I gotta take another party out at six."

"You should have told us that before we started," Dick was inclined to be curt about it, but Leila intervened, for once in her life a peacemaker.

"Oh don't bother with him," she said indifferently, but her voice was low. "He has lots of time, and if he thinks he hasn't, Tom Waring can easily bring us back."

She was sitting close to Dick, with that brilliant look still shining in her eyes, and she sat up and spoke with sudden definiteness.

"Why not settle it that way? It would be a shame to spoil the afternoon by just landing and tearing right back again. And the Warrings will never let us leave without staying to dinner. You can let this man go and Tom will bring us back in his cruiser; he'd love to. . . There's the island now; I'm sure it is." Her voice rose from its cautious tone. "I'll know when we get nearer. . . yes, that's it. Isn't it lovely?"

"It looks great. Especially if you have plenty of boats."

He looked at it critically as the green patch broadened into a cluster of palms set in a shining sea, and the cluster into a full-grown island. He would not have guessed that the Varicks had any intimates who would choose so isolated a spot, however lovely, for a winter home. Leila did not tell him how very slight the sea was.

"They have. There are two or three power boats besides the yacht."

They were nearing the island now.

"They keep the yacht and the power boats on the other side of the island," Leila was explaining. "There's a larger dock there, and anchorage, but people who come from the mainland usually land on this side. You can't see the house from here at all."

They were sliding up to the dock, and the taciturn young man made fast with expert speed.

"I think I'd better not disturb our man until we go up to the house and see how things stand. They may have other engagements on hand, or be away."

"I don't see why it isn't all right to let him go. There's always somebody here to receive people, and always room for a dozen more. It's a long way to the house." She lowered her voice again. "Do send him back, Dick. He's getting surly about it. I don't like him."

"If you think it's all right." He sounded dubious. "But it's a long way to swim back."

"We won't have to swim. And this way will be much nicer."

So far as the boatman's face might be said to have any expression at all, it registered surprise as Dick paid and dismissed him.

"We're going back with friends," Leila explained quickly, as his slack mouth seemed inclined to open for speech. Her voice was edged, and he pocketed his money without comment and cast off. The queer ways of winter tourists were no business of his.

The launch slipped away from the dock and out through the arms of coral reef. It gathered speed, leaving a foaming trail behind, and for a moment or two they lingered and watched it, until its stuttering "chut-chut" came back more faintly. The receding launch seemed to leave them utterly alone, in the midst of a glittering sea.

LEILA had not exaggerated the charms of the Warrings' private island, even though they were not to her personal taste. A path, screened from their first view, opened suddenly as she led the way, and they passed from a dazzle of sunshine into silence and green twilight. It was a tropical wilderness, thinned and tamed, but so carefully that it seemed to close around them in primeval wildness. Even the lovely hidden trail, winding its way as though in no haste to get anywhere, was noticeably overgrown. Dick looked at it sharply. Nobody seemed to have passed this way for some time. They might have been two people comfortably shipwrecked and exploring the strange shores on which they had been cast.

It was very quiet. The hush of emptiness lay heavily around them, broken only by the harsh call of a sea bird. . . It was much too quiet. Not even a dog barked to herald their approach.

"Here we are, Dick. Oh. . . what's happened?"

Her voice was quick and a little high. They had come abruptly to the edge of a broad clearing which swept slightly upward to a rambling white house.

"It's closed! And we've sent the launch back. Dick, what are we going to do?"

She looked at him swiftly, but got little satisfaction from a face which had become almost expressionless. There was no one in sight at the Waring house. The shrubbery and paths were rankly overgrown and windows and doors were heavily boarded up, the weathered boarding showing plainly the lapse of long months. Even the buildings in the rear presented blind fronts to his raking glance. The hospitable Warrings were quite evidently not in residence, and from all the visible signs they had not come near this island paradise all winter. There was not even any indication that a caretaker was there. They were marooned

on this romantic little island, with the launch gone and night coming on.

"I'll try to call the launch back," he said briefly. "Follow me."

He started back on a run, racing down the path by which they had come.

He cursed himself for an idiot not to have held the boat there, no matter what Leila thought she knew about the Warrings. The launch, he knew, would be well out of shouting distance, and there was not a chance in a hundred that a handkerchief or coat waved from the dock would catch and hold a possible backward glance, but anything was worth trying.

He raced out of the green twilight into dazzle and glitter again, and the harsh rattle of palms in the steady trade wind. Far in the distance he could see a rapidly-lessening blob, the launch taking its swift way home. It was a forlorn hope, but he jerked off his coat, and with upflung arm wigwagged it steadily back and forth. Back and forth, in long, sweeping strokes. The receding spot became smaller. Dick let his arm drop in irritated disgust. How could a man with his back turned see a waving coat from a distance that made a thirty-foot boat look like a toy?

Leila, hurrying out from the path, was quick to catch the danger sign.

"Didn't he see, Dick? Try again. I'll get something and wave, too; he might look around any minute. And I'm sure he'll have to turn on his course somewhere out there, to get around a line of reef."

"No use," said Dick briefly, and indicated the vanishing speck which wavered and danced over the dazzle of water. "But we'll find a way out. I'll look the place over and see what I can do. There may be a caretaker somewhere around, and there ought to be a boat or two stored away. We're not likely to have any such luck as to find a drum of gasoline waiting for us, but a skiff and a pair of oars would do, and a sail would be still better. . . I suppose there's a boat house on the other dock?"

"Yes. . . of course there is."

Leila had another bad moment. There might easily be boats stored somewhere. If Dick was going to be ingenious and try to take them all that distance in a canoe or something, she'd be half dead with fear every minute. And all her careful plans would be undone. He was putting on his coat again.

"Coming along, or will you wait for me here?"

"I'm coming along, of course. Oh bother, this is too exasperating! Why didn't Natalie write me that they'd changed their minds? They always come here, every winter!"

The island was larger than Dick had supposed. They went first to the house and he searched and pounded resoundingly to arouse a possible caretaker, but there was no response and no evidence that any other human being had been here for weeks or months. Then they took another path, rioting in new growth, a little further up the island.

It was all as she had described it to him. A boat house, a larger dock and a fair-sized, land-locked bay. The house had been built away from it, on higher ground, but the distance was not great.

The boat house windows and door were boarded up, but he managed to get a sufficient fingerhold to pry a board loose. Inside he could dimly see lockers, paddles,

oars, an old sweater, some bathing trunks and various oddments that a boat house might have, but not a boat of any kind. The Waringas had not invited theft or hurricane damage by leaving valuable craft in so frail and convenient a structure. Probably the motor boats were always taken to the mainland when the family left in the spring, and if there was a sail or row-boat anywhere around the place it must be stored away in one of the stout, well-barred buildings back of the house.

"Which settles that!" Dick announced as he wedged the board into place. "We'd better go back and explore the house."

The afternoon was noticeably waning. There was less light when they plunged again into the wilderness path by which they had come. Dick showed no signs of irritation or uneasiness, at least none that Leila could see, but he moved quickly and made every motion count.

She watched him with quick, sharp glances, biding her time and dropping now and then into subdued silences of increasing duration. Once she stumbled over a root which had run across the path and clung to his arm with a sharp cry of terror. He put her on her feet again, with a reassuring pat or two.

"There, you're all right. Not hurt? You'd better watch your step; it's getting dark along here."

For a moment she could have killed him.

They went on again, but she walked beside him now, with her small, strong fingers curled around his arm. The path was narrow, and it brought her very close to him.

When they reached the deserted clearing where the big house and the outbuildings stood he began his search once more, but it was less easy here than at the boat house. A chisel would have pried a board loose or an axe would have broken his way in, but he had neither, and what could he accomplish except damage to Tom Waring's property? The only things that he wanted now were a boat and a sail, or even a pair of oars, since it was useless to hope for a gasoline engine and a miraculous supply of fuel, but even when he finally wrenched a board loose from one of the outbuildings there was no boat to be seen. He went back to Leila, who was sitting on a step and watching him.

RESULT, zero, and a few splinters in my hands. If you don't mind, I think our best move would be to go back again to the beach where we landed. I could make you more comfortable here if I smashed my way into the house somehow, but we'll stand a better chance of being picked up if we go there. It looks towards the mainland, and small boats must go past now and then."

"I don't believe it would do any good," Leila did not move from her comfortable step. She looked faintly obstinate.

"Maybe not, but there's a chance. If you'd rather not go I can fix you up here and go over myself."

"Oh, very well. I'll come, but I don't think there's the faintest possibility of any boats going past here at this hour."

A cheering reminder came to her. She arose with more alacrity and they started back.

It was still darker now along the twilight path by which they had first come,

and again she tucked possessive fingers in the curve of his arm. There was no need of it. Leila was not in the least afraid, but he must not be allowed to forget that she was with him and that he was responsible for her.

The sun had touched the horizon when they came out on the little beach again. Under one arm Dick carried a bundle of dry sticks which he dropped on the beach.

"Picked them up back of the house," he explained. "I'm going to start a signal fire as soon as it gets dark. I'll gather the larger wood now."

The sun went down in a flare of orange and crimson; dusk came. The light faded out of the sky and the restless waters, and a darkling gleam slowly took its place.

Darkness came. Dick lighted his signal fire, with particular care for the end of a branch that he held in his hand. It must have been resinous or very dry, for it flared brightly. With the torch in his hand he went out to the end of the dock and swung it back and forth steadily and methodically, sending a flaming message out over the water—S.O.S.

Just beyond the circle of the firelight Leila permitted herself a tight little smile. "It's no use, Dick. There's nothing but a mangrove swamp over there. I've seen it."

He extinguished the torch and came over to where she sat.

"I know. I noticed it when we came. But there might be a fishing boat beating around somewhere. Besides, your mother knows we're here, and if she mentions it somebody will be sure to tell her that the Waring's place is closed."

Her eyes flew suddenly wide open. She sat up straight and stared at him, a picture of horrified guilt. "It was beautifully done. Leila was really enjoying it."

"Oh, Dick, I'm so sorry! I didn't see mother at all. There was such a crowd when I got there—I just went in word by a bell boy that we weren't going to the Thurston's, and we might be late. She doesn't know a thing about our coming here. . . . It wouldn't have mattered if we hadn't sent the launch back—and I suppose that was my fault. I was so sure it would be all right." She looked suddenly depressed and uneasy, and her eyes darkened with some hidden anxiety.

"Don't worry about it. We're not so badly off. We may get a little hungry before we're picked up, but somebody will locate that tongue-tied boatman sooner or later and send out a rescue party."

"Yes, with the whole town talking about it." She moved her shoulders restlessly. "And whispering, and raising their eyebrows. Staring at me, when I get back. Everybody I know calling everybody else up to get the latest details. Saying beastly things. . . . I know how they talk. It's a sweet mess, Dick."

Her voice broke a little on the last words. Dick was slow in answering, and her nerves went taut with expectancy.

"I don't see why it should be that bad. Or really bad at all."

"I think you're letting this get you, Leila. I don't believe that anything more is likely to happen than a little excitement and a lot of questions, and then something else will come along and people will forget it. It's nothing that either of us can help, anyway. But if there's trouble, you know that I'll stand by."

Stand by! Was that the best that he could say? What a way to talk to any girl, young and good-looking, on a lonely starlit beach, with a dark restless ocean

stretching in front of them and the crisping of small waves and the rustle of palms in their ears. Stand by!

Leila drew a sharp breath. It was not enough. She had to have more than that.

"I suppose," she said, with a hard flippancy, "you mean that you'll marry me?"

He looked back at her gravely—much too gravely.

"If you want to. Don't worry about it any more. We're in this together and we'll see it through in the same way."

It was a drab thing to call a proposal, but she had won. Leila sat with one fist clenched tight and tried not to let exultation show in her face. She said, "You're sweet, Dick," and found to her surprise that her voice was ragged with emotion—or perhaps it was nerves or relief. . . . She had wanted Dick Bradshaw more than any other man that she had ever met, and now she had him. Not with much glamor nor any lovers' ecstasy, but caught fast in a tighter net than these.

There had been other men, of course. There had always been other men, but somehow none of these affairs had come to the point of marriage.

Dick had not moved to touch her. Leila looked over at him sharply, guessing his thoughts and hating them. He was looking out across the little bay again, his face emotionless and his hand still.

CLAIRE was nervous. She was increasingly nervous as the evening dragged on. She had been very careful, doing everything that Leila had told her to do, but she knew that she was not clever in meeting unexpected turns of events, like Leila and Oliver, and the whole scheme made her uneasy. Suppose Dick should suspect, or find out afterward and be terribly angry with them? Angry enough to turn them all out and tell them to look after themselves?

At the Thurston's a dozen people had asked after Dick, and several after Leila, and she had tried to say just the right thing to them. Leila and Dick had started off somewhere together, she really could not say where; perhaps they would stop in later. Then she was home again, lying thankfully with eyes closed until it should be time to dress for dinner, and after that the real strain had begun.

Fortunately for Claire's peace of mind there were no extra people in to dinner. Nicky and Perry Niles, who might have been annoyingly resourceful, were away somewhere in the smaller launch, and there were only Jim Cushing, who had been completely disillusioned about life and people too long to care what anybody did, even his wife, who lived permanently in Paris, and Molly Huston, who had just divorced her third husband, and Joan Selby, who was twenty-two and went in for sports and racing and cross-country riding and was clever but not very good-looking. Claire had wondered brightly what could be detaining the absent ones and where they could be, and the others had said in their various ways that they were probably having a good time somewhere, and had let the subject drop.

In the evening Claire had invited some of her own friends in for contract—Leila had suggested that, too. The Carrs and the Tibbons came; Molly and Jim were both inveterate players; Joan would play if nothing more invigorating came along. Others of the younger set would be sure to drop in later, either to dance or to drag the rest off to drive from one place to another

in search of amusement. The stage was set and the audience was there.

Claire made an apology or two, and as the evening advanced she began to worry audibly.

"I can't imagine where they could have gone. It's so odd that Dick hasn't telephoned to let me know. It's not like him; he's so thoughtful. I do hope there hasn't been an accident."

"Not likely, or the nearest police station would have called you up," Cass Tillson was beginning to be bored. "There's no need to worry about them; it's only eleven o'clock and the evening's just begun for the young crowd. Youngsters don't call their parents up any more when they're out late; they keep on going. They'll probably dance all night somewhere and turn up at daylight for scrambled eggs and bacon."

"I know. I hope you're right, but it really isn't like Dick. I can't help being worried." The Selby girl edged over to Molly Huston.

"Something's up," she murmured. "What's Claire fluttering about? I think I'll stick around."

"So will I. I can't imagine Leila bothering to give Claire her address every time she goes on a party. Still, it is funny that they've been away since afternoon without calling up. Nicky wouldn't think of it, and probably Leila wouldn't either, but Dick would. He'd be sweet about things like that . . . I'm interested."

Some of the younger crowd tramped in, calling for Dick, and there were explanations again. The contract dwindled to one table, there was some desultory dancing, but an undertone of comment had begun. Some of it was amusement at Claire and her fears, some of it was suppressed mirth at the idea of anybody being worried because Leila Varick was out late at night.

They said reassuring things to Claire and raised inquiring brows at each other, but the air was making itself felt. There was a chance that it really might be something serious.

Midnight came and passed. Time crawled on.

"Oh dear, I can't understand it. I know Leila is awfully forgetful sometimes, but Dick is always so considerate about everything. I'm sure something dreadful has happened. I know there's been an accident!"

"Why not telephone around to people you know," Molly Huston suggested practically, "or page some of the hotels? Somebody must know where they are, or have seen them going somewhere."

"I did," Claire flushed slightly. "I called up the Marvells and the Stanleys; I thought they might have gone there. But they haven't even seen them."

"Wouldn't you just love," the Selby girl was murmuring to Jim Cushing, "to go off somewhere with a girl and have her mother broadcast it like that?"

Then in a louder tone: "Which car did they take, Claire? If we know the licence number we may get a line on them."

"Oh—I don't know. I don't know how they went. I'll try to find out."

Someone went to the house telephone and called the garage. No one had taken any of the cars out.

"Perhaps it was a boat trip," Joan suggested brightly. "How about the launches? Maybe Dick's tinkering with a dead engine somewhere."

Claire gasped a little at that, and explained. It couldn't be a boat trip, because Nicky had the smaller launch and the big one had been taken away somewhere for repairs.

Jim Cushing was pulling thoughtfully at his lower lip.

"You have bright ideas, Joan. Maybe they decided to go somewhere that called for a boat and hired one. That's probably what happened. The cars are all here and it's even money they didn't walk, so a boat looks like the right answer."

He frowned and pulled himself up out of his chair.

"I think they're probably all right, but we'll start a hunt. I'll take one of the cars and run into town and rout out all the boat captains. I may turn up something."

There was a murmur of sympathy. The dancing had stopped, people gathered in groups and separated again. A boat trip did seem the logical explanation.

Claire was weeping softly. From outside came the grating sound of the hastily summoned car, and Jim Cushing and another man went out.

They waited. People went home, one or two at a time, but a few wakeful sympathisers lingered. One o'clock had passed. Two came. Jim Cushing had set himself an endless task.

At two-forty-five the telephone rang.

"Hello, this is Jim. I've found a man who took two fares, a man and a girl, to Waring's Island this afternoon and left them there. He says the lady told him that their friends would bring them back. We're starting after them now."

Claire's voice was keyed a little high as she turned from the telephone and gave the message to the others. Molly Huston's eyes widened in an innocent stare.

"But darling, how could they? The Waring's haven't been there all winter! I thought everybody knew that!"

"Oh my dear, no! I never dreamed it. But it could have been awfully serious. They might have been there for days before anybody found them. But it's all right now, and I'm so relieved."

She sighed in a shaken way, and this time both the sigh and the tremulousness were real. Thank heaven, she had at last reached the end of this awful evening.

"I know I worry too much, but I was terribly anxious about them. If Leila had been with anybody but Dick I should have been frantic. But he is so resourceful and efficient, and of all people he would take the best care of her. You see, they've been keeping it very quiet, but—"

She lowered her voice confidentially as she gave her tidbit of news.

They made appropriate responses and glanced at one another, surreptitiously and more or less sceptically, when she was not looking. Joan Selby had wandered a little to one side with Molly Huston.

"Fast work," said Molly in an admiring murmur. "I didn't know Claire had it in her."

"Fast nothing!" said the Selby girl indignantly. "That was rehearsed. It's a snatch if I ever saw one. I've been here for ten days, and if those two were engaged as late as two o'clock this afternoon, I'll eat the ring."

It made little difference whether Joan was willing to eat the ring or not. The word had gone forth, and in a few more hours everybody would know that Leila Varick and Dick Bradshaw were engaged.

THE night had been long on Waring's lovely island. Part of the time Leila had slept, or had seemed to sleep, with her head against Dick's shoulder. At other times he had silently patrolled the beach, replenished his fire and taken a torch, with scant hope of success,

to spell out the flaming call to some distant boat. But no sound of dipping oars or stuttering engine came to him, and no friendly gleam swung low across the water.

Grey light came, the first lifting of darkness. Then glory breaking through the east, and in the distance a moving blob which presently became a racing greyhound of a boat, cutting through the water between slanting sheets of spray. The launch had made slow progress during the dark first half of the journey, but now it was making up time. As it came nearer Dick could see that the taciturn boatman was at the wheel and with him were two hatless men in evening clothes, Jim Cushing and Cass Tillson. A cheerful cry came over the water:

"Shipwrecked mariners ahoy!"

Dick laughed aloud in sheer relief and swung up his arm in salute. Then the eagerness was wiped from his face. Leila had come up silently. She stood close beside him, waiting, her greedy little fingers tucked in his arm.

It was broad daylight when they slid up to their own dock. Sympathetic and curious friends, a little wan from sleeplessness, were waiting for them there. Claire cried over both of them and drew Dick aside.

"Dick, don't be angry with me, but you were gone so long, and everybody was telephoning and wondering where you could be, and there was only one thing to do. I told them that you and Leila were engaged. I had to, Dick. You know how dreadfully people talk. And it really was thoughtless of you to put her in such a position. You might at least have inquired first, or kept the boat there. My poor Leila!"

He gave her a long look, so long that Claire began to be a little afraid.

"Was that necessary? One or two o'clock isn't late for the girls that we know to be out."

"Why—why, Dick, of course it was necessary. I wouldn't have done it if it hadn't been. You know that, don't you?"

His eyelids drooped over a slightly weary look. Then it was gone and he was himself again. At least, he was the Dick Bradshaw that she knew.

"I suppose so . . . I am sure you did what you felt was best."

It was scarcely the attitude of a happy lover, but he was smiling again. Claire felt better, although there was something about his answer which left her a little puzzled and uncomfortable. Anyway, that was Leila's problem; she had done her best and she couldn't stand any more.

The others were following, coming up with congratulations and laughter, some of them with brightly curious eyes. He drew in his breath, squared his shoulders unconsciously and set himself to the business of being an engaged man.

The situation had been thrust upon him and he could not repudiate it without publicly humiliating both Leila and Claire. He was, however reluctantly, engaged to Leila Varick, and she walked beside him with those small proprietary fingers gaily swinging his hand.

A little later they were alone, and the pretence worn before outsiders could be dropped. Mail had just been handed to him, a thick pack of letters, which slid loosely across the table as he dropped them there, making no attempt to open them while she stayed. The faces of the envelopes stared up at him and started odd thoughts ranging through his mind.

Many of those envelopes held bills. He was getting a good many bills these days.

Jessamy Landon had begged him to be aware of them and hold his fine inheritance intact; the Varicks were scornful of economies and were always urging him on in a gay dance of pleasure and spending. . . . How long would this engagement last if he ran through his million and lost the rest? He stared thoughtfully out of the window at the lovely bay, glittering under the early morning sun.

His thoughts were miles away from Lella, winging swiftly—she knew they were—to another girl.

"Dick!"

He looked down, startled at the darkly jealous flame that leaped up at him.

"You're not sorry, Dick, are you? I won't let you be. I can make you happy, and I will!"

If Lella had wanted to pull him back into awareness of her she had succeeded. He spoke slowly, groping his way through an embarrassing puzzle.

"It's too soon for us to be talking of these things. You and I don't need to. But they'll come, if we see it through the right way."

"I suppose that means," she flashed back defiantly, "that you're not happy at all. That's a sweet thought for any girl, for the very first day that she's engaged."

"Let's not go into that. This has been sudden for both of us. We'll have to get used to the idea." He took the edge from that with a nice smile.

As they went toward the breakfast room they saw Claire just ahead of them, and she turned her head and looked startled and a little guilty. Claire had been busy at the telephone, trying this exciting net a little tighter. Rumor had been spreading, a newspaper office had called up, interested in the story of the castaways on Waring's Island. Claire had made light of that, and had followed up as casually as she could with her own announcement. Other Press representatives were on their way to the house. This was news.

They arrived almost immediately and there was another brief flurry. Lella was cool and radiant, her anger of a short time before either forgotten or concealed. Dick went through it pleasantly, smiled when he was expected to and hid a black unhappiness beneath. Jessamy would see this travesty, and would probably take it at face value. He wondered what she would think of him now.

The papers carried the announcement that afternoon. They published it with photographs, and two of them had telephotos of the engaged pair standing together in the charming patio of the Courtney house. Young Dick Bradshaw, heir to the Varick millions and prince of spenders, and Lella Varick, who was one of the relations cut out of the old man's will. It made a good story.

Whatever others might say, Nicky was rudely outspoken in his comments.

"I knew that was her game," he said bluntly, "but I didn't think she'd put up such a raw job as that. I don't like it, any way you look at it. A fat chance we'll have if Lella marries Dick and gets her claws on the rest of Uncle Nick's money. What Lella get she holds fast to. And did she load the dice on him. She knows that he's crazy about Jessamy Landon and has been from the start. Any nut could see it. Going out to Waring's old boarded-up island and sending the launch back! Huh! I notice she took care to pull it off when I wasn't around."

His mother sighed plaintively. What with Lella and Nicky she was between the upper and nether millstones. Of course it would be a brilliant marriage for Lella, and of

course it was absolutely absurd to imagine that Dick would really risk his inheritance . . . but it would settle everything so comfortably if they all had their rightful shares.

LYNNEWOOD was in the full glory of spring before Dick saw it again. They had lingered by the way, stopping wherever there were people whom the Varicks knew. He was an engaged man on parade, and if he hated it, he kept those inner feelings to himself. He showed himself at various public places with Lella, accepted innumerable invitations and met an almost endless procession of people, and he was agreeable and friendly, and they liked him. Sometimes the grim line showed for a moment when he read in a paper that "Miss Lella Varick and her fiancé, Mr. Richard Bradshaw, of New York," had been entertained by this personage or that. So much had Nicholas Varick's money brought him, and no more.

Even when they reached New York he made no attempt to open Lynnewood at once but established the Varicks and himself at their favorite hotel, and then was immediately caught in a whirl of congratulatory engagements. It was so settled a thing that Claire and her family were a part of his household that he had engaged the suite for them without question.

All three of the Varicks liked being in town, and Lella in particular was well satisfied to have him delay his return to Lynnewood. She had no intention, if she could possibly help it of letting him go back where he would see Jessamy Landon every day. Lella knew only too well by how tenuous a thread she held him.

There was nothing that she could find fault with in his attitude towards her except that it was not a lover's attitude, and now she knew bitterly that it never would be. He was attentive, took her everywhere and made himself generally amusing, and gratified her lightest wish with careless generosity. This was no small matter, for some of Lella's wishes were far from light. She loved jewels, emeralds fascinated her, and she had a passion for diamonds.

There were moments when misgivings came to her, when she wondered how far Dick's easy-going recklessness with money had already taken him, and thought of Oliver's catlike grin as he had felicitated her upon her engagement to the heir.

Oliver had been entirely too sweet about it. It was not like Oliver to be as amiable as that. It was not like him to let go of a possible share of Uncle Nick's money without a fight, and Oliver's way of fighting would be quiet and deadly. Lella was eager for those lavish presents that made other girls secretly or openly envious, and she was almost certain, after careful figuring and discussions with Claire, that Dick must have nearly half of that million left, but she was taking no risks of losing everything for the sake of a few giddy weeks.

She began to probe, gently but persistently. She asked what the two suites were costing, and what the upkeep of Lynnewood was when he was away. She criticised the amount allowed for the servants' table; she tried to discover if Oliver was getting money from him, and she was sharp with Nicky for his habit of approaching his prospective brother-in-law for casual loans. Above all she wanted to know what his balance was, using the coveted bracelet as a lever to pry into the secrets of his bank account. She had seen the bracelet in her favorite shop only that morning and had hurried back to tell him the exciting news, with the usual result.

"Are you sure it will be all right, Dick? Of course I'm simply mad about it, but there's so much at stake for you now, and you're so reckless, I don't believe you even bother to have your bankbook balanced. Are you sure that you're safe, Dick?"

"Absolutely." He reassured her, but it seemed to amuse him. "A million and accrued interest is quite a pocketful of money to run through in a year. Don't worry, Lella. There's not the slightest danger."

It was much too vague; he hadn't actually told her anything at all.

It was galling; it was maddening. There were times when she almost hated him.

But that night the emerald bracelet shone on her arm like green fire.

In the midst of these things Dick drove out to Lynnewood one morning without was his first trip, only a few days after his mentioning his destination to anyone. If return, and the familiar roads were gay with spring. At Lynnewood the open gates were his first welcome, the wooded drive was tender with young green and pungently fragrant with the odors of growing things.

A moment later he swept out of the woods into open gardens and emerald lawns, with an exuberant screech of horn and clamor of exhaust to herald his return. Hurrying figures appeared from garage and stables and gardens, grinning, making haste to be on hand to greet "the boss"; he spare, white-haired figure up at the house was Jennison; the tawny streak catapulting over the grass was the collic, frantic with joy. Home! He laughed under his breath and looked nervously up toward a certain window. What sort of welcome would Jessamy give him?

In ten minutes more he was up there. The soft line of her cheek and chin had sharpened slightly, but otherwise she was the same Jessamy, sweet and golden and unattainable.

"I heard that you were back," she was saying. "I haven't had an opportunity yet to congratulate you."

"Oh, yes . . . Thanks."

He knew that it was a lame and inadequate reply, but what was there to say when only a few months ago he had told her that she was the only girl he'd ever wanted to marry and that he meant to wait for her indefinitely?

Constraint fell between them. Her eyes were on him, and it was a pity that he could not see the quick change in them. He was looking down at her desk, where a low bowl of wood violets reminded him of other violets that she had not allowed there at all. She touched them.

"From your own woods. I picked them this morning before breakfast."

That was running close to the danger line. Formerly they had taken those morning trips together, he riding Quicksilver, she on Her Ladyship.

"You don't know how good the woods looked when I drove through." He grinned shamefacedly, apologising for a weakness. "I believe I was homesick. I know I was. It's a great old place, the way it twines itself around you . . . How is Quicksilver? Are you riding much now?"

"No, I'm not riding. I walk a little, to keep from getting too lazy. You know I'm staying here now, for several reasons. First, it was because of the heavy snows, and then I slipped on the ice and twisted an ankle—"

He nodded in quick concern. "Jennison was just telling me about it. It would have been ridiculous for you to try to get back and forth with a bad ankle. How is it now?"

He was sitting on the edge of her desk

in the old familiar way. Just as he always had done.

"Almost well. I have a little limp, but it's going fast. Then just as the sore ligaments were getting better the gardener's offspring came down with scarlet fever and I had to stay on here or be quarantined at the cottage. So here I am."

"Of course you are. There isn't a reason on earth why you shouldn't stay here anyway."

The mere thought that she should not seemed to exasperate him. She looked up quickly, and down at his nervously moving hand. He had picked up a paper cutter and was absently stabbing at a bit of paper.

"Thanks," she said slowly. "I'd like to stay. Until my work here is finished. I think it will take about two months more."

"About the same time that I wind up my year of probation?" An idea seemed to strike him, with a dash of perverse humor. "Perhaps we'll both be looking for a job then."

Something in the tone struck her, a superficial hardness that was not in the least like Dick Bradshaw. As though he were bored and reckless about the whole thing, and did not greatly care what happened.

"But you won't!" she said quickly. "You wouldn't throw away the trust that Mr. Varick left you. He'd be so disappointed in you, and so would—your friends."

She checked herself, angry that she had been so nearly betrayed into personal interest again, when she had meant to be only a cool and disinterested outsider, withdrawn from the miserable tangle of his affairs. She felt that she had let herself be drawn; that speech had been only a bit of bravado. No man would be so insane.

"Perhaps not." He smiled dubiously. "But money isn't always worth what it costs."

"I'll be glad when the year is over, and so will a lot of other people." He arose and held out his hand. "I'll have to run along."

He was gone, leaving her baffled between impatience and an aching pity.

"He looks older," she said to herself. "And tired. He isn't happy. And he doesn't love her a bit!"

Scarcely an hour after Dick had left her a smart little sports car came humming up the drive with Bebe Van Dering at the wheel. The Van Derings were back at The Ledges, and Bebe, who liked Jessamy Landon, often ran over here to chatter for half an hour or so, or to coax her out for a quick run or over to The Ledges for dinner.

"Lo, Jessamy. I just met Dick."

Bebe tossed a sketchy hat on the desk and sent a bright glance at Jessamy. Jessamy never talked much about Dick, but nobody could tell Bebe that something hadn't happened. She knew that two and two made four, and also that two plus one made trouble.

"Yes, I saw him."

It was a frugal statement. Jessamy was usually more talkative when Bebe came. Bebe persisted brightly.

"He looks older, doesn't he? Being engaged doesn't seem to agree with him."

"He's probably going to too many parties."

"Darling, don't pretend that you don't know! Everybody's wondering how he ever came to let Lella grab him. At least," she added more truthfully, "a lot of the girls are. Which reminds me!"

She settled herself with an impish grin.

"I've just heard something, and it's awfully exciting. I was in town yesterday and I ran into Joan Selby and we had lunch together. She was one of the famous house party the night it happened, you know. Joan is always saying the most terrible things, but she does tell the truth, and she says it was the

most barefaced snatch she ever saw. The papers didn't play up that island business nearly as much as they might have—which was a mercy, or everybody would have been in stitches about it. Joan thinks maybe Jim Cushing put in a little quiet word there; he has a lot more influence than most people think. But it seems that Dick and Lella had gone out there and sent the launch back—the boatman told Jim that it was the lady who had insisted on it, too—when everybody else knew that the island was empty and that the Warings hadn't been near it all winter."

Bebe stopped to giggle. "You needn't look at me like that, darling; it's what you've probably been suspecting yourself, but there are some fine points that you shouldn't mix. . . . And wasn't Dick a sheep, to let them get away with it?"

"What could he do?" Bitterness had crept into Jessamy's voice. "If," she added hastily, "it's really as your friend thinks it is. He'd have to openly humiliate them."

"He could duck out now," said Bebe with inelegant candor. "And instead of that he's going around with her everywhere and loading her with diamonds and things. It seems an awful shame. She's not his kind at all. But I've got a bet on with Joan that they never get as far as the altar. . . . Oh, dear, I must run! I promised to pick up the parent when he got through with his golf, and if I keep him waiting again he'll wither me. Good bye, darling; I'm coming back in a day or two to drag you home with me to lunch, and if I don't, my admiring young brother will."

She pulled her hat on with a deft twitch or two and was off. A few moments later she was settling herself behind the wheel of the little roadster, looking bright and satisfied.

"That," she reflected contentedly, "is my Girl Scout deed for to-day. Maybe it doesn't settle anything, but I'm not going to let Jessamy think that he's been philandering around with Lella and falling in love with her."

Behind her she left a girl who stood at an upper window and watched the little roadster go racing down the drive, as she had watched Dick's car vanish a little earlier. Something was aching in her heart.

"He doesn't love her! He didn't want to be engaged to her. I knew it must be that way. She tricked him into it, because he's going to be so rich!"

The singing refrain stopped. An arresting thought had popped into her mind. Dick had acted almost as though he wanted to lose Nicholas Varick's money. . . . She could scarcely see Lella marrying a poor man.

THERE was a little restaurant where Dick sometimes retreated, usually to lunch alone or with Pink Galina, with whom he had established a comfortable man's friendship which would have meant nothing at all to Lella. It was a small place, good without being monopolized by the epicurean few and well run without the least pretence to smartness. Dick liked it. He had dropped in there to-day hoping to run across Pink, and if not to lunch by himself and enjoy it.

Pink was not to be seen, but he had no more than seated himself at his favorite table when the booming voice of Stacy Jordan had accosted him. Jordan had been genially delighted to see him again, and had stood there so expectantly that Dick, civilized manners being what they are, had been obliged to ask him to sit down. Now Jordan sat across the table

from him, radiating confidence and enthusiasm. The big man had another scheme on hand, and after the first moment of irritation Dick had begun to be interested. Whatever else they might be, Jordan's schemes were always worth listening to.

"See here, Bradshaw," Jordan began when they had finished their meal, "don't you want to cast another little anchor to windward? You really ought to. It's getting pretty near the time when you will have to send in your accounts to Varick's executor, and you want to make a good showing. Now I've got a fine thing for you; nothing speculative about it. Good, solid bonds."

"I have the timber tract. What's the matter with that?"

"Not a thing!" Jordan assured him hastily. "It's worth a mint, but here's one point that you're overlooking. Under that will you not only must be solvent when your year is up, but you must be actually free from debt, too. See what I'm getting at? If you should get in too deep with the rest of that million, or have a run of bad luck, or some big expense to meet at the last minute that ran over your cash remainder and you couldn't square your outstanding bills, where would you be? You've still got the Harvey tract, but you can't sell a mountain in five minutes, and you can't raise money on it without being in debt when the big day comes. Besides, you bought it for future returns, and not a quick turnover. But with these bonds, if you had to sell 'em you could get your money back in twenty-four hours, and in the meantime it's safely tied up so that if anybody comes along with a hard luck story you can't reach for that checkbook of yours and let 'em have a hundred thousand or so. You know how you are, boy!"

He was jocular and fatherly. Dick listened a corner of his mind busy with his own thoughts. He said unsmilingly, "I seem to have made a reputation."

"Oh no! Not that way! Not at all." Jordan made haste to repair his fences. "The reputation you've made, Bradshaw, is a fine one, but a lot of people think that a rich man is fair game for anybody, and because you're kind-hearted some of them may get the idea that you're easy. No offence, I hope?"

"None whatever. Forget it. Now let's hear about the big bargain."

"Not a bargain at all." Jordan did not quite like the sound of that. "This isn't the kind of security that gets to the bargain basement. Martocba fives are always above par and as solid as Gibraltar."

He lowered his voice and gave a quick glance at the nearest tables. It was late and they were fairly alone in their corner. "Martocba fives," the young man repeated thoughtfully. "I think I've heard of them."

"Of course you have. They're one of the best securities on the market. Quoted only yesterday at 104. They don't move much, because the people who have them usually hold fast, but I know where a nice little block is going to be sold in settling an estate."

It was a tense moment for Jordan.

"It sounds good," Dick admitted. "And of course you're right about the anchor. I'll think it over. My expenses are heavy just now but perhaps I can manage it. I'll let you know to-morrow. Will that be all right?"

"Why—yes, I think so. But get the word to me as early as you can. Somebody else might snap them up."

The waiter was coming with their check.

Jordan insisted on paying it and they went out together. On the way they passed a blonde, well-set-up young man eating alone at a small table near the door. Pink Gaines nodded a greeting and turned his head to look after them.

A few days later a cheque for sixty-three thousand dollars passed from Dick Bradshaw's hand to the itching palm of Stacy Jordan, and in return Dick received a package of crisp, beautifully engraved bonds.

It was true that Maricoba fives were selling above par and were as steady as Gibraltar, but those which had just passed from Jordan's hands had been issued only two years before, from the cellar of an isolated old house where no one was ever known to go, and they were worth precisely the junk value of the paper upon which they were so cleverly engraved. Some officious bank teller would undoubtedly say as much to Bradshaw when he tried to deposit his coupons at the first interest period, but that would not be until July first, and by that time Jordan meant to be well out of the danger zone.

Nevertheless he watched the young man's movements carefully on the day when the bonds were delivered. Bradshaw did not go to any bank or safe deposit company, but the next day he took the road for Lynnewood. Jordan followed just far enough to make sure of his destination without betraying his own presence.

"I believe he's going to put them in that young submarine of a safe up there," he reflected shrewdly. "That's funny, when he's staying in town now. The nut! I might invite myself up to Lynnewood when he goes back and maybe walk in my sleep. There's no use in leaving evidence around if you can get half a chance to clear it up."

Jordan turned at the next crossroad and headed back for town. It was a pity that he had not driven a little further, for Dick Bradshaw did not go to Lynnewood at all.

The days slipped by quickly. Whatever he may have done with the Maricoba fives, Dick seemed to take Stacy Jordan's advice seriously. He had a talk about this time with Pink Gaines, who was a salesman for the staid and cautious bond house of Farwell and Browne.

"I'll leave the details to you, Pink. I want a flat hundred thousand, par value, in government bonds. I don't care what issue, so long as they are easily negotiable and as good as cash. If anything should happen to me, they'll be in the library safe at Lynnewood. I may need them in a hurry, and I want them where I won't be held up by banking hours or anything else. I'll give you the combination, in case—"

"You will not!" said Pink Gaines firmly. "If you're lunatic enough to keep a hundred thousand in negotiable bonds lying around in the house, you can keep your combination to yourself. Not for me!"

In a little over a week this transaction also was concluded. The bonds were in Dick's hands and should be put at once in the safety of the steel vault behind the panelling. He had planned to make a flying trip for that purpose, but by this time the longing for Lynnewood and Jessamy was nagging too hard. He telephoned to Jennison to open up the house and announced that evening that he intended to return to Lynnewood the next day. The Varicks packed hastily and prepared to accompany him.

"I think we ought to go with you," Claire had argued when he had placed the hotel

suite at their service for as long as they wished to stay in town. "I don't mean that I wouldn't love to stay here a little longer, and it's sweet of you to suggest it, but you really need us, now that Miss Landon is staying in the house. You know how people talk. Of course we'll go."

For a woman who talked as much as Claire did, she seemed to worry a great deal over what other people said, but there might be something in it this time.

At Lynnewood Lella ignored Miss Landon's existence as far as she could and was slightly patronising when she could not. She counted the weeks until the time when she could have the girl with the gold-dust hair dismissed. Lella had no intention that Jessamy Landon should continue here, as secretary or in any other capacity, after her work for the Varick estate was done, and with the prick of jealousy her demands upon Dick's attention increased.

As for Jessamy, she was hurrying now to complete her work as rapidly as possible and get away, yet she knew that she could not bear to leave, even if she were ready, before the year should be ended and his day of reckoning should come. She was anxious about that day.

YOU'VE let him walk right away from you! I thought you told me that he had paid you the last money he could spare for the Maricoba fives?"

Oliver's usually pallid face was flushed with anger. Nothing but a sharp emergency would have induced him to show himself in Jordan's office at all, so near the time when the news of the timberland swindle must break.

"And while you were boasting about what you could do," he continued bitingly, "he walked off and placed a hundred thousand dollar order with Farwell and Browne's Government bonds. Unregistered and as good as cash anywhere, any time!"

"I overheard him"—the flush deepened slightly—"talking to Pink Gaines about it. You thought you knew all the answers, but he was smart enough to get away from you and salt down a neat little hundred thousand, all ready to spring on his big day!"

Jordan's under jaw thrust out aggressively. He did not like Oliver's tone and he was not obliged to take it.

"I'd go easy on that kind of talk if I were you. If this little partnership of ours ever leaks out, you've got considerable to lose, Oliver."

Oliver's flush faded slowly to a grey pallor. He did have considerable to lose. He had more to lose than Stacy Jordan had. If Jordan's name should be smirched it would be a fairly simple matter for him to leave it behind him, as a snake sloughs off its skin, and appear in new scenes with a fresh one. He had done it before. But to Oliver his name and position were everything. Even the money he had risked so much to obtain would mean little to him if he had to skulk and hide in danger and disgrace.

Fury and fear held him for a moment; his fingers twitched.

"You have considerable to lose yourself, Jordan. I'm beginning to wonder—"

Jordan held up a large hand. "Now, now!" he said scathingly. "What's the matter with us? Where will either of us get if we lose our heads?"

Jordan was always quick to save a situation.

"You and I," he added with placating good humor, "can't afford to fight. But you had me hot for a minute, talking to

me like that, after all the risk I've run to fix things up for you so that you can step into five or six million. Now don't you worry about those bonds. They're easily negotiable, as you say. Get the idea?"

"No," Oliver was cooling, as keenly aware as Jordan of the necessity for it, but not yet mollified.

"It's this way. Bradshaw's a simple sort of chap, and he's strong for his friends. If he got those bonds through Farwell and Browne, he did it to give a nice bit of business to young Gaines, and not because he's wise to anything. Gaines is dancing around old Van Dering's girl, and he needs every little boost he can get. Well, Bradshaw's got the bonds and you found it out, and that's good work. The rest is up to me. I'll find another investment that will make him sell his government bonds, and believe me, when they go he'll be strapped for ready cash."

"What are you going to sell him?" Oliver demanded suspiciously.

"I haven't decided yet. You leave it to me."

"Well . . . but don't leave it too long. We haven't much time left."

Oliver arose and wandered towards the door. For a moment he lingered there, uneasily. The pull of twitching nerves was beginning to show under the surface calm.

"Bradshaw's leaving for Oregon in a day or two."

"Let him. We're lucky he hasn't started before. And don't you get a case of nerves about it. The business about the fire will have to come out some time, but I can bluff it through. It will be Harvey who lied to me; don't forget that. Now brace up. Good-bye."

Jordan talked confidently, but there was a shifty look in his eyes as the door closed on Oliver. After a reasonable interval he locked it. He felt better that way.

Stacy Jordan had no intention of jeopardising both his liberty and his plunder by staying here and bluffing out anything with Oliver Ennis. He could not afford to. Bradshaw had been an incomprehensible fool not to have started his inspection sooner, but by the time that confiding young man reached the Harvey tract and the people who might tell him things about it, Jordan meant to be well on his way to new scenes and a new identity, with exactly four hundred and thirteen thousand of Dick Bradshaw's money in his possession. He had every move planned.

WHETHER he was a fool or not, Dick felt much better when he had closed the door of the wall safe on the bonds that he had bought through Pink Gaines. That much was done. He had a hundred thousand, as good as cash, where he could get it on five minutes' notice. He had a little over thirty-eight thousand left in the bank and less than three weeks more to go, but the bills were coming in rapidly and he would need it all.

No one but himself ever went into the safe, and when he did, he always chose a time when no onlookers were around. Now that he had the hundred thousand in there, with his time so nearly up and his nerves pulling tighter with the strain, he went in and out of the vault with extra care.

He was clearing personal papers out of his desk this afternoon, preparatory to his trip west, and he went down to the library with a sheaf of them, to put them away from possibly inquiring eyes. It was the work of a few seconds, but as he was closing the safe door he heard a slight noise behind him, and turned so swiftly

that Jessamy, coming in with the inevitable armful of books, paused involuntarily.

"I'm sorry I interrupted you. I didn't know anyone was here."

"You're not interrupting at all. Please come in. I'm through, and it wouldn't make any difference if I were not."

He was irritated with himself for the quick movement with which he had swung about to face whoever might be coming in. The nerves must be tighter than he had thought, and they had betrayed him. He snapped back the long panel and came forward to take the books from her.

"I'm just getting things in shape before I go away," he explained. "I'm starting west to-morrow night."

"Oh—for long?" She was startled. "But you'll be back—"

"In time for the last act? Oh, yes. I'm not running away."

She flushed beautifully. "I didn't really think you were. But your time is so short now, and the days are going so fast. If something should detain you—or hold you back—or anything should happen here—"

She stopped. What was the use? Already she had shown more concern for him than she had ever meant to betray again, and the risk was his own. He knew as well as she that there were people in his own house who had everything to gain by his loss and everything to lose by his gain.

"It won't happen," he replied confidently, but got no further. Jennison was at the door.

"Thomas said that you wished to see me, sir."

"Yes, Jennison. I'm starting west to-morrow night on a business trip. I shall be gone nearly two weeks. When I get back I want a statement ready for me with all bills, wages and household expenses estimated up to the nineteenth. There must not be even a grocer's bill or a news-dealer's bill outstanding on that date."

The nineteenth was the day when he must render his account to Spencer and be free and clear of all debt of any kind.

"Yes, sir. Are there any other instructions?"

"That's all. You are in full charge during my absence."

"Thank you, sir."

Jennison left, but Dick was not to be alone with Jessamy even for a brief word of good-bye. A lazy voice drifted in.

"Dick, darling, remember that we're running in to town to meet the Austins for dinner. Please don't be late."

Lella appeared in the doorway, holding back the curtain with one graceful hand. She did not look at Jessamy. "Did you get the theatre tickets, Dick? Are they seats, or a box?"

"Box. All right. I'll be ready in good time. . . . Good-bye, Jessamy. I may not see you again before I leave."

That was all that he could say. Lella waited for him, with the assurance of possession, and he went out with her. Between her restless jealousy and Oliver's unobtrusive watching the master of Lynnewood had little opportunity to be alone with anybody.

ONCE more Jordan was coming to Lynnewood without the formality of an invitation, but this time the hour was late and he did not come by the usual way.

There was a convenient rear window of the garage and a useful little tool piled it open. This was not the first time that Jordan had used a jemmy. He dropped over the sill as softly as a cat, and his flashlight flickered on the side of the big car,

one after another. Jordan knew the Lynnewood cars, and he counted them carefully. They were all there, and the house cars were at the other end.

He moved about softly, stopping for a moment at each car, with skilful fingers searching for what he wanted. Each time the flashlight winked, a mere pencil of light.

"That ought to hold 'em a while," he reflected, and chuckled under his breath.

He let himself out of the window again and melted into the shadows, dodging cautiously towards the dark bulk of the house. There was a storm on the way, the sky had been clouding over rapidly, and there was no moon nor any starlight to betray him. Nevertheless he kept well in the shelter of the abundant shrubbery, moving lightly over the thick grass. The library windows gleamed darkly in front of him, and he slid along like a shadow and selected the one that he wanted. He was not afraid of burglar alarms. He knew, because he had made a point of finding out, that Nicholas Varick had obstinately refused to have them installed, holding that a smart burglar could be counted on to cheat them, and that they were a nuisance to have around.

Jordan worked softly and patiently on the french window. It yielded with a faint click; he slipped in and moved quickly aside from the betraying rectangle of glass, listening. There was no sound anywhere. He moved on, catlike in spite of his bulk, stepping softly on thick, sound-muffling rugs and feeling his sure but cautious way around the furniture. He was on familiar ground.

The flashlight winked again. That ought to be the panel, and this small carved head would be the knob. It had taken time and careful experiment, exactly to locate that bit as the one he had seen Bradshaw find so surely.

The knob turned, the long panel slid back without a sound, revealing the steel door. There was no need for Jordan to take from his pocket the little set of numbers that he had stolen so many weeks before; he knew it by heart. He looked carefully back of him once more. There was not a sound in the big room, not a shadow that moved. He bent over the steel knob.

It worked. The safe door swung open noiselessly, the flashlight played on the walls of a narrow cell, with steel drawers rising from floor to ceiling. Jordan went in lightly, and set to work with methodical haste.

JESSAMY was wakeful. The night had been still and close, but a wind was beginning to stir outside and a freakish gust blew the curtains about. There was a magazine on a table near one of the windows, and the wind rustled its leaves with an irritating sound. She endured it for a little and then swung her feet to the floor and pattered over to the window and looked out. A summer-storm was a beautiful thing, piling up in the heavens, sweeping on and down until the deluge came.

It was unusually dark out there, a heavy darkness, unbroken except for the lights that picked out the drive. Inky clouds were gathering, shutting out the starlight; the wide grounds were a dim sea, splashed at intervals with denser shadow; the woods beyond were a velvet blackness. Lonely and beautiful. She knelt beside the open window, leaning forward with folded arms

on the sill, while the fresh, damp wind streamed around her. A faint sound came from somewhere below her. She looked down idly, more curious than alarmed.

There was nothing there but empty darkness and the blacker shadows of evergreens. She leaned out a little further, with a puzzled feeling that something was missing . . . of course! There was no dark gleam of glass below her. One of the library windows must be open.

Jessamy drew back, instinctively cautious. Library windows had no business to be open at night, and with a storm coming up, too. Somebody had been careless. Jennison always had those things attended to . . . But Jennison was never careless. She remembered how swiftly Dick had wheeled about when she had surprised him closing the safe yesterday. Suppose he had put something valuable in there—money, securities? The loss of anything like that might mean ruin to him now.

She opened her door carefully and crept out. Silence in the long hall. It was breathless and rather frightening. But she must be careful how she gave an alarm or whoever was there would get away, and his plunder would go with him.

A little further down the hall was the study, and in a table drawer a loaded .38 which Nicholas Varick had kept by him for years. She stole in quickly, scarcely daring to breathe.

DOWN in the library Jordan also moved silently, except for the faint hiss of paper that sounded so resoundingly loud in his own ears. Under his raking hands the contents of steel drawers came swiftly into view. Papers, papers, stuff that had belonged to Nicholas Varick, several time-yellowed manuscripts that might be valuable but were worthless to Stacy Jordan; a drawer with a pile of little black notebooks like the one Bradshaw carried . . . Ah, here they were!

He pounced on the package with a sharp breath, and his prominent eyes listened as he leafed the precious things over. They were all there. Jordan thrust them hastily inside his shirt. These were too valuable and too readily noticed to be trusted to a pocket.

Now to locate those Maricoba fives and clean that bit of evidence against him. The flashlight moved this way and that, and suddenly snicked off. Jordan stiffened and froze into a listening statue. Beyond the safe door he had heard a soft, stealthy sound. He turned as silently and smoothly as though he worked on a well-oiled pivot, and flattened himself against the door.

The sound was not repeated. It might have been the rising wind, rustling something through the open window. He ought to have closed the thing, instead of leaving it open for a quick getaway. The wind might slam it, any minute. Jordan stretched cautiously forward, poised for a spring.

Lightning came in a jagged flash. It showed Jordan, crouched and peering, his shoulders hunched forward; it showed a slim lovely figure with tumbled yellow hair and a blue negligee, eyes wide and startled, and the dark gleam of steel in her hand. Blackness came even as he dodged and leaped, and with it a sharp report. The shot flew wide, her wrist was caught and twisted in an agonising grip, and the beginning of a scream was lost in a roll of thunder.

"Stop it!"

Rage swept him, with panic crowding on its heels. He had let himself be caught on the very edge of success, and by a girl at that. Jordan cursed himself for not wearing a mask. She had recognised him,

and he was in a spot if she ever talked. His big hand clamped roughly down over her mouth; his other arm was crushing her against him, without relaxing that numbing grip on her hand.

The revolver dropped with a muffled thump. Jessamy felt it for an instant against her foot, and kicked at it wildly, struggling frantically against the backward pull that was dragging her into the steel vault.

"Don't! Don't!"

It was only a strangled sound in her throat as she realised what he meant to do. In the next instant she was jerked off her feet and thrust, stumbling, staggering, falling into blackness.

The door snapped shut and the steel knob twirled, locking a prisoner in. Jordan flicked on his flashlight for a brief second, located the fallen 38 and scooped it up. No use in advertising that scuffle in front of the safe; they'd find it out soon enough, but every second of delay was valuable to him. He dropped the revolver in his pocket as he leaped for the window and liberty.

It might be nasty, he reflected, if by any miracle they got that girl out in time. But it wasn't likely. It would be some time before they missed her, thanks to his prudence in removing the revolver, and even then it wouldn't do much good. Bradshaw was probably the only one who knew the combination, and Bradshaw was on his way west. Long before they could reach him or get an expert to open the safe, she would be past telling tales. It gave him no compunction. She had recognised him.

By to-morrow morning Stacy Jordan would be gone. Already he had checked out from his hotel for an alleged midnight train, and before another week had passed a gentleman of luxurious leisure and slightly altered appearance would be on his way to foreign shores with half a million of Dick Bradshaw's money. He thought of Oliver Ennis with a sour grin. Oliver would be pretty sick, but he would have to take it. He wouldn't dare to do anything else.

The car picked up speed, swung a corner and shot into the highway, roaring through the darkness.

THE single shot had cracked through the silence of the sleeping household, jerking half of its members into startled wakefulness. Thunder rolled on the heels of it, drowning all sound of answering shot or outcry and leaving a panic uncertainty. Doors opened, scared faces peeped out, hurrying footsteps followed; a chair crashed as someone ran into it in the dark. Oliver, nervously on edge, rummaged in a drawer for his own automatic and looked out to see Nicky running down the hall. He followed, more from shame than inclination. Oliver was not courageous.

Before they were halfway down the stairs a blaze of light came on from below and a deafening clamor beat up at them. There was a great bronze gong down there, and Jennison was beating it with both hammers. He caught sight of them and stopped.

"Mr. Dick has been robbed!" His excited voice rose to a shrill falsetto. "It's that man Jordan!"

A sickening enlightenment came to Oliver. Jordan had come after that hundred thousand. Rage and apprehension nearly choked him.

"The swine!" He ran down the remaining steps. Jennison was hurriedly explaining.

"I was awakened by the call bell ringing violently in my room, again and again, like an alarm. I switched on the light and saw that it was from the library. I have an old

revolver that I keep in my room in case of emergency, and I got it and came down here as quickly as I could. On the way I knocked at Thomas' door, and a moment later I heard a shot. I got here just in time to see a man running out through that window, and a flash of lightning showed that it was Mr. Jordan. He dodged aside the instant he was through, and then it was dark again. I didn't even have time to shoot."

Jennison was hurrying back to the library as he talked, shaking with agitation. The big room was a blaze of light, one window stood open, and the wall panel, unclosed in Jordan's haste, showed the steel door of the safe.

"But who gave the alarm?" Nicky demanded. "And who did the shooting? Somebody must have been going for Jordan, or Jordan was going for him. How do you know he got the safe open at all?"

"I don't know, sir. All I do know is what I have told you. I heard the call bell. I heard the shot and I saw the man running. There was no one running after him and there is no one here. Thomas was right at my heels and pushed the light switch immediately. It is most extraordinary."

Thomas appeared in the window and shook his head. He was breathing heavily.

"Gone!" he said. "Car. Took the back road. I yelled to Grant to get a couple of cars out, one to follow and one to cut him off." He turned and dashed out again.

IN the hall back of them voices rose in excited chatter. The roused household was gathering in all stages of undress, scared and curious, huddling together or pushing forward to help. Claire Varick and Lella appeared on the stairs, trailing filmy negligees.

"What is it? Oh, Nicky, what is it?"

But Nicky, shouting to Thomas not to start without him, was busily exploring the vicinity of the safe, and it was Oliver who told them, in clipped, nervous speech, Claire wrung her hands excitedly, slipping an anxious glance at her daughter, but Lella was not looking at her. She stood there in stony silence, staring at Oliver, a white line of rage showing around her mouth. Oliver knew just how her sharp mind was working—remembering that Oliver as well as Dick had known Stacy Jordan, that Oliver, being Oliver, had probably known him first. Putting two and two together, adding it up to four and probably eight. Silently accusing him of this also, and hating him for it, Oliver grinned faintly, his shattered savoir faire returning.

"Not guilty," he murmured, and shook his head, almost imperceptibly. "It's as much of a surprise to me as it is to you. Pull yourself together, my dear . . . Hello, what's up?"

Her eyes blazed at him, but he had turned and was running down the stairs again. They followed him, indifferent to curious and unfriendly glances from the huddled group in the lower hall.

There was a fresh commotion in the library. Nicky, starting to run after Thomas, had stopped to make a sudden lunge. He swooped at something underneath a chair near the safe door and held it up for them to see.

It was a slim, blue slitten slipper.

One of the maids screamed. "Oh, it's Miss Jessamy's! He's killed her! He's locked her in the safe! It's murder!"

"Quiet!" Jennison's snapped command hushed the girl's hysterical screams. "William, see if Miss Landon is in her room. Anna, get the city telephone book."

William started, taking the stairs on a run. Those behind waited uneasily. Real tragedy was in the air now. Outside, the storm was momentarily coming nearer, and the treetops swayed and tossed under a lashing wind. Jennison was hurriedly rustling the leaves of the telephone directory and the hysterical girl was sobbing softly under her breath. Nicky Varick, who had never come any near to real trouble than financial difficulties resulting from his own acts, was looking down at the blue slipper with a queer expression on his face. Death might be right at his elbow, behind that steel door.

Another jagged flash with its crashing reverberations made them jump nervously. Rain came in a downpour. The man who had been sent to look for Jessamy returned. Miss Landon was not to be found. The door of the study, next to her room, was ajar, and looking in he had noticed the drawer of the big table standing open. In the drawer he had noticed a box of cartridges, but no gun.

"Uncle Nick's revolver!" They stirred and looked at each other. Nicky was kneeling by the safe, his ear against the door.

"Listen!" he cried excitedly. "Be still, everybody!"

Through the massive steel door came the faintest hint of far-off sound.

Tap-tap-tap-tap-tap.

"She's there! Here, give me something—"

He seized a bronze paper weight from a table and hurried back to play a sharp, metallic rataplan on the door. It had a definite rhythm, like the beat of a drum. Rat-tat-tat-lat! Rat-tat-tat-lat!

The answer came faintly, but in the same rhythm. Somebody laughed hysterically. She was there, and still alive.

Men were coming in from outside, shaking the rain from their hunched shoulders. The foremost was Grant, the spruce young chauffeur, in shirt and trousers and wet tumbled hair.

"He's got us cold!" he exploded angrily. "The spark plugs are all gone, even the extras in the supply closet. He knew the ropes all right. Hollis' wife says she heard a car going down the back road. Lemme have that telephone and I'll rout out every police department in the county before the storm cuts us off."

But Jennison had the telephone and was putting in long distance calls, one after another, with entreaties for haste. He was paging various hotels where Dick might possibly stay. The next was a telegram: "Send it to every train that has left for the West since this afternoon. To Richard Bradshaw stop Miss Landon locked in safe by burglar stop wire combination at once stop life and death stop burglar Jordan stop escaped stop signed Jennison."

He put down the telephone and shook his head at the impatient Grant.

"I must get Mr. Bradshaw first, even if that—that man gets away. Nobody else knows the combination, and it's—" He stopped, and his grey old face twitched. He was genuinely devoted to the girl who had watched with him beside Nicholas Varick's death bed. "It's alright in there," he ended shakily. "We may be too late."

Again that uneasy silence came. The telephone cut into it shrilly. Jennison picked it up again.

"Hello. Yes, Mr. Richard Bradshaw, please."

There was an aching pause. Then a girl's perfunctory voice came back. "I'm sorry. There's no Mr. Bradshaw registered here."

Jennison put the telephone back with a shaking hand.

"Suppose I try to get Pink Gaines," Nicky suggested. "He'll find him if anybody can."

He started towards the telephone, but his mother interrupted with a small horrified scream. "No, Nicky! Don't go near the telephone in this storm! It's dangerous!"

There was a distinctly hostile stir. Even Oliver looked faintly contemptuous. Nicky did not answer. His face turned a dull red and he went on doggedly, but Jennison's hand was on the telephone again, and he kept it there. There was a dignity about Jennison that brought a flush to Claire's cheeks, unbecomingly pallid without their usual make-up.

"If you will let me have the address, Mr. Nicholas, I will call Mr. Gaines."

The call went in. They waited again while minutes dragged.

The telephone rang again.

"Yes, calling New York. . . Mr. Gaines? This is Jennison. Mr. Bradshaw's butler. Do you know where I can locate Mr. Bradshaw? Has he started west yet? It's very urgent."

No, Pink had not seen Dick since dinner, but he would try to locate him. Did Jennison say it was urgent?

Jennison's voice was high with anxiety and haste. "It's more than urgent, sir. It's desperate. Miss Jessamy Landon has been locked in the library safe by a burglar. It's an airtight vault, and there isn't a minute to lose. Please tell him to phone the combination at once. Sir? A burglar, a man named Jordan. Yes, Jordan! Tell him—Hello! Hello! 'Hello!'"

He waited a moment and tried feverishly to get the operator again, but there was no response. A blinding flash came, with a spitting crack of sound and a deafening crash which piled and tumbled around them, and rolled along down the sky. All of the lights went out. The storm had cut Lynnewood off from the rest of the world.

FLUNG headlong into the narrow vault, Jessamy had dropped stunned to the floor. Consciousness struggled back, and with it horror. Her first impulse was to scream for help, but her voice beat back at her from the steel walls. Those walls had become a menace, crowding in upon her. She could touch them on both sides with her reaching hands, unseen in a thick, black darkness. A stifling darkness.

She struggled dizzily to her feet, vaguely noticing that one of her slippers had come off. She was bruised and sore from the fall and from Jordan's hard grip, but she scarcely realised it. There was a light switch near the door, and her fingers found it, fumbling and shaking in spite of her efforts at control. She must not lose her head, or her courage. She had read that people in such straits as this sometimes died of sheer fright.

The light snapped on. Jessamy gave a sigh of relief as the white glare flooded her tiny prison. It steadied her, but the insistent terror crept back.

Who would know that she was here? It might be morning before she was missed, in spite of the revolver shot, perhaps days before she was found. Why should they suspect that she was in the safe? This place—this steel coffin? And so narrow, so little! But she must not let it get her like this. She tried to remember things she had read about the amount of

air necessary to support life, but madness lay that way also. Resolutely she turned her mind to other things. Where was her slipper? Here? Outside? Someone might find it.

Jennison must be out there now, and the others also. . . There ought to be a pair of heavy shears in that steel drawer. She found them and beat on the door with the handle. It gave back a furious clatter in her own ears, but she knew how thick and nearly sound-proof that door was.

She dropped her arm and listened, but heard nothing. She beat again, frantically this time, and stopped once more, to give a sob of relief as a rhythmic "Rat-tat-tat-tat! Rat-tat-tat-tat!" came back to her. She answered it eagerly and curled down by the door, as close as possible to blessed rescue.

They seemed to take a long time. The air was heavy, the cramping steel walls seemed to come closer. Where was Jennison? She had thought that he knew the combination as well as she. Mr. Varick had trusted him so.

Horror came again. There was no one out there who knew. Dick had changed the combination. She herself had suggested it, the first night that he had been here. And Dick was miles away, speeding through the night in a sleeper, all unwitting, on his way west.

Another frantic pounding on the door, but her strength went so soon. The air was getting heavier. She began to be drowsy, and roused herself hurriedly. She must not give way. But it was horrible to die like this. Trapped—suffocated!

IN the library outside they waited. Candles had been brought, casting eerie flickers of light. No one thought of sleep. Grant had saddled Quicksilver, the fastest horse in the stables, and was riding headlong to the village, to telephone if he could and at least to rouse out a garage keeper for spark plugs, but even Grant had little hope of success.

The storm was abating but the lights were still off, and so was the telephone service. Some of them talked in low tones, and dropped again into lull silences. They spoke of safe experts, but there was no expert short of the city, and even with telephones in order none could be reached before offices opened the next morning.

Someone else started to estimate the air space in the safe, and stopped nervously. Lella sat very still, with lowered lids hiding unnaturally brilliant eyes. Jessamy Landon was locked in there. She would die, but Dick would get over that. There would no longer be between them that maddening knowledge that he was in love with another girl.

Over by the safe Nicky and Jennison were taking turns listening and tapping back little messages. It was futile, but it might help her. Nicky was there now, with his ear against the door. He looked up queerly. There was a hushed sound to his voice.

"She hasn't answered for five minutes."

Pinkney Gaines had come in shortly after midnight and was sound asleep when Jennison's call came. He reached sleepily for the receiver and was instantly wide awake.

"No, I haven't seen him since dinner, but I'll try to get him if he's still in town. Is it urgent?"

The voice at the other end of the line thinned and shook with agitation. Pink's eyes widened, suddenly intent. "What's that? Who? Hello! Hello!"

He said something brief and pungent as he was cut off, and tried to get the connection again. Precious seconds fled by. A voice came presently.

"Lynnewood Manor doesn't answer."

Lynnewood Manor was the village, where the local exchange would be. Pink fumed silently. "Try again," he urged. "I've got to get them."

There was another pause, and again that exasperating refrain. "Lynnewood Manor doesn't answer." The voice added an explanation. "There's a storm up that way. The wires must be down."

He hung up, frowning, reached for his clothes with one hand and then took the receiver off again. The storm was breaking over the city now, but not so heavily, and Pink had no trouble with his local calls. He knew where Dick was staying, at a much smaller hotel than the one he had formerly frequented. He put in a call and the answer came promptly.

"Mr. Bradshaw checked out not more than fifteen minutes ago."

Pink muttered the pungent comment again. He called the boy who did night duty at the switchboard of his own modest hotel.

"Tommy, look after some calls for me, will you? You know my friend Mr. Bradshaw, don't you? He's starting west. If he hasn't caught his train already, and I want to head him off. Call up both terminals and have 'em paged for him. Have him call me up right away, no matter how many trains he loses. Get it?"

"Okay, Mr. Gaines."

"Good. Now get me this one."

He gave a number and presently was addressing a sleepy voice at the other end as Bill. There was a surprising change in the amiable Pink. His good-natured mouth had thinned to a straight line, and he gave crisp orders.

"That you, Bill? Wake up and get this. Stacy Jordan was caught looting Bradshaw's safe at Lynnewood to-night, but he escaped. Don't know in which direction, because I was cut off. Have Jordan's hangouts watched and get in touch with Powell and Canby. The wires around Lynnewood seem to be down, but you can warn State and local police along all roads running out from there. He probably has a good start. Watch airports and outgoing steamships—I think he'll try for a long hop. I'll hit the road to Lynnewood, but I've got to locate Bradshaw first. Jordan locked a girl in the safe before he lit out, and Bradshaw is the only one who knows the combination. . . . Right! Get going!"

Again he called the obliging youth at the switchboard.

"Yesir, I got both terminals and they're being paged, but there won't be a western express out of either of them before morning."

"Thanks, Tommy." Pink hung up, frowning. It was queer that Dick should have left his hotel when he did. He was to have started either earlier or not until the next morning, according to how long he was delayed winding up certain business details.

Well, that was out. Pink was thinking fast, his mind scanning possibilities. He'd get a safe expert—he'd get a burglar if he had to, but somebody must get started for Lynnewood without further loss of time. He started for the telephone again, but a tattoo on the door checked him and he hurried to open it. Dick stood there, suitcase in hand.

"I dropped in to kill a few hours in your lobby," he announced, "and the kid at the switchboard told me that you'd been telephoning all over to locate me. Anything special? I'm not leaving until morning."

but I checked out earlier to catch the 1.55 that lets off passengers for Lynnewood, and then found that they'd changed the timetable and I'd missed it. It was a crazy idea, but I've had the queerest hunch that I ought to go back there." He moved his shoulders irritably and started to put his suitcase down. "I've got it yet, too. I wish I'd caught that train. When I get hunches as strong as that I like to play them . . . What's wrong?"

"Everything!" Pink was finishing his dressing at top speed. "You're going to Lynnewood and I'm going with you. Listen to this: I've got to talk fast."

Dick listened. His face paled slowly, and fine beads stood out on his forehead.

"She was calling me," he said simply. "And I almost failed her. Come on."

Pink stopped only to reach for hat and raincoat and raced after him to the street. A taxi would not answer their urgent needs to-night, but Dick hailed one and gave the driver brief orders to take them to the nearest all-night garage and drive fast. There would be no more trains to Lynnewood before morning, and to-day Dick had not driven down. They must have a car.

AT the garage the man in charge looked dubiously at these two who wanted a fast car in a hurry. This might get him into trouble, not only with his employer, but with the police, and at best it was no right to let one of their best cars out for a hard run. He haggled exasperatingly.

Time was flying. Even a minute more or less might mean the difference between life and death. Dick was beginning to look dangerous. There was a stir outside and a mud-spattered car rolled in. It was a long, efficient-looking car of the roadster type, low-slung and powerful.

At the wheel was a heavy-faced young man who evidently had been making a night of it. Dick was beside him in two steps.

"I need a car in a hurry. It's a matter of life and death. Will you let me take this one on my guarantee to replace it in cash if any damage is done?"

The young man waved him aside with a languid hand. "Think up a better one, buddy. This car's been out all night, and it's tired."

He grinned facetiously, and then looked slightly nervous under a hard stare, and shot an uneasy glance at the attendant. Two men in a suspicious hurry at three a.m. might easily get nasty about it.

"I'll buy it."

"Er—it isn't for sale. This is an imported car, brand new, and it cost me eight thousand dollars."

"I'll give you sixteen. My name is Richard Bradshaw."

The young man's jaw dropped. So this was Bradshaw, the spending fool. The Varick heir had been pointed out to him a few months before, and his eyes bulged now in belated recognition.

"Say, you are Bradshaw! Well, I'd hate to refuse sixteen grand. Money's money!"

"Name!" Dick snapped, and out of a fast melting bank balance wrote a check for sixteen thousand dollars. It was a fast car, and he must get to Jessamy. He jerked his head toward the garage attendant.

"Fill her up! Step on it!"

The attendant stepped on it, going into action with efficient speed. In a miraculously short time they shot out of the garage into glistening wet streets.

They were off in pouring rain, splashing and speeding through miles of deserted streets, past scattering and unlovely

suburbs, roaring through fashionable real estate developments, over a rain-slick highway, with every second a chance of skidding and death.

Near Lynnewood Manor a motor-cycle policeman tried to halt them, but the heavy car swung past him with a scant two inches to spare, barely missed a skid and roared on with no more than a second's delay. The grey light had shown the uniform of a State trooper; they heard the stutter of his engine, and another angry roar as he took after him. Dick's lips tightened; the speedometer needle quivered and swung. This was a racing car.

Lynnewood Manor dropped behind them. They took the last mile of the familiar road and were through the Lynnewood gates, and the woods went by in a blur. Dawn had come as they burst out of them and lurched around the last curve of the drive. Dick's own roadster, caked with mud, was just ahead of them, and Grant was hovering near. He sprang forward and jerked open the door.

"I've got a doctor and a pulmotor ready."

Dick nodded and bolted into the house, running.

In the library a motley group still lingered, clad in hastily snatched garments and greyly pallid after their long vigil. They watched him as he came, a haggard, mud-splashed figure, but he scarcely saw them, not even Lella's quick movement toward him, hastily checked as he strode by. He made straight for the steel door and bent over the dial that held the secret of life and death. No one spoke to him. No one dared to speak.

The door jerked open. They saw him bend and gather up a limp figure from the floor. Then he was out and past them again, carrying her in his arms, with her still face and trailing blue draperies and the tumbled mop of Roman gold hair, out toward the window which Jennison had thrown open, and where Nicky and Pink were hastily dragging a divan. Cool morning air came in. He laid her down gently, and the doctor took his place. There was not a movement, not a stir.

"Doctor, she isn't—"

"She's breathing. Just breathing."

Probably won't need the pulmotor."

They waited, scarcely breathing themselves.

A fresh wind had sprung up, sweet and life-giving. The doctor was working over her. Presently a healthier tinge began stealing back to her cheeks. He straightened up with a satisfied nod.

There came the suspicion of a sigh, and her eyelids drifted languidly open. Dick was beside her.

"Jessamy!" he whispered. "Jessamy!"

"Dick! I knew you'd—come back."

Before them all he bent and kissed her, forgetting their existence, forgetting Lella, forgetting everything except that she would live and that he loved her.

The moment of madness passed. There were hard facts to be faced. Jessamy lay quiet, with lowered lids and a faintly heightened color. Dick spoke jerkily to the doctor and moved away to join Pink, who was bridging an awkward moment by talking with a mud-spattered State trooper who had just come in. Jennison had already marshalled his all too interested staff off to their various duties.

Lella turned a chilly shoulder toward the others, her small mouth hard with resentment, none the less deadly because she could say nothing without facing the plain fact that the man she was to marry had never pretended to love her. He did not look at her now, but went over to the State trooper.

"Sorry I had to tear past you like that."

"It's all right. I got the idea as soon as you made for the gates here."

"Glad you followed. I'm getting everybody's statement about this business and you'll probably want to hear them too."

"The local authorities," said Oliver stiffly, "have already been here. They left half an hour ago."

The trooper said "Yeah," dispassionately, and looked at Oliver. "We know who we're after, but I'll stick around. Might pick up something."

Dick had rung for Jennison. He swept his eyes over the others.

"Now I want to hear just what happened last night."

They did not care for the curt tone, but they told him, chiefly Nicky and Oliver, with occasional interruptions from Claire. Lella was silent and aloof. Jennison came and added his statement. It was an open and shut case, as far as it went. Jordan had been recognised and had escaped by the back road, but the trail ended where it began. The stolen spark plugs had held up pursuit and the storm had washed away all tracks and isolated Lynnewood from the outside world. Pink Gaines stood by, unobtrusively interested.

The doctor had joined them.

"Miss Landon can make a statement now, if you need it."

Jessamy was sitting up, looking a little wan but composed. She gave her statement in a steady voice, not meeting Dick's eyes.

The safe door still stood open. Dick turned without a word and went in. He was out again in less than a minute, and under his tan he looked a little pale.

"I had a hundred thousand in government bonds there. They're gone."

An electric tingle went through those who listened. A pale gleam came into Oliver's eyes, but it vanished quickly as he saw Pink Gaines looking at him.

"I'm dead sorry," he said hastily. "It's an outrage, but I'm caught, too. I had seventy thousand in Jordan's hands."

Oliver did not add that the seventy thousand was to have been his share of the timber land deal, and a second later he wished with sharp annoyance that he had not mentioned it at all. That had been a slip. Nicky was staring at him, frankly incredulous, but a second later another startling idea had switched his thoughts away from Oliver.

"See here, Dick, didn't you buy a lot of timber land or something from Jordan? If he's a crook he's probably trimmed you plenty on that."

There was a moment of silence. Dick nodded briefly, and his mouth thinned in a smile which admitted disaster and made the best of it.

"DICK, I want to talk to you."

Lella's voice had a brittle quality which suggested temper only half repressed, and Dick turned to her with a weary politeness. It was the first moment that they had been alone since the crowded events of the early morning.

"I know," he said patiently. "It was inexcusable. I apologise."

The quick movement of her head showed anger. Lella had meant to ignore that humiliating episode.

"I wasn't referring to your behaviour, although it was abominable. I was so shocked and—hurt. I couldn't forgive it at all if I weren't so anxious for you."

"I'm sorry, Lella. That's all that I can say."

It was not a lover's apology, but fear for a rosy future was greater than smarting pride. She came closer and laid her hand on his arm, that small hand that looked so soft, yet never let go.

"I'm going to forget it, Dick. I know you weren't yourself. But that land matter—is it so very bad? Did Jordan get much from you?"

"I paid him three hundred and fifty thousand for the tract."

"Three hundred and fifty thousand!" She stared at him incredulously. "For land you had never seen?"

"It seemed a good thing." Again he spoke patiently, as one who reasons with a refractory child. "Oliver" wanted it himself.

"Oliver!" Fury and scorn nearly choked her. How could he be such an incredible fool? Oliver! So that was what Oliver had been up to all these months, while he had idled around Lynnewood with the complacency of a well-fed cat.

"What are you going to do about it?" she demanded.

His face hardened. "For one thing, I'm going to get Jordan. That should mean getting back the hundred thousand, unless he has hidden it. And I hope that I can salvage something from the tract."

"Of course. You must sell it right away, before this is known."

He looked at her oddly. "Just what do you mean? Sell it to someone else the way Jordan sold it to me? As timber land?"

"Why—yes, you might as well." Her eyes wavered under his steady regard.

Was he going to be ridiculous about this, as he had been in expecting Nicky to acknowledge that awful Lois La Roche? "You can't let yourself be ruined. Other people can take the same chances that you did. You could sell it for much less, and if they made a fuss you could fix it up with them later when you have plenty of money."

SHE finished triumphantly, feeling that she had saved a difficult situation, but the steady eyes were still watching her.

"It's out of the question, Leila. Jordan deliberately swindled me. He sold me a stretch of burned-over land as a valuable timber tract, and if I did the same thing to somebody else I should be as big a crook as he is."

"You don't need to be horrid about it—I'm not asking you to be a crook. But there's no necessity for you to lose everything!"

She argued, defensively and excitedly. Why did he have to be so ridiculously impractical? Nobody else was. Of course she didn't mean doing anything that was illegal and would put him in prison—that would be stupid, but there ought to be something that he could do to get such a property off his hands. She coaxed and cajoled, she lost her temper, only to beat helplessly against a wall of patient determination.

"I'm not refusing to sell, and I'll get something out of the Harvey tract yet, but when I do it will have to stand on its own merits. I won't sell waste land for timber or anything else that I can't deliver. Don't worry, it will come out all right."

He laid a reassuring hand on her arm, but it was more a brotherly pat than a lover's caress. Leila pulled angrily away from him.

"I think you're insane!" She gave him a last blazing look of fury and reproach and went swiftly out of the room.

The days slipped by. Jessamy was quickly herself again, or at least she

was at her desk as usual. Dick returned after his unexplained absence, but she saw little of him. Both of them shunned chance meetings, but there was a bond between them now, and neither of them dared speak of it. It was not merely that Dick had saved her life. The truth lay deeper than that. It was a strong current running beneath the surface of their lives; any day it might catch them and whirl them along. And Dick was still engaged to Leila Varick.

Life at Lynnewood was changed in many ways. There was no house guests and there was no entertaining. People came, of course, some of them genuinely friendly, others concealing or half-concealing a lively curiosity and usually asking for Claire or Leila, but in the main the social life at Lynnewood had shut down abruptly. This was a new atmosphere, charged with nervous expectancy. No one knew how Dick stood financially, and he kept his own counsel.

Oliver breathed freely again as the days passed with no word of Jordan nor any hint of suspicion or reproach from Dick. Nor, incidentally, had there been any mention of the Maricopa fives. It looked as though Dick had not yet discovered that particular swindle. Oliver magnanimously blamed himself as an innocent cause in giving Jordan his opportunity.

"I feel badly about this, Dick. I was the one to introduce Jordan to you. Of course, I couldn't help myself. He practically invited himself to join us that day. And I'm a loser, too, although it's nothing to the way he let you down."

"I'm not blaming anyone but myself. I ought to have gone out there and looked the place over. But I'll weather it somehow."

His cheerfulness was not convincing. Oliver swallowed a malicious grin. He could hazard a fairly good guess about the way Dick was going to weather this storm. It was more than a storm. It was a tidal wave.

The news of the Lynnewood robbery was a sensation in itself, but it was nothing to the storm of gossip and conjecture which broke a day or two later, when it became known that Dick Bradshaw had not only been robbed by the absconding broker, but had been badly stung by him in a land deal involving several hundred thousand dollars.

The whole affair was so inconceivably reckless that it robbed its victim of the sympathy that he might otherwise have received. It was foolish enough to have bought three hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of land from photographs—that in itself was the act of a lunatic—but that a man in Bradshaw's peculiar position under Nick Varick's will should throw that much money away without even looking in the direction in which it went was beyond all condoning.

Ridicule followed on the heels of criticism. Some shook their heads, others jeered openly, and there were many to announce that they had known it all along. Bradshaw had been a muddle-headed fool from the first. He didn't deserve to keep his money.

The pack was in full cry.

Dick was obviously economising. The news filtered through that he had sold three of his costly cars. Some said four. One of them was the fast roadster that he had bought at such an insane price on the night when he had raced to save the Landon girl.

Not everybody lacked charity, or at least regret, in judging the young man who had spent his million so gaily. If there were many who jeered and condemned, there were others who were genuinely concerned.

The usually indifferent Jim Cushing was one of these; so was Joan Selby, who was risibly vocal in her opinion of those who had helped to fleece him.

Above all there was Jessamy, watching over him now with unspoken yearning, listening anxiously for every scrap of rumor and hurrying to finish her work.

Another staunch friend was Pink Gaines. Pink had openly offered to bet a month's salary and commissions that Dick Bradshaw would yet pull through, and at The Ledges his tottering fortunes were the subject of hot championship and worried conjecture. The younger Van Derings implored their father to take a hand.

That afternoon the judge drove over to Lynnewood and asked for Miss Landon. Jennison showed him up to the study.

Jessamy looked faintly surprised as she came in, but apparently he was on no particular errand except a friendly call. He made himself comfortable in a big chair, and presently drew a letter from his pocket. It was postmarked Tennessee.

"You probably became quite familiar with Mr. Varick's affairs while you were with him. I thought you might be interested in this."

He handed the letter to her. She looked at him questioningly, unfolded it slowly and read.

There was alarm in her suddenly raised glance, and then she dropped her eyes again and read on. Her face flushed and paled.

The judge was carefully polishing his glasses. "I take it that Dick does not know of this?"

"No, I couldn't tell him." She drew the letter nervously through her fingers, and looked back at him in sudden entreaty. "You won't, will you? Please don't. I meant to, some time, but I couldn't, just yet. I'm afraid he'd—oh, you know what he would do!"

The contemplative eyes were very kind.

"You may rest assured that I shall not tell him." He pushed back the letter that she had thrust toward him. "Keep it, my dear. You see I am leaving my evidence with you. Do with it as you like."

BILLS! BILLS!

There was a formidable pile of them in front of Dick as he sat at the big Winthrop desk in his own room. On one side was Jennison's statement of all wages and household expenses, estimated up to the nineteenth, when he must render his account to Spencer. A cheque and some banknotes were arranged neatly on top of that. These cleared out his last dollar in the bank, but there must not be a penny owing to servants or other employees on that day.

In front of him were other bills coming in rapidly as the news of his financial troubles spread. Some of them were for things he had not even heard of, much less bought himself. There were itemised bills from a well-known furrier and one of the smarter dress shops, for wraps and gowns and lounging robes which Claire had bought for herself and Leila and had charged to her future son-in-law. Another bill was for an extravagant list of accessories, something, apparently, to match anything that either of the Varicks might ever wear. He remembered that weeks ago Claire had made some vague request about "using his name" at a new shop, and he had agreed. Her diplomatic phrasing had made it sound like nothing more serious than a financial reference. And this was the way she had used it! There seemed to be no limit to ever-reaching greed.

He leafed the next ones over rapidly. Jewels, costly gold or platinum trinkets long

bills from florists, other bills from a big hotel and two smart restaurants where the Varicks had permission to sign his name. Evidently they had made full use of the privilege. He jotted down the totals one by one, sardonically amused by the trick they had played on him. What did a few extra drops amount to in a flood? When it was finished he sat back and surveyed the result.

Broke!

He had a few bills and some silver in his pocket and he was just one hundred and twenty thousand dollars and odd cents in debt. Out of the million dollars that Nicholas Varick had given him there remained only his clothes, one car, and a charred stretch of mountainside over which people were cackling in derisive mirth.

Lying beside the pile of bills was a plain envelope. He had found it in his overcoat pocket the night before, and it held ten one thousand dollar bills. There was no name, only a typewritten slip.

"It is not a loan. It is yours."

Ten thousand dollars was precisely the amount which Jessamy was to receive from the estate when her work was finished. And he had seen her reading the last of the proof several days ago.

Ten thousand! One clear little drop in a turbid river, a gallant corporal's guard against an oncoming horde. He patted the envelope gently and put it in an inner pocket of his coat. Then he gathered papers and bills together. There was work to be done, and the sooner he faced it the sooner it would be over. He was confronted by the least heartening task to which a man can be reduced, the business of appealing for money, big money, when he is down and out.

He found Oliver lounging in the library downstairs, looking very much at ease. Oliver listened politely, but his eyelids drooped over a betraying flicker of interest.

"My dear fellow, where would I get a hundred and twenty thousand dollars? I told you that Jordan had fleeced me, too."

Oliver was civil, but less urbane than usual, for the time was rapidly approaching when this young man would no longer count in his neat plan of existence. He was almost a cipher now, for at last Oliver knew his exact financial position. A hundred and twenty thousand in debt! What a fool!

"I thought you might be able to raise something in an emergency, and I'd see that you didn't lose it. I give you my word for that. You own some property upstate, don't you?"

Oliver frowned. The upstate property was his only legitimate source of income, a tumble-down tenement in a manufacturing city, from which he squeezed the maximum of rent with the minimum of repairs. He had not guessed that Dick knew anything about it.

"Yes, but it's mortgaged to the limit. I haven't ten thousand dollars in equity in it. Besides, what good would it do you, even if I could raise such a preposterous sum? You can't borrow of me or anyone else without being in debt, and then you'd lose out anyway."

The hard edge of assurance had sharpened Oliver's voice. Already he was feeling himself the man of wealth and affairs, important in the world and impatient of visionary fools.

"I wasn't thinking of borrowing." Of course it would have to be arranged some other way, but I still have the Harvey tract and I could offer you a half interest in that."

"The Harvey tract!" Oliver stared at him, half suspicious of a hidden meaning, but his drawing voice carried a sneer.

"Yes," Dick persisted doggedly. "I know you think it's ridiculous, but I'm going to get my money back from that place. I can't do it in five days, but I'm going over it for mineral possibilities, and where trees once grew they'll grow again. With proper reforestation, there ought to be a growth there in ten or fifteen years—"

"Ten or fifteen years!" The sneer was open now. "You are an optimist, aren't you? How long do you suppose I'd want my money sunk in a crazy scheme like that?"

"You wouldn't have to keep it there," Dick held his voice even. "I'd buy it back at double the price, any time you wanted to sell. I know I'm asking you to do something to put me on my feet when my failure would make it possible for you to inherit several million dollars. But I give you my word that if you help me now you will never regret it."

"Sorry," said Oliver curtly, "but it's absolutely impossible."

He sauntered off without a word of real regret or a question as to the future of the man he had helped to ruin. Dick looked after him reflectively. That was what happened to a man when he was down.

HALF an hour later he sought out Claire and patiently explained his position as he had explained it to Oliver. Then he asked, rather deprecatingly, for her help. Claire's eyes widened as she heard the extent of his indebtedness, and her ringed hands fluttered about excitedly.

"But Dick!" she protested, almost before he had finished. "I haven't such a sum."

"I thought you might raise something on your town house," he suggested mildly. "The one that had the forty thousand dollar mortgage. And there are some securities that you spoke of when I first came here. If you could take out a note or two and use them as collateral, it would see me through. It would be only temporary, you know. I'd buy back your interest in the tract any time you wished."

"The idea of asking me to buy that Harvey tract when you know it's no good!" She became indignant and tearful. "I think it's dreadful of you to expect it of me. I can't afford it. I have my children to think of."

"I would see that none of you ever regretted it."

He looked at her rather fixedly, and an unbecoming red crept up over the lovelier fixed bloom. For the past year this young man had supported her and her children in luxury. He had been generous beyond all need. He had paid fifty thousand dollars to buy off the girl her son had married, he had given them lavish gifts, made endless "loans" to Nicky and presented her outright with a cheque for forty thousand dollars to discharge the mortgage on the very house that he asked her to pledge now—and she had spent the forty thousand. Even the dress she wore was one of those that she had charged to him, because her own credit was worn so thin again.

Dick started down the hall to tap on Lella's door, thought he heard a buzz of voices and went downstairs to the library instead, whistling an aimless little tune. He rang for Jennison.

"Please see if Miss Varick is in. If she's not busy I'd like to see her here."

"Very well, sir."

Dick grinned affectionately at the stiff, retreating back. Jennison knew the use

of house telephones as well as he did, but Jennison probably guessed the reason for this formality only too readily. What Lella might glibly refuse over the telephone she would be more cautious about before Jennison. He waited for her, walking slowly up and down the room. He had not seen much of Lella lately.

She kept him waiting for twenty minutes, and when she came he knew that Claire had prepared her for what might happen. She was brightly hard, with a touch of defiance. For days Lella had lived in an infuriating uncertainty, and now her mother's excited story had confirmed her worst fears. Dick had let himself be ruined. A simpleton and a pauper.

"Well?" she asked coldly.

"Your mother has told you how I stand?"

"Yes. It's difficult to comprehend how any man in his senses could ever let such a thing happen."

"I'm just as sorry as you can possibly be, Lella."

"I daresay." She vented smarting disappointment in sharpness. "However, you've let them dupe you, and it's done."

"It's not quite done. I still have five days, and if I can raise a hundred and twenty thousand I can pull through."

"Then why don't you?"

"I can if you will help me, Lella. That's why I wanted to see you, to appeal to you for that. It's your future as well as mine that's at stake. I thought—"

"And where would I get a hundred and twenty thousand dollars?" she demanded.

"Don't be ridiculous."

"There are the diamonds," he suggested diffidently. "And the big emeralds. Taken together they are worth much more than I have to raise, and I could redeem them for you in a week. It's only to tide me over this bad spot. Of course I can't take anything as a loan, but I could make over to you a half interest in the Harvey tract—"

"The Harvey tract!" She flung it back at him with biting scorn. "What a delightful suggestion! You were too high minded to sell it to anybody else when I begged you to, but now you want to sell it to me—to me!" Her voice rose to a high hard key, and he flushed.

"You know that I wouldn't let you lose by it, Lella. Do you think it's easy for a man to ask the girl he is to marry to pledge her jewellery for him?"

"I should hope it wouldn't be!" She shrugged an angry shoulder. "And do you think that I'd be insane enough to agree to such a thing? To throw my—to send that much more money after the million you didn't have brains enough to keep?"

Above the crash of her hopes she heard herself raging at him. Violent emotions were tearing at Lella. She wanted her to risk her diamonds for him, her beautiful diamonds! Suppose there should be more debts, and the sacrifice should be for nothing? Suppose she never got them back? She had loved him, furiously and achingly, and where had it got her? To the privilege of facing ridicule and failure with him, and the hazard of her most precious possessions . . . And of course if he lost she would get her own legal share of the forfeited estate. Four or five millions, perhaps even six. Did he think she was going to share that with a bankrupt husband?

"Marry you!" she stormed. "Do you think I would marry a fool—a fool? The man everybody in town is laughing at—a poor simpleton who let himself be duped by the first common trickster who came along?"

She was twisting his ring from her finger. "Take it!" she said passionately. "And when you go from this place I never want to see you again!"

She gave it a scornful toss toward the table, and it clicked against the edge and flashed on down. He let it lie there. He had taken the storm quietly and without any visible sign of emotion, and now he merely inclined his head.

"If I have failed you in any way I am sorry. Good-bye, Lella. I probably shan't see you until the nineteenth."

"That will be entirely satisfactory to me," she said frigidly, and left him.

He was free. A fool and a failure! Lella had not spared him.

But she had not mentioned returning his gifts to him—those gifts which would comfortably clear his inheritance. He smiled wryly as he looked down at the ring, gleaming brightly at his feet, picked it up and tossed it negligently into a drawer. He was whistling the aimless little tune again as he went out to the garage.

Nicky was there, loitering idly around his own car. Nicky had avoided him of late. He stayed in town a great deal, and even when he was at Lynnewood he seldom lingered for more than a few minutes in the same room with his host. Cornered now, he mumbled a greeting and brushed himself uselessly with one of the numerous gadgets on his car. Dick leaned against the wall nearby, lit a cigarette and nodded to Jim Grant, who promptly disappeared.

"Well, Nick, I suppose you know I'm up against it?"

"Yes." Nicky avoided meeting his eye. "I've heard about it. Too bad."

"Bad for me, yes. But I'm doing my best to raise the money in time. I thought perhaps—"

"No use asking me. I'm always busted." Nicky grew red and sulky. He raised his head defiantly from a car that did not need inspecting.

"What's the use in coming to any of us?" he demanded. "You know how things stand as well as I do. If you win we lose and if you lose we win. You've been mighty decent to us and we've been rotten from start to finish, but it's a good deal to expect that we'd throw away our last chance of getting what we've been waiting for all our lives. That's all there is to it, and there's no use pretending that it's anything else."

Nicky had at least been candid. Dick straightened up, smiling a little one-sidedly.

"I suppose that's about it," he admitted. "I haven't much right to kick; I've done this with my eyes open. Much obliged, Nick."

He walked away, whistling the aimless little tune again.

"ARE these people the only relatives that Mr. Varick left?" Dick put the question abruptly. It was late in the evening of the day when he made his fruitless rounds for help and he had been going over some final details of the estate with Spencer, who frequently came to Lynnewood to see his client. They had been comfortable and undisturbed, as all of the Varick relations had hurriedly decided that they would find it more agreeable to dine to-night in town.

"You're not hunting for any more, are you? I should think that you might have found the supply on hand sufficient. Spencer looked up with a dry smile. "No, they are all here. The family seems to have

pretty well died out. There was Tom Varick, but he is dead too."

"A brother?"

"No, a cousin, much younger than Nick. I always liked Tom. An odd chap, but lovable. I think Nick was fond of him too, in his own way. But they had a bad quarrel—oh, twenty-odd years ago, and Tom flung off, thoroughly angry for once, and left this part of the country for good. The quarrel was over money, of course. Tom was clever but visionary. No genius for making money stick to his fingers, the way Nick had. But he had this scheme that he was mighty enthusiastic over, only it took money, like everything else, so he came to Nick and wanted him to back it on a fifty-fifty basis."

Spencer clipped the end of a cigar and lit it thoughtfully.

"I daresay Nick may have been hasty about it. He practically admitted that much to me later. But some other members of the family had worn his patience pretty thin, and his opinion of human nature was getting badly warped, even then. He had plenty of reason for being suspicious of people who came to him with bright plans for using his bank balance."

"When you're supposed to be a gold mine," Dick grinned back at him, "the world does look full of people who want to stake claims on you."

"Precisely." The dry smile came again. "Only in this case he took it out on poor Tom, who was a sensitive sort of chap anyway, and much too proud for his own good. Nick snapped him off and said some nasty things about people who wanted to put over their half-baked schemes at his expense, and Tom flared up and told him where he could go with his money, and cleared out. Later I guess Nick would have patched it up and financed him, but Tom was gone. He'd been cut pretty deep and he was bitter about it and stayed that way, so far as any of us ever knew. He never wrote to Nick or to any of his old friends, and we all lost sight of him. I suppose it didn't make things any better when another fellow stole the kernel out of Tom's scheme and made quite a pile from it."

"I've always thought that Tom did cool off later but stuck it out from that obstinate pride of his, meaning to come back some day when he was rich and didn't have to ask favors. Only Tom never would be rich. He wasn't that kind, and maybe things went badly with him. Anyway, he's dead now. It can't be more than two years ago that Nick received a notice of his death, cut from a newspaper and mailed to him. He brought it to me and told me to have it traced down, but there are a good many newspapers in this country and there was nothing to show from what paper it had come. Even the postmark was blurred. Poor old Tom."

The lawyer rose, a trifle stiffly. His cigar had gone out.

"You see what happens when we get old. We live too much in reminiscence. Good-night, my boy."

Two precious days slipped by, with no sign of any improvement in Dick's fortunes. Four more to go. He stood outside in the quiet of early morning with a black bag beside him, looking out over the park-like reach of grounds that had been his for a year. He was waiting for Grant to bring his one remaining car up from the garage. Jessamy came out and joined him. He had not mentioned the hour of his leaving, but she seemed to know.

"The best of luck!" She had meant to be very bright and offhand about it, but

her voice went suddenly ragged at the end. She could have cried at the sight of his sober face and the tired look in his eyes. The tired look vanished; he took both of her hands.

"If you'll only believe in me, Jessamy, I can meet all the rest."

"I do, Dick, I do! You'll come out of this! Don't let them beat you!"

"Do you want me to come through, Jessamy?"

"With all my heart—"

"Marvellous morning, isn't it?" There was no mistaking the over-smooth voice behind them, with its slightly satiric note. Even now, with success so near, Oliver was keeping a watchful eye on Dick's movements, at considerable inconvenience to his own cat-like comfort. "I hope," he added politely, "that I'm not intruding?"

Long-tried patience snapped. "You are," said Dick briefly. "Good-bye, Jessamy. I'll see you on Thursday, Oliver."

The car had come up. Dick slid into the seat that Grant had vacated and was off, they did not know where.

"Yes, you'll pack your trunk on Thursday!" Oliver muttered it angrily, but Jessamy was near enough to hear him. She turned on him, regardless of Grant, just leaving, and of Jennison, hovering in the background.

"If Dick Bradshaw packs his trunks on Thursday it will be because the people he has supported and loaded with favors have deliberately robbed him."

Before the supercilious lift of Oliver's brows her generous wrath cooled and steadied. She chose a more dangerous weapon, very softly.

"You can go back now and catch up on your sleep, Oliver. There's no need to spy on him any more."

She sent the last over her shoulder, sweetly cool, as she left him. Oliver had taken his reddened ears half-way to the elevator before he realized that this impertinent secretary had not even prefixed a respectful Mister to his name.

THE four precious days dragged by heavily. No one knew what was happening, or if anything was happening at all. The morning of the nineteenth dawned with no word from Dick and no sign of him as the hours fled by. Twelve o'clock noon was the time when he was to turn in his report. Jessamy was quivering with anxiety. Jennison was palpably nervous and kept going in a worried little dog-trot to various doors and windows every time he heard anything that sounded like a car. Henry Spencer telephoned three times to ask if Dick had returned. Nervous tension pervaded the whole place. Reporters came, alert and inquiring, and were sent away, only to make themselves as comfortable as possible for a long wait, just out of sight.

The Varicks and Oliver kept to their rooms. They may have felt the unvoiced hostility about them, and they could not help knowing that they were violating all laws of good taste in remaining here at such a time, but still they stayed, afraid lest some eleventh-hour fiasco should snatch away their coveted prize. Triumph succeeded their uneasiness as the hours went by. It was beginning to look as though Dick had disappeared to save himself the last humiliating scene.

Late in the morning Bebe Van Dering drove over. She asked for Jessamy, ignoring the Varicks, and nodded very coolly to Oliver when she passed him in the hall.

"Is Dick back?" was her first greeting to Jessamy, and she received the silent shake of Jessamy's head with frank alarm.

"Oh, dear, we're awfully worried. Everybody's saying that he's absolutely bankrupt. I know he's been terribly reckless, but he's such a dear, and it certainly does look queer that he should have been swindled and then robbed by a man that Oliver Ennis introduced to him. He did, Pink Gaines told me. Pink won't hear a word against Dick."

She dropped down on a chair, looking very small and disconsolate.

"That old timber swindle was a blow to me, too," she added dolefully. "Pink was to have had a share in it. He and Dick have been friends for ages—didn't you know that? They were in college together. It was awfully generous of Dick, at least he meant it to be, and it seemed such an opportunity for Pink. He's so strong for Dick that he won't even talk about it, except to say that Dick will make something of it yet. Of course Pink likes his work, but it hasn't much future for a soon-to-be-married man, and he wanted to show Dad what good prospects he had. Oh, well, we'll get along."

"I thought it was that way. I'm awfully glad, Bebe."

"He's a sweet old dear." Bebe was elaborately careless, and then looked slightly shamefaced. She was, she admitted, frightfully in love with Pink.

"But all this doesn't help Dick out," she sighed presently. "I'm so worried. And I can't ask Pink for news because he's away, too. He's been doing a lot of mysterious things lately—provoking beast. Let me know the very minute you hear anything, won't you? Lots of people are calling us up about it, and Dad dropped a strong hint that we could telephone the latest news in to his office, and Joan Selky's driving me crazy. . . . Huh!"

This expressive monosyllable was caused by the sight of Nicky, loitering morosely outside.

"HE looks as though he felt cheap, and I don't wonder, when everybody knows that Dick paid fifty thousand to buy him back from that girl." "He did what?"

"He paid . . . oh, darling, didn't you know? Of course there's been a lot of talk about that nasty little squib in 'Smart Chatter,' and it was never denied, but everybody knows that Nicky was simply wild about the girl. Jack says there are some funny rumors running around that she and Nicky were actually married. He says that he knows her and she's a grand kid and as square as they come. . . . His own language, my lamb; don't blame it on me. She's a dancer, Lois somebody, and frightfully pretty. I suppose Claire nearly died at the thought of her being Lois Varick, and Dick came to the rescue and bought her off. . . . Oh, bother, I wish he'd come back! Good-bye, angel. Do tell me if you hear anything."

She was off, leaving a tumult of mixed emotions behind her.

Eleven-thirty came and passed, and Dick had not yet put in an appearance. In a scant half hour he was to make his report and win or lose the rest of his inheritance. Spencer had arrived early and was waiting in the library, looking nervously at his watch at brief intervals. The family joined him, Oliver first, jauntily composed but darting a quick glance around the room as he came. Claire and Leila followed, the latter no longer wearing her rose diamond engagement ring. Finally Nicky appeared, looking gloomy and showing a tendency to fidget from one part of the room to another. The pack had gathered.

Jessamy came also and took her seat

composedly, ignoring the slightly raised eyebrows of surprise at this intrusion, just as she had ignored them a year ago, when Nicholas Varick's will had been read. Quarter before twelve came. Oliver glanced at his watch.

"Mr. Spencer," he said, "there is every indication that Bradshaw does not intend to be present. He is known to be bankrupt. In fact, he told me that he was a hundred and twenty thousand dollars in debt. I therefore move that the remainder of the estate be declared forfeit, as he has failed to meet the requirements of my uncle's will."

"And I," said Jessamy promptly, "protest against taking any action until Mr. Bradshaw is here."

Leila gave her a brief stare.

"The position of secretary seems to carry unusual privileges."

"My right to be heard here is the same as that of any other member of Mr. Varick's family." The clear voice continued with crisp assurance. "My name is Jessamy Landon Varick, and I am the only child of Thomas Varick, who left this part of the country over twenty-four years ago. And I am one of the relations who were in Mr. Varick's house at the time of his death and during his last illness, and am therefore entitled to share equally with the others if Mr. Bradshaw does not meet the conditions of the will."

A small bomb had been dropped among them. They exchanged startled glances. This meant not only that Jessamy had an assured standing from which to fight Dick Bradshaw's battles, but that each one of them would receive less from the estate because they had to share it with her.

"Mr. Varick did not know it," she added steadily, "until the night he died. I knew that he was going and I told him then and gave him my father's last message, because I wanted him to know it, when he could no longer think that I was hovering around him for what I could get from him, as others were."

"How very clever that was—to establish yourself here and be the indispensable secretary. It must have been frightfully disappointing that you didn't have time to accomplish more."

Leila was dangerously sweet about it, but she forgot one thing. No Varick was easily bullied, and this girl was as much a Varick as she was.

"I accomplished everything that I came here to do. My father always told me that if I made myself known to Cousin Nick as a member of his family he would think that I was only one more greedy parasite, wanting to live on his generosity and waiting for him to die. When I was left alone I came on here to ask nothing from him but a job and to earn what he paid me. I did it. And from what I have seen in this house, both before and since his death, I know that his attitude was fully justified."

They took it in frozen silence. Spencer cleared his throat hastily.

"Miss Varick's statement is correct," His use of the new name was a slight shock, but he did not seem aware of it. "I have known it for some time. Judge Van Dering was the first to notice the coincidence of name and resemblance between Miss Jessamy Landon and a Miss Winifred Landon whom he had known when he had visited in Memphis years before. He remembered that Tom Varick, Nicholas Varick's cousin, had been there at the time and had paid considerable attention to Miss Landon, and he wrote to an old friend in Memphis, receiving the reply that Winnie Landon and Tom Varick had eloped, quite romantically, some twenty-

three years ago, but that both of them were now dead, so far as the writer knew. Judge Van Dering considered that as Mr. Varick's executor it was proper that I should look into the situation, which I did, to my entire satisfaction. As to the other matter—he spoke very deliberately, looking at his watch—"Mr. Bradshaw has undertaken to produce his report at noon precisely. It is now five minutes before. We will wait until that hour."

"I'm here, Mr. Spencer. You may go ahead."

Dick stood in the doorway. No one had heard him come nor knew how long he had been in the house, but in his hand he carried the black bag that he had taken away with him, and his eyes travelled slowly over the people assembled there. There was no mistaking the meaning of that waiting group. They were there to hear his futile report and to take their own places in this house. Masks were down and pretence was gone. His mouth tightened, and then his eyes sought Jessamy's. She came toward him quickly, regardless of what anyone else might think.

"I want to speak to you first."

They stepped back into the hall, and the curtain dropped after them.

"Did you hear?" she demanded.

"Yes, I heard." He was looking at her in a queerly grave way, as though debating a problem with himself.

"You know I don't want any of that money at your expense, don't you? Not a penny, if you can possibly save yourself. But if you can't—if it's as hopeless as these people think—I'm going to claim my share from them, every cent of it, and it's yours, Dick. You can start all over—"

And then, as he still looked down at her in that queer way, she reached up and took his dear tired face between her hands, and tried to laugh with a sob choking in her throat.

"Oh, my dear! Have I really got to propose to you?"

"Would you take a fool and a failure, Jessamy?"

"Stop calling names; I won't have it. You suit me, just as you are."

"You're a rash girl, Jessamy." His arms were around her, gathering her to him as his face went down to hers.

"Who cares? We'll be happy and gay, Dick, whether we're rich or poor. I don't care for the old millions, except to see you win. There was only one thing that ever stood between us, and now I know that it never was true."

"Jessamy, you're the sweetest . . . Oh, confound that clock!"

He drew a shaken breath and grinned at her. The clock in the hall was striking twelve, in solemnly measured strokes. He let her go reluctantly, and they looked at each other again and laughed softly, as though there were no such things as trouble and ruin in the world. Then he held the curtain aside for her and they went back into the library.

He pulled up a chair for Jessamy at the long table where Spencer awaited him and took his own place at the end, with the travelling bag beside him. Sitting there at the head of the table he somehow looked more like a judge than a culprit, in spite of hollowed eyes and the stains of hard travel.

He began to speak in a quiet way. He referred to his financial difficulties and the series of catastrophes which had led up to them. His eyes went slowly from one to another as he made a last plea to these people for whom he had done and spent so

much. He spoke of the disastrous land deal, with a considering glance at Oliver. He recounted the story of the stolen government bonds, and of the final blow, the Maricoba fives, which had proved to be counterfeit. A stir came at this; no one but Oliver had known of their existence. He spoke again of the timber tract, the sole remaining asset of the million with which he had started.

"I still believe that I can salvage my money from it, even though that may seem ridiculous to you now. I can't borrow, but I have formed a company and can sell shares of stock, and I am here to make one last appeal that you will help me in that way. You all know what it means to me. I know also what it will mean for you if I fail. But I have never refused you anything that you have asked of me during the year that I have known you, and I am throwing myself on your generosity now. If you will help me, I give you my word of honor that you will never regret it."

Lella looked remote and scornful, Claire's only reply was a delicate uplift of eyebrow. Nicky stayed morosely where he was and kicked at a rug.

"Sorry," said Oliver curtly. "Quite impossible. And I'd advise you to drop the whole business. You'll get in trouble if you try to peddle that stuff."

"Then I will proceed with my report." His voice had taken on a crisper, more incisive note. He took a letter from his pocket.

"You probably know that Mr. Varick sent for me just before he died. When I saw him that day he gave me certain sealed instructions to be read after his death, and exacted from me the promise that I would carry them out to the letter. I will read them to you."

They slid quick glances at one another, a chill of apprehension creeping in on the warmth of their satisfaction. Could it be possible that this was another of Nicholas Varick's sardonic gibes? But Dick was reading:

MY dear Richard: Knowing myself to be near the end, I have a last request to make of you. I wish you to carry out an experiment for me, one more effort to discover if there is any real gratitude in my remarkable family, and how far the vice of cupidity will carry them. When my will is read you will find that I have left you one million dollars and the use of my home, the remainder of my estate to be yours at the end of a year, provided that at that time you are solvent and free from debt. I have, however, these further instructions for you with regard to your relations toward those who would otherwise be my heirs, namely:

1. Deny them nothing that they ask of you, individually or collectively, outside of absolute money settlements in lieu of their lost inheritance, or any action which would be in itself dishonorable.

2. Honor their lightest wishes, however extravagant; be an Aladdin's lamp to them for one year, even though this course may seem to imperil your own inheritance and bring on you ridicule and contempt for your folly.

3. Try to win their affection and goodwill, so far as generosity and flattering attentions can do so. These are the only virtues that they prize.

4. Reduce yourself to poverty, or the appearance of poverty, and at the end throw yourself on their generosity in your straits, remembering always that you must

not be in debt or insolvent on the anniversary of my death.

5. Ask no woman to marry you until at least six months of your year of probation has passed, and do not marry until the year has fully expired. At the end of that time you will have known flattery and ridicule and possibly misfortune, but you will also know your friends.

I am asking much of you. You will be a rich man, courted and envied, flattered and fawned, pandered to and hated. Always the pack will be at your heels, always the cry in your ears will be "Give! Give!" You may lose your faith in mankind, as I have, and you may not. In any case, you have a game to play. It will be a test of your own wits and of whatever sense of honor my interesting family may still possess. Both are essential to the responsibility of wealth. If only one of my relations proves to be a real Varick, as Varicks have been in the past, and is willing to sacrifice his or her self-interest to save you in your extremity, I shall rest content. That one is to receive the same amount from you that he or she would have received on the division of the estate. By way of protecting their legitimate interests I have placed a copy of this letter, with all necessary instructions, in the hands of my executor.

The game is in your hands. I am trusting you to play it for me. May God bless you.

Nicholas Varick.

The voice stopped. The whisper of slowly folded paper sounded loud in the silence.

"Insulting!" It was a mere breath from Lella. Claire touched her handkerchief to her lips with a shaking hand, for once speechless. Oliver shrugged, but his air of indifference scarcely concealed a twitching anxiety. What ghastly business was coming next? Dick was continuing:

"I have followed these instructions to the last detail. You all know that. I have met your lightest wishes, no matter how fantastic they were, nor what the sacrifice might be either in money or my own inclinations. You know how much gratitude and help I have received in return. Except from one."

This was a new Dick Bradshaw, no longer easy and good-natured, but a level-headed accuser and a stern judge. The curt tone softened as he looked down at Jessamy.

"Mr. Spencer, under the provisions of Mr. Varick's will, Miss Jessamy Landon was to receive a legacy of ten thousand dollars upon the completion of her work. That work being finished she received the cheque from you, as executor, five days ago. Am I correct?"

"You are." Spencer's eyes twinkled as Jessamy shot a reproachful look at him.

"On that same day a similar amount, in cash, was placed in my possession anonymously, as a gift. Given the facts, it was not difficult to trace the bills to the bank that paid them, and I am therefore very happy to notify you that in accordance with the terms of this letter and your own instructions from Mr. Varick, Miss Jessamy Landon Varick is entitled to receive the same amount which would have been hers if the estate had been divided among the surviving relatives."

He smiled briefly at Jessamy, flushed with a growing excitement. Then he turned, slightly raising his voice. "Jennison!"

Jennison appeared quickly.

"Tell Mr. Gaines that I am ready, please."

"Yes, sir." Jennison disappeared again. There was an air of suppressed excitement about Jennison, and a snapping gleam in his

eye. Dick addressed his audience again, very politely.

"And now I am afraid that I must disappoint you by reporting that I am entirely solvent and free from debt, and am therefore entitled to receive the remainder of the estate. . . . Come in, Pink."

THERE was a stir at the door. Pink Gaines entered first, looking cool and efficient, his air of cherubic good nature completely gone. Beside him, securely handcuffed to his wrist, was a rumpled, hangdog, sullen man. In the background were the heavy shoulders and bulldog jaw of Jim Grant, on guard.

Oliver turned a greenish white. Fear constricted his throat, and a glance of absolute malevolence passed between him and his late ally. In dead silence Pink and his prisoner ranged themselves beside Dick, and Jordan's furtive glance flickered towards Jessamy. Dick was speaking again.

"I need not introduce Mr. Jordan. Pink and I had the pleasure of intercepting him just before dawn, on his way to the coast and a fast motor yacht, after nearly three weeks of hiding, and we've been on the road ever since. Jordan faces several charges, but the matter of the timber land deal I don't intend to push, either against him or against his partner."

He stopped for a long, quiet moment and looked at Oliver. Oliver made a sickly attempt to stare back, and failed.

"In fact, I'm very well pleased with that deal. . . . Mr. Spencer, here is my detailed report."

Before the interested Spencer he laid several pages of figures, a pile of receipted bills, an affidavit and a certified cheque for six hundred thousand dollars.

"I needed the money to meet this situation," he continued pleasantly, "in case we couldn't lay hands on Mr. Jordan and his loot in time. So I sold to the company that I was formerly with, and which is interested in mining, a quarter interest in the so-called Harvey tract for seven hundred and twenty thousand dollars, the remaining hundred and twenty thousand being paid in a separate cheque, to clear up those outstanding bills in good time. It was a bargain, and the directors jumped at it. It's too bad that you refused to consider a half interest at a hundred and twenty. Just a little matter that I knew Mr. Harvey-Jordan had overlooked. Cold."

They heard it in stunned silence. It was the last straw in a crushing defeat. Jordan gave a strangled sound and was silent again. Dick proceeded briskly.

"I discovered it nearly a year before I came here, while I was stopping for a few days with a friend of mine in the Forestry Service up there, who incidentally could have told me anything that I wanted to know about timber lands in that section. I was looking over that dismal strip of country, more as a matter of habit than because I really expected to find anything, and I almost fell over it. After the fire, a landslip and the gullies made by rains in the unprotected soil had uncovered traces of gold so rich that they made me dizzy. Nobody else seems to have found it, before or since, but pattering around among rocks is my business, and even on a vacation I couldn't resist them. You see, I happen to be a mining engineer. Because I had roughed it in all sorts of places and had just returned from Venezuela, you took it for granted that I was some kind of wandering adventurer, and I let it go at that."

"I took my bearings and kicked a few

rocks over that place and kept quiet about my discovery, but I took some of the stuff away with me and had it essayed. The land was in private ownership, and I found that the owner had skipped out just ahead of a sheriff's posse, so he probably had fitted himself out with a new name. But I managed to get hold of one of the sheriff's handbills, and I've spent my odd time ever since trying to locate this Joe Harvey, until Mr. Jordan obligingly stepped in and saved me any further trouble. Thank you, Jordan, it was just what I wanted. You almost made me a present of it, in spite of the three hundred and fifty thousand. You've changed, Jordan, you've changed a lot since those handbills were first posted out in Oregon, and you wore a beard then, but I suspected you on our first meeting and was sure of you later, and I could have turned you over to that sheriff at any time, only I wasn't quite ready. And there was another little matter which seemed to trace back your way. Some Federal investigators were interested in that, and a publicly advertised fool like Dick Bradshaw was a natural come-on to make you show your hand. You held off until spring, but you did it.

"Now I'm through with you, Jordan, and so far as I'm concerned you've forfeited even the right to that superficial sympathy that people have for a hunted man. You did that three weeks ago, in this room. Whatever you get, you will richly deserve."

"The hundred thousand that you took from my safe I have now recovered. As for the Maricopa fives with which you so cleverly loaded me up, I had already been shown some of the same peculiar issue by a friend of mine in the Government employ, and I was willing to risk the sixty-three thousand in helping him track down an extensive counterfeiting job which the Government has been following up for some time. May I introduce Mr. Charles Pinkney Gaines, of the Secret Service? Perhaps I should say late of the Secret Service, because he's going to be in the gold mining business after this."

He nodded to Pink Gaines, who grinned back briefly.

"ALL right, Pinky, thanks. If you want anybody with you for the rest of the trip, take Jim."

Pink nodded and went out with his prisoner, with a proud but watchful Jim Grant sticking close to Jordan's other side. Once more Dick turned back to those who had lived on his generosity for a year and had tried to betray him. They were stirring uneasily, poised for as hurried a departure as dignity would allow.

"And now I think that everything has been said that need be said, except that there has not been one moment during the year when my right to inherit has been in any real danger. If I cared to save it, Mr. Varick had no intention of making a will which would penalise his heirs for respecting his wishes and reward those who tried to frustrate them. Some time before he died he turned another million into gilt-edged bonds, registered in my name, so that they would be absolutely my property, and placed them in Mr. Spencer's hands. That was to be my real anchor when the storm came. But I suppose that I got a little obstinate when I saw how things were going. I had an idea that if I couldn't play this game with a million and beat it, I wasn't fit to handle the rest. So I refused to receive it and played my hand alone. The robbery nearly upset my calculations and there were

a few days when things looked pretty black—for you don't sell an interest in an unproved gold mine offhand. But I hung on and I'm here to stay. And in that year I have learned to know my friends."

"Very clever! I suppose we should congratulate you." Lella's lip curled. Dark emotions had shaken her in the past hour; she was smarting with the sting of unbearable humiliation, but she could be insolent even in defeat. "Thanks so much for staging this interesting entertainment for us; you really should have charged admission. . . . Mother, we must arrange to leave here at once."

Her voice sharpened, for Claire was showing symptoms of hysterics, always her last appeal for sympathy.

"Whenever you wish, Jennison will take your orders for the luggage, and if you need them the cars are at your disposal."

Out on the drive, in a glistening line, they could see the cars he was supposed to have sold. He stepped to the door and held the curtain aside for them to pass, one by one. Oliver came last. It he had dared he would have killed the man who had matched and defeated him. Dick said "Oliver!" in a quite voice, and checked him.

"About that little side line of yours in connection with 'Smart Chatter'—I think you'd better stop picking up your cigarette money that way. The buzzard is not a popular bird. Be careful, Oliver."

Oliver lurched slightly as he went on through, his face pallid and his hands shaking. His one desire, after years of patient waiting, was to get safely out of this house.

The curtain dropped on rancors and hatreds and recriminations. Dick turned with a sigh of relief and stopped suddenly. Nicky stood there, red and shamefaced, mumbling jerky apologies.

"Well, you win! Fair fight on your side, anyway. We were rotten—guests in your house and all that. Want to apologise before I beat it."

"Wait a minute. There's something I'd like to say to you."

Dick's hand was on Nicky's shoulder, halting his progress with a firm grip. Nicky stopped, avoiding his eye.

"Go ahead," he said doggedly. "I know it's coming to me. We've been a pack of chisellers, and worse. You can't give it to me any harder than I deserve."

"I don't intend to give it to you. That's a closed chapter, and so far as I'm concerned it will never be opened after to-day. I know it was rotten, as you say. I know, and knew at the time, that the people in my house were doing all they could to rid me of that million and get the rest. Some of you went further than the others. But you were the only one who ever felt ashamed about it."

The reply was only an inarticulate mumble. Dick's mouth twitched.

"And so I'm going to make you one more offer. Not money. That's what the trouble is with you now. You've always had it handed out to you by somebody else, without any exertion on your part, and you've spent your life expecting to be left a lot more. What I'm offering you is a chance to roll up your sleeves and earn it."

"Out on that ragged mountain there's a strip of land along a creek which I purposely held out in organising the company, and there's a claim there for you if you want it, but it won't be your property to sell, lease, farm out or do anything with except work it with your own hands and a pick and shovel, good, hard, dirty, back-breaking work. No evening clothes nor fancy cars, no French chefs nor night

clubs nor penthouse parties, just hard work and an appetite for beans and bacon and coffee. Whatever you actually mine from it will be yours, and if you stick at it for a year of steady work the title will be yours also. That's my offer. Will you take it?"

"Will I take it! Why—why—" Nicky stared and stuttered, and came back to his scattered senses to seize Dick's hand and wring it fervently. "You bet your hat I'll take it! A chance at a gold mine!" He stopped and gulped, excitement and contrition crowding each other too closely for coherent speech. "You're a grand guy, Dick. And look—I may be dumb about this for a while, but I'll work. Gosh, I'll work! I'm not so soft, even if I do loaf around. You won't be ashamed of me—I give you my word."

"I'd better be off now. Got to get busy and find out a few things about the mining job. Dig down into some books and stuff—there ought to be a lot about it somewhere. I'll see you again before I start west and ask a million questions. I suppose you'll be out there yourself, more or less?"

HE stopped, and looked hesitatingly at Jessamy, standing a little apart with Spencer.

"I'm glad we're cousins, anyhow. I don't want that part kept quiet. Good-bye, Jessamy. I shouldn't wonder if you came, too."

"I shouldn't wonder either, Nicky. Good-bye."

He hurried out, with a nod to Spencer and another hasty grip of Dick's hand, uncomfortably full of emotion but keen with excitement and already conscious of an unaccustomed sobering sense of responsibility.

Henry Spencer started to follow him, with a friendly hand on Dick's shoulder.

"Congratulations! It was great. Old Nick would have been proud of you. And so am I, although I realise that I'm a little old for so much drama. Ah, the Press is beginning to clamor."

Jennison had opened the outer door, and they could hear fragments of the lively bombardment of questions which instantly beat around him. Bradshaw . . . Bradshaw . . . Jordan . . . Gaines . . . Bradshaw . . .

Dick sighed. He had been keyed up for days, and for the last three he had scarcely slept at all. An immense fatigue was settling over him; he wanted nothing but to be quiet and alone—with Jessamy. His eyes strayed towards her, and warmed.

Spencer was feeling absently for his glasses. He cleared his throat.

"Perhaps it would be well if I told Jennison to have them in. They have been waiting for some time. You'd better come out, of course, for pictures and a statement, and the usual nonsense. I suggest that a Miss Jessamy Landon Varick also is news. And—er—if you would like five or ten minutes to adjust your ideas for the interview, I think that Jennison and I can keep them agreeably employed for that long."

The curtain dropped again. Dick said "Bless him!" under his breath. Outside was the clatter of lively voices, interested and keen. Over there Jessamy stood, all her pride of him in her eyes, and that lovely soft light that deepened as he came towards her. He held out his arms.

"Jessamy—I've waited a year!"

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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